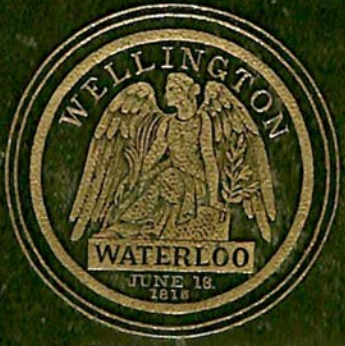

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HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHIES

EDITED BY

REV. M. CREIGHTON, M.A.

LATE FELLOW AND TUTOR OF MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHIES

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THE REV. M. CREIGHTON, M.A.

LATE FELLOW AND TUTOR OF MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD

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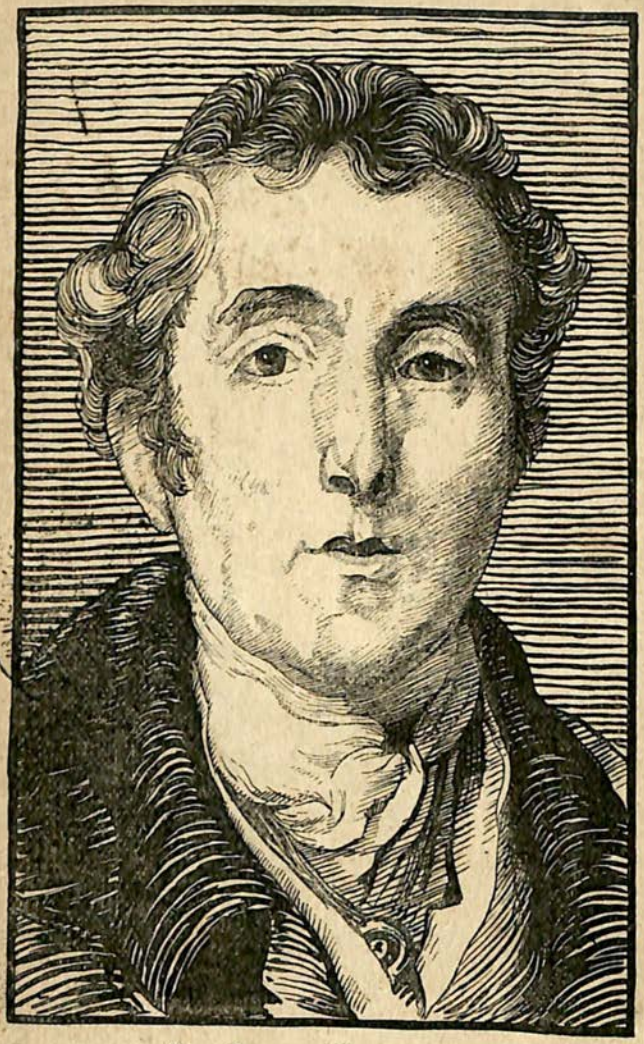

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

[*From the Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, exhibited in the Royal Academy*, 1826.]

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"The Duke of Wellington is, I believe, the only General in whose conduct of war we cannot discover any important mistake."

NIEBUHR'S *Roman History*, vol. v. p. 17.

[B-346]

PREFACE

Of the very remarkable life treated in these pages, a life long in years, rich in varied and many-sided experiences, there is little new to be said. The laurels of the Duke of Wellington are yet unwithered and his memory is still green in the heart of a grateful people. He is not seen in the dim twilight of antiquity nor surrounded by a softening glamour of distance. He lived in the broad daylight of our own time. He was one of a practical generation which scanned closely and did not always judge justly or generously. All the events of his public career are upon record and have been canvassed again and again. He has furnished much information about himself in his voluminous despatches, papers, and letters. Of the many able men who have written biographies or notices of him, I have followed chiefly the exhaustive accounts of Gleig and Brialmont. I have also referred to Stocqueler, Maxwell, and

other writers, and it is almost needless to say that I have consulted Alison's *History of Europe.* For the Peninsular War I have drawn from the glowing pages of the unsurpassed chronicle of Napier. I have found many particulars well stated in the *Pictorial History of England,* of which book, although one of unequal excellence, the late Sir Robert Peel thought so favourably that he kept one copy of it at Tamworth and another at his house in London. Sir E. Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* supplied some of the details of Waterloo, but I have adopted Alison's plan of the battle. Some slight particulars I have derived from private sources.

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CHAPTER I.

Boyhood and Youth.

THE dawn of a very brilliant life is involved in some obscurity. It is not exactly known where or when Arthur Wesley, Duke of Wellington, was born; but it was either in Dublin or at Dangan Castle, Meath, and sometime in the spring of the year 1769. His baptism was registered on the 30th of April, though his mother maintained that he was not born until the 1st of May, and this day was kept as his birthday both by her and him. Curiously enough, although there are many such coincidences, his great rival, Napoleon, saw the light in the same year.

Arthur Wesley, or Wellesley (for to this form his surname was afterwards changed), was the fourth son of Garret, first Earl of Mornington; his mother was the eldest daughter of Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon. He was descended from an ancient Rutlandshire family of the name of Colley or Cowley, which migrated to Ireland in the days of Henry VIII. and remained there prosperously and uneventfully for several generations. In the

seventeenth century the Colley family became connected with the Wesleys, who were of old Saxon lineage, and Arthur Wesley's grandfather, Richard Colley, was adopted by his uncle-by-marriage, Garret Wesley, and assumed his name and arms on succeeding to his property. Richard Colley Wesley was afterwards created Baron Mornington.

John and Charles Wesley, the Methodists, were nearly related to this Garret Wesley; and it is said that he offered to adopt Charles Wesley instead of Richard Colley; but his offer was refused. "Had it been accepted," says Southey, "we might have had no Methodists and a great warrior might never have been born."

Arthur Wesley's father, the Earl of Mornington, was a man of refined tastes, passionately fond of music from his childhood. He wrote several glees of great beauty as well as some sacred compositions for St. Patrick's Cathedral and the University of Dublin gave him the degree of Doctor of Music. Indeed it is said that he owed his promotion in the peerage to this gift, for George III. took great delight in music. Some have thought him a political intriguer, but this seems at variance with his love of a peaceful retired life in the midst of his friends and home. He died in the prime of his age, leaving his wife and nine children in comparative poverty. Arthur Wesley was then only eleven years old; old enough to remember the strange, sweet organ melodies, but too

young to reap benefit from a father's personal influence. By his mother, a clever and extravagant woman, he was always strongly disliked. She thought him not only inferior in ability to her other children but a dull uninteresting boy. This no doubt he felt with the usually keen perception of childhood and it is impossible to say how far it may not have chilled and warped his character. It is easy to understand how a home unwarmed by a mother's love and tenderness made him shrink in after life from any mention of his early days. But one of his brothers said that he and Arthur being wanted nowhere in the house spent their holidays mainly on the stairs. Little care was bestowed upon him in any way. He was sent to school as soon as possible at Chelsea. There he was again neglected; for he complained afterwards that nobody took the smallest pains with him and that he entered the fourth form at Eton as ill-grounded in all that is usually required of a lad of his age as could well be. At Eton, whilst his talented eldest brother was distinguishing himself, he did nothing.

It is plain from his case that genius does not always fling its light before. No auguries of glory attended his childhood; not one significant anecdote of any value is recorded of it. The only presage of his hundred fights is his school-boy battle with Bobus Smith, at Eton. Even in this there was no marked prognostic of a conqueror; for he took his enemy at a disadvantage. Having

observed him bathing in the Thames, he threw a stone at him; and when threatened with a thrashing if he did it again, he did it again. Thereupon ensued a battle. Bobus fought him naked as he was and, as might be expected, came to the worst.

From Eton he went to the Military College of Angers, that he might be trained, as his mother expressed it, to become "food for powder;" for in her opinion he was fit for nothing else. Here he once more passed unnoticed; but he turned to good account his opportunity of learning to read and write the best French.

At the age of seventeen he got his first commission as ensign of the 41st Foot and joined his regiment in Dublin. His promotion was rapid. In those days of interest and purchase he became a colonel in nine years. At this time he served partly in infantry, partly in cavalry regiments and, with that steady progressiveness which was characteristic of him, he gained a competent knowledge of both branches of the service.

Before he was twenty-one he entered the Irish House of Commons, having been returned for Trim, the family borough. He sat there an ordinary, and generally silent, member, with his "ruddy face and awkward address," always voting on the Tory side and listening to the eloquence of Grattan and Parnell. He was still more shy and awkward in society and seldom could find any one to dance with him at the Dublin balls. On one occasion when he could get no partner,

his inherited love of music served him in good stead; for he sat contentedly listening to the band all the evening. When the ball was over, the other officers had seats offered to them in ladies' carriages; but Wesley returned home with the musicians. In after days a lady who was present reminded him of the incident, much to his amusement. "We should not leave you to go home with the fiddlers now," she said.

Lord Camden was the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and his court was exceedingly gay and brilliant. He made young Wesley his aide-de-camp, who in his new position not only threw off much of his ungainliness, but entered with great zest into all the amusements of the day. It is no marvel that in such circumstances and having naturally a strong love of pleasure, he soon ran into debt, for his only resources were his small pay and scanty allowance. It is said that he was helped out of his difficulties by a bootmaker and a draper and that the bootmaker's son subsequently reaped the advantage of the service rendered by his father. But Wesley learnt a lesson which he never forgot. In after-life no one was more particular about money matters than he was. That "debt makes a slave of a man" was one of his maxims. Though extravagant at this time and fond of amusement, he was not an ordinary young man. He was certainly of slow development, but he read a great deal, and had the rare power of concentrating and applying

what he read. He had an excellent memory, a sleepless observation, and an extraordinary gift of correct and rapid calculation, a quality essential to a great general.

When he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 33rd Regiment he did his utmost to make it as perfect as possible in every way and never rested till it was considered "the best drilled and most efficient regiment within the limits of the Irish command." He was long associated with the 33rd and his regulations for its management were jealously preserved.

It was at Lord Camden's court that he met his future wife. Lady Catherine Pakenham, the daughter of the Earl of Longford, was young and is also said to have been beautiful and Arthur Wesley fell deeply in love with her. It was an old story. Catherine was not rich but was accustomed to luxury; Wesley was poor and apparently had no prospects. So that when he asked her father's consent to their engagement, it is not surprising that it should have been refused. This was a bitter disappointment to both; but trusting each other they determined to wait for better times however distant. They were soon separated; for Arthur Wesley was now destined to see his first active service. He had been ordered to take a part in an expedition commanded by Lord Moira, which was fitted out by the English Government for the purpose of supporting a Royalist reaction in Brittany. In order to understand his

first service, it is necessary to take a glance at the state of Europe in 1793 and 1794. The Revolution had just deluged France with blood, sweeping away in its course religion and monarchy, while the Republic now established in Paris was spreading everywhere confusion and dismay. The execution of the French king by his subjects had sent a thrill through Europe, which resulted in a general convention of Prussia, Austria, Spain, Holland, and England, for the overthrow of the Revolution, "in the common interest," as it was expressed, "of every civilized State." England therefore sent ten thousand men under the Duke of York, second son of George III., into the Netherlands, which had been invaded by the French some time before on pretence of "organising the march of freedom." The Republic made great preparations against the allies. It had watched the shameful partition of Poland between Russia and Prussia, in spite of the bravery of its people and the heroism of their leader, Kosciusko. The Republic thought that the fate of Poland might possibly be the fate of France, were she to fall into the allies' clutches. So fresh reinforcements were poured into the Netherlands under various Republican generals. The allies were for a time successful, but the tide soon turned. The Duke of York was driven from post to post till he was obliged to retire by the Scheldt towards Antwerp and the news of these reverses caused great dissatisfaction in England. The expedition destined

for Brittany was despatched to Belgium to his assistance.

The whole of this campaign presents a picture of deplorable mismanagement, disunion, and bad faith on the part of the allies. Their armies were composed of men of different nations, commanded by different generals, nearly all jealous of each other, which rendered unity of action impossible; so that instead of combining to crush the French, they had allowed themselves to be defeated in detail. The Duke of York though brave and energetic was young and inexperienced, whilst the Dutch and Belgians, professing to co-operate with the allies, were strongly inclined to the French and treated the English with cruelty and treachery. On the other hand, the French possessed the advantages of fighting with a national army, and of being on the whole ably and vigorously commanded, superior in numbers, and fed by continual reinforcements.

On reaching Ostend Lord Moira found that matters were even worse than he had anticipated. The Austrians had been disastrously defeated at Fleurus and the whole of the allies were in retreat. He resolved to join the Austrians, who were quitting Ghent. Wesley was directed to take with him the garrison of Ostend by sea to Antwerp, to which place the Duke of York was tending. But the Republicans made such speed that they appeared before Ostend as Lord Moira's troops were leaving the town. Wesley had thus

the difficult task of embarking the garrison in the face of the enemy. Nevertheless Lord Moira skilfully marched to Mechlin, though hotly pursued, and arrived in time to support the Duke in a battle which was fought there. The garrison also was successfully embarked and Wesley reached Antwerp, whither the Duke of York and Prince of Orange soon retreated. A separation had already taken place; for the Austrian army had withdrawn towards the Rhine, the Duke of York and the Prince of Orange to the Meuse, where they still hoped to be able to protect Holland. But Holland would have been much more effectually protected had the allies remained in Belgium; and if the Republican generals had been wiser or perhaps the Republic less interfering, they would have combined their forces, and demolished first one army and then the other. Instead of this, they remained inactive for two months and then committed the same mistake of dividing their strength. Pichegru forced the English army further towards the Meuse and Jourdan drove the Austrians to the Rhine, where, after fighting a series of battles, they retired altogether, exhausted and disheartened, from the struggle, the French shouting after them in derision, that that "was not the road to Paris."

On the way to the Meuse there was a sharp encounter at Boxtel. The Republicans had taken the village the evening before, and the Duke of York, considering the place of importance, ordered

an attempt to be made to recover it. Though a brave effort was made, it failed. The French charged, the English were thrown into confusion, and the consequences would have been very serious had not Wesley, with great presence of mind, deployed his regiment. This stopped the French and allowed the English to effect an orderly retreat. His conduct did not pass unnoticed; for shortly afterwards he was appointed to the command of a brigade and ordered to cover the retreat of the army. Wesley discharged this duty with great ability. The troops retired slowly in the bitter winter weather till they passed the Waal, in the hope that the enemy would be unable to follow them across the river. But the Waal froze over, Pichegru and his army crossed on the ice, and more fighting ensued. At Meteren Wesley was again conspicuous for his skill and bravery. But place after place was abandoned till the French took possession of Amsterdam. The only thing to be done was to embark the remainder of the army for England as soon as possible. The Duke of York had been recalled, and the Hanoverian General Walmoden commanded the English troops. The Prince of Orange, finding that neither his soldiers nor his subjects could be trusted any longer, had sailed for England. This miserable retreat through the dreary district of the north of Holland bears some resemblance on a small scale to that of the French from Moscow. The unfortunate men marched through an unfriendly

country, pursued by a victorious enemy through frost, snow, and intense cold. No arrangements were made for their comfort; the commissariat existed only in name. Sometimes no rations were given out for two days. Their shoes were worn into holes and there was no supply of new ones. The roads were frequently blocked and the wounded had to be left to perish, whilst to quit the line was certain death. The hospitals were "mere slaughter-houses." "You cannot conceive such a state of things," said Wesley, in after years. "It has always been a marvel to me how any of us escaped." Amidst these horrors the English fought their way bravely and patiently till at length they succeeded in embarking from Emden in Westphalia for England.

This campaign though disastrous was for a young and observant soldier an instructive one. It illustrated the dangers arising from a divided command, from the utter want of management, discipline, and organization; above all, from the absence of a master-mind, which rendered the brave well-trained English troops powerless before the raw but well-commanded French conscripts.

Whilst Wesley was thus making his first disappointing experience in war in the same country which was to be the scene of the crowning triumph of his career, Napoleon Buonaparte, having won his first laurels at Toulon and served with distinction in the army of Italy, was living in temporary obscurity in Paris. Having fallen into

discredit through his connection with Robespierre, he was arrested; and though after a short detention he recovered his freedom, he was deprived of his command. He meditated taking service in the army of Russia or Turkey; but happening to be in the gallery of the Convention when the appointment of an officer to take the command of the Conventional army was under discussion, one of the members exclaimed, "We have here the very man we want for this business. It is that little Corsican, who will not stand upon ceremony." He was forthwith made commandant of the troops in Paris.

CHAPTER II.

India.

AT the close of this campaign Wesley made up his mind, after much anxious consideration, to leave the army. He wished to marry but was as poor as ever; he resolved therefore to apply for some civil appointment which would enable him to retire into private life.

Lord Mornington had suggested to him to look for employment at the Revenue or Treasury Board. He accordingly wrote to Lord Camden, stating what he thought to be his claims and begging him to take them into consideration. "If your Excellency and Mr. Pelham are of opinion that the offices at those boards are too high for me, of course you will say so; and as I am convinced that no man is so bad a judge of the justice of a claim as he who makes it, I trust you will not believe that I shall feel otherwise towards you than as I have always felt, with sentiments of the greatest regard and with an anxious wish to render you and your government every service in

my power, in whatever situation I may be placed. . . . You will probably be surprised at my desiring a civil instead of a military office. It certainly is a departure from the line which I prefer; but I see the manner in which the military offices are filled and I don't wish to ask you for that which I know you cannot give me." The application was unsuccessful.

Shortly afterwards the 33rd, having been directed to join an expedition to the West Indies, left Southampton in a gale of wind. The gale increased to a tempest and after tossing about for some weeks the fleet was compelled to return to England and the expedition was given up. A few months later the 33rd was ordered to India. Wellesley, as he must now be called, for this is the time at which the name was changed, not having then the iron constitution of his later days, was left behind ill; but he managed by means of a fast frigate to overtake his regiment at the Cape of Good Hope.

There is little doubt that this was an epoch in his inward life. He entered into a new and broader phase of character. The mental stores which he had acquired by silent study and observation had been not only enlarged but quickened by his recent experiences. In truth, although the process had been unnoticed, he had been sowing his field and the crop began to appear. Immediately on landing at Calcutta he proceeded with much energy and industry to acquaint himself accurately with the condition of India, and in a

very short time he formed some decisive judgments. His estimate of the natives was, that they were mischievous, deceitful, and cruel to the last degree. This character he considered to be in some measure the natural result of their religion which made them indifferent to the punishment of death. All they cared about was loss of caste and, as this was incurred by imprisonment and whipping, these secondary penalties were thought too heavy for ordinary offences and so were not inflicted. There was no punishment for perjury, because it was deemed that God undertook to deal with perjurers. Nevertheless evidence upon oath was believed. It followed as a natural consequence that there was "more perjury in the town of Calcutta alone than in all Europe taken together and in every other great town it was the same."

He also studied with care the trade and agriculture of Bengal and wrote able papers, making practical suggestions of reform. He saw that England must, in order to succeed in her Indian empire, establish a strong moral superiority; unless she did so, it would be impossible for thirty thousand Europeans to maintain their footing among three hundred thousand Asiatics. The only influence which prevented a general rising against the Europeans was fear of their power; but whenever a favourable opportunity occurred, they always destroyed their oppressors.

Seeing such urgent need for reform, he wrote

to his brother, Lord Mornington, who had been offered the Governor-Generalship of India, pressing him to accept it and pointing out to him the useful career which would be opened to him. Lord Mornington felt some hesitation at the thought of separating from his wife and children. Wellesley, remembering his own loveless childhood, "acknowledged that he was a bad judge of the pain a man feels on parting with his family," but nevertheless urged him to come.

The result was that Lord Mornington became Governor-General of India. He was a man in all ways qualified for the post, possessing tact, moral courage, energy, and ability. He was considered a good politician. As a scholar he had distinguished himself at Eton and Oxford. He combined with great natural good sense and discrimination, an honest flexibility to the opinions of others. It is said that "no one ever took a clearer or more comprehensive view of India" than he did.

This appointment was a fortunate circumstance to both brothers. It held out to Arthur Wellesley the prospect of a fair field for testing his military abilities; it secured to the new Governor-General a faithful adviser and active coadjutor. India was still in the hands of that great corporation of merchants called the East India Company which had received its charter from Queen Elizabeth. Its independent powers however had been restricted by the India Bill of 1784, which established a Board of Control for the approval or annulling of

the Company's acts. The President of this Board was virtually a new Secretary of State and was responsible to Parliament.

For a clear view of the condition of India at this time we must refer back twelve years to the administration of Warren Hastings. He had consolidated the Company's empire and had added largely to it by the submission of native princes. Like Clive, he pursued a policy which has been represented as astutely aggressive; for whenever the native princes quarrelled among themselves, which they continually did, he stepped in as arbiter or protector and managed to absorb the territory alike of victor and vanquished.

Clive's conquests combined with the ill-judged conduct of the French Government had ruined the French power in India. The only native prince of pretensions who openly supported them was Hyder Ali of Mysore, a Mohammedan adventurer of great ability and resources. Hastings was succeeded by Lord Cornwallis and Sir John Shore. Though instructed by the Directors to avoid offensive warfare, Cornwallis contrived to instigate or interfere in a dispute between the Nizam of the Deccan and Tippoo Sahib, the son and successor of Hyder Ali. At first Cornwallis's plans did not prosper, but in 1792 he compelled Tippoo to cede to the English a belt of valuable territory extending in a southern semicircle from Baramahl to Canara and cutting off all communication between Mysore and the sea. The Company's possessions

therefore, in 1794 consisted of this recent addition, the towns of Bombay and Madras, and the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa. It was divided into three presidencies, Bengal, Bombay, and Madras.

The native princes may shortly be mentioned. At Delhi resided the successor of Arungzebe, or Great Mogul, by name Schah Allum, a descendant of the Tartar dynasty, which for nearly three hundred years had been established as kings of India. Though his real power was slight, his name, as the legal representative of the native established government of India, carried with it great weight. His viceroys, the Nabob-vizier of Oude and the Nizam of the Deccan, had converted the provinces delegated to them into independent kingdoms and the Nizam had committed the Carnatic to a ruler called, from his capital, the Nabob of Arcot.

Next came the Mahrattas, a powerful Hindoo tribe, who had usurped large tracts of territory from the Great Mogul. Originally from the Malabar coast, they had instituted a system of conquest, only imposing upon their "captains" the condition of paying tribute to the Rajah of Sattara, their nominal head. He was the lineal descendant of Sivajee, the founder of the Mahratta power. Like the Mogul, the Rajah of Sattara had been virtually deprived of his authority. His Peshwa or hereditary Prime Minister, who lived at Poonah, had assumed the head of affairs, and he in his turn

was superseded by his lieutenants. Of these the most notable were Holkar and Scindiah, settled in the north and north-west, the "Guicowar" at Guzerat, and the Bhonsla family, who had taken possession of Nagpore and were represented by the Rajah of Berar.

Thus the most formidable of the Company's enemies were the Peshwa of the Mahrattas and his native troops, drilled and organized by M. Perron, and Tippoo Sahib of Mysore, who hated the English traditionally, "a dog, a pig, and an Englishman" being synonymous in his opinion. He also possessed an excellent army, constituted on French principles, and commanded by French officers.

Even the Nizam of the Deccan had encouraged Frenchmen to his court and his force of fourteen thousand men was under the charge of M. Raymond, who had however presumed on his position, and the Nizam was known to be anxious to get rid of him. The present cause of disturbance therefore in British India was the threatened resuscitation of the French element. The province of Oude had also been troublesome and the new Vizier appointed by the English had to be protected by a force of fourteen thousand men. It was at this crisis that Lord Mornington arrived at Calcutta and found an imperilled empire, an empty treasury, and an ill-appointed army.

It was well known that Tippoo Sahib was in correspondence with the French Governor of the

Mauritius and it is certain that at this period Buonaparte had serious designs on India through Egypt. His penetrating mind discerned the value of the possession of Egypt as the commercial key to India, which should turn the Mediterranean into a French lake and open the gates of Asia. Echoes even reached Calcutta from Egypt that a French army had been disembarked in support of Tippoo Sahib.

Lord Mornington determined to begin with the most troublesome of the many causes of disturbance around him, and, though the Home Government had recommended a peaceful policy, he made up his mind to call Tippoo sharply to account for his proceedings. He however consulted his brother and found him, as he had found him before, a prudent and competent counsellor. His advice was to wait. He was anxious to maintain the English character for justice and this could not be done unless the native princes were convinced that England had good cause for dissatisfaction. Next it would be wise to secure the friendship of the Nizam and the Mahrattas, so as to prevent them from making common cause with Tippoo; and thirdly, the army was not in a fit state for active service. He recommended therefore that a diplomatic message should be despatched to Mysore, which would make Tippoo aware that the English knew of his proceedings, yet would also leave him a loophole of escape by total denial of the accusation. Meanwhile the

English could make secret preparations for the impending conflict. Colonel Wellesley's advice was adopted. This great soldier uniformly gave his counsel in favour of peace. He always considered that when war could be honourably avoided it should never be undertaken.

An ambassador was sent to Tippoo's court; whilst at Baramahl, conveniently near Seringapatam, and part of the recently made conquests of Cornwallis, troops were collected, forts repaired, and stores accumulated.

With some difficulty the Mahrattas were induced to remain neutral, but they would give no active help.

On Wellesley's suggestion and by skilful management the Nizam was enabled to rid himself of the French. He agreed to accept the service of six thousand British soldiers as an equivalent for parting with French support. This force appeared before the French camp at the opportune moment of a mutiny of the Sepoys against their officers. The men at once laid down their arms, the officers were shipped for England, and the Sepoys quietly entered into the service of the Company, or remained in that of the Nizam. Thus the Nizam's friendship was secured. There had been considerable disorder in affairs at Madras and the Governor-General despatched Wellesley to that place, in the hope that his presence would prove a corrective. His general usefulness had made Wellesley's situation somewhat embarrassing. His

official position was simply that of colonel, but his active influence extended to almost every branch of Indian affairs. He was the private adviser of the Governor-General. His superior officer, General Harris, relied much on him for counsel. By his vigilance and sound judgment he rendered important service to Lord Clive, the new, "mild, heavy, and reserved" Governor of Madras. It is clear that the demands upon his time must have been considerable, and his temper severely tried, for these occupations were not those of a soldier.

A melancholy circumstance released him from his irregular position. Colonel Aston, the commander at Arnee, fought a duel with an officer in his regiment, in which he was killed. Wellesley was appointed to succeed him and took the head of a division encamped at Wallajabad. This change of place enabled him to superintend conveniently the preparations which were in progress against Tippoo. Lord Mornington had requested him to undertake a mission to Mysore in person; but Tippoo, encouraged by Buonaparte's offers of help, scornfully declined to receive an English envoy, acknowledged his alliance with the French, and negotiated with the Mahrattas for their support. Nor was he a despicable enemy. Tippoo was clever, energetic, brave, and ambitious. "Better live two years like a tiger, than two centuries like a lamb," was his creed, and he acted accordingly. His well-drilled army consisted of at least fifty

thousand men, some say seventy-six thousand, officered by Frenchmen.

The Governor-General was most active. Fully aware of the importance of the contest, he had moved his court from Calcutta to Madras in order to give his personal support to the proceedings. Assisted by his brother, he had in the space of six months increased the army to twenty thousand men, all ready to start and invade Mysore at any moment. All haste was made to finish the campaign if possible before the floods and rains set in.

The march began along the great road to Seringapatam on the 11th of February, 1799. The twenty thousand mixed English and native troops, with a small proportion of cavalry, were commanded by General Harris, the cavalry by General Floyd. They were joined on the way by the Nizam's auxiliaries, numbering sixteen thousand, and as these were partly native and not thoroughly to be depended upon, they were joined to the 33rd Regiment, and this important division was under the charge of Colonel Wellesley. Three other detachments, one from Bombay, under General Stuart, one from the Southern Carnatic, and one from Baramahl, were to converge from their respective districts and join the main army at Seringapatam. The army was encumbered with carriages, furniture, butchers, and brinjarries, or grain merchants. The march was slow and difficult; with their heavy baggage they could only accomplish six miles a day. They had trouble

with their supplies; rice fell short and a disease breaking out among the bullocks rendered the transport of guns and stores no easy matter. In helping to overcome these difficulties Wellesley was invaluable. He seems however to have been somewhat annoyed that his services were not more distinctly acknowledged. Harris contented himself with praising the young soldier in his letters to Lord Mornington but refrained from expressing his approval publicly. "As in fact there is nothing to be got in the army but credit," writes Wellesley to Lord Mornington, "and as it is not always that the best intentions and endeavours to serve the public succeed, it is hard that when they do succeed they should not receive the approbation which it is acknowledged by all they deserve. I was much hurt about it at the time; but I don't care now, and shall certainly continue to do everything to serve General Harris, and to support his name and authority."

Tippoo was perhaps rather surprised when he heard that the English had taken some outlying forts, but he was not unprepared. Seringapatam was carefully fortified and intrenched, and the first move he made was a good one. He determined to prevent Stuart, who with his six thousand four hundred men had arrived at Cannonore, from joining the main army. But he made a mistake in carrying out his plan. Instead of marching against Stuart with his whole army, crushing him and then turning round on Harris, he only set out

with eleven thousand men and met Stuart at Sedaseer. Stuart under great disadvantages, for his force was divided by a deep jungle, obliged Tippoo to retreat with the loss of fifteen hundred men, the English only losing a hundred and forty-three. Tippoo withdrew to the high ground above Mallavelly, thirty miles from Seringapatam, and here, on the 27th of March, he found himself face to face with Harris and his army.

Tippoo made his chief effort against Wellesley, who with his division formed the left wing, doubtless thinking that, if he could break through the English troops, the Nizam's natives would take fright. But the 33rd stood firm and receiving Tippoo's column with a terrible volley, threw it into confusion. The Mysoreans turned. Floyd with great presence of mind routed them with his cavalry and pursued them with heavy loss for miles.

Harris now led his army to besiege the capital, where he was joined by Stuart, their united strength amounting to thirty-five thousand men. Tippoo had withdrawn with a choice garrison of twenty-two thousand men and two hundred and forty guns into Seringapatam. His intrenchments extended for two miles round the capital. The ground was broken and difficult. To the north and east of the town ran the broad though fordable river Cavery and at the north-eastern extremity was a grove of betel trees, crossed with small streams, called the Sultan's Pettah. This

was considered the key of the place and night attacks were arranged for its capture. The charge of one of these was committed to Wellesley, and, except that it has attracted great attention, and has been spoken of as his "only blunder," the circumstance would not be worth noticing. "The fact is," he writes to his brother, "that the night was very dark, that the enemy expected us, and were strongly posted in an almost impenetrable jungle . . . . and at last, as I could not find out the post which it was desirable I should occupy, I was obliged to desist from the attack." It is not clear on whom (if on any one) the blame rests, but it is certain that the attack entirely failed. The 33rd retired in confusion and twelve grenadiers were taken by Tippoo, who cruelly slew them by driving nails through their heads. Wellesley himself had his knee hurt and losing his way returned alone to his camp. He went, agitated and exhausted, to report the bad news to Harris and then, worn out with fatigue, fell into one of those deep sleeps which he seemed to have almost at command. The next day after a sharp encounter the grove was carried.

The cunning Tippoo now opened some negotiations but only with a view of gaining time, and this being apparent the siege rapidly proceeded.

Provisions were failing, the climate was unhealthy, the floods and rains imminent. Harris became anxious. "We must take the fort, or perish in the attempt," he said. By means of

rockets and gunpowder a breach was made on the 2nd of May. General Baird, whose important task it was to carry the breach, and who had wisely chosen for the attempt the hottest part of the day, when every one would be asleep, rushed out of the trench at the head of his men, crying, "My brave fellows, follow me and show yourselves worthy of the name of Englishmen!" But the enemy was awake and kept up a heavy fire, which however did not hinder the gallant band. The rocky ground, the main wall and breach were all passed. At the top of the wall they were for a moment surprised by finding a ditch of water, but Baird looking round saw some scaffolding lying about which had been brought to repair the breach. On this they crossed and entered Seringapatam.

It is said that Tippoo in this critical time rather lost his head. He was subject to fits of mental aberration and continually during the siege took council with his astrologers and drank water out of a black marble vase as a charm against misfortune. He fought with unrelenting fury and bravery, sword in hand, like a common soldier. Perhaps, had he acted the part of a judicious general, the result might have been different. At last through his extraordinary exertions an old wound in his side re-opened and he was obliged to take to horseback. Scarcely had he mounted when he received a fresh wound. His horse, struck at the same time, reared and he

was thrown among the general wreck. He was rescued and placed in a litter borne by his faithful subjects; but such was the crowd that the litter was upset and Tippoo lay helpless, though living, among the dead. Here he was seen by an English soldier who, struck by the splendour of his dress, attempted to take it. With a last dying effort Tippoo thrust at him with his sword and wounded him. Furious with pain and anger the soldier at once shot him dead.

The English fought their way through the streets, still opposed by desperate natives, till they gained the palace, where Baird found the two young princes whom he treated with kindness.

The plunder was immense. Jewels, bars of gold, ornaments, treasure of all kinds, rapidly changed hands. "Nothing could exceed what was done on the night of the 4th," writes Wellesley to his brother; "but what," he asks, "can be expected after the labour which the troops have undergone?" Tippoo's body was found on the threshold of his palace, lying sword in hand. His eyes were open, he was still warm, and his face wore such an extraordinarily life-like expression, that for some minutes no one could believe that he was dead. Among other papers, a letter was found in his palace written to the French Republic, in which he said: "If you will only support me, not a single Englishman shall be left alive in India."

Wellesley was appointed Commandant of Serin-

gapatam and Governor of Mysore by General Harris, greatly to the chagrin of Baird, who would have liked the post, and conceived that he had a prior claim to it. Yet no undue influence seems to have been exercised, as Harris made choice of Wellesley without reference to the Governor-General.

With strenuous exertions, by dint of hanging and flogging, order was restored. The dead were buried, fires were put out, plunder ceased, shops re-opened. Tippoo was interred with regal state, the palace and mosque were preserved, and Wellesley even saved from destruction a series of pictures commemorating former victories over the English. The breaches and walls were repaired, whilst under his active administration the whole district was brought into thorough order. Ultimately the conquered territory was divided; the Arungzebe, the Mahrattas, and the Nizam each claimed a share and obtained it, subject to conditions, whilst England reserved a portion for herself. As his share of the booty Wellesley received seven thousand pounds prize-money, which he at once offered to his brother in return for sums advanced by him for the payment of his steps in promotion in the army. But Lord Mornington declined to accept the money.

CHAPTER III.

The Mahratta War.

WHILST Wellesley was actively administering justice and organizing affairs as Governor of Mysore, a fresh danger was threatening the British Indian empire. Amongst other prisoners released from the dungeons of Seringapatam was the celebrated robber and adventurer Dhoondiah Waugh. Lawless and ambitious, he never rested till he had collected an army of forty thousand men, partly from the wreck of Tippoo's force, partly of roving mercenaries, who were common in India at that time. After intriguing with the neighbouring states he determined to fight for himself, and assuming the name of "King of the World" and "Deliverer of India" he boldly took possession of several forts. India was peculiarly impressible to adventurous attempts of this kind. A man of daring and enterprise who mustered an army could often by dint of pillage and conquest succeed in establishing an independent power.

Though defeated by the Peshwa and the English Colonels Dalrymple and Stevenson, Dhoondiah

continued to be so formidable that in the spring of 1800 Wellesley received orders to march against him. The campaign was one uninterrupted chase. The English marched twenty-five miles a day under a fierce sun through sandy and exposed country, but the robber-chief with his light artillery always contrived to elude them, though sometimes his fires were still burning when they reached his last encampment. A reward had been previously offered for Dhoondiah's head, and a native came forward with a proposal for his assassination which was decisively rejected. "To offer a reward in a public proclamation," said Wellesley, "for a man's head, and to make a private bargain to kill him, are two very different things. An officer in command of troops may do the one, but he is bound to abstain from the other."

After a slight victory over one of Dhoondiah's captains, who with five thousand men occupied a fort on the banks of the Malpoorba, the English crossed the swollen river and on the 10th of September surprised Dhoondiah himself at the village of Conahgull. Though the disparity of numbers was greatly in favour of the enemy, Wellesley did not hesitate for a moment, but dashed forward, himself leading his four tired cavalry regiments, which he had formed into a single line. The energy of his charge at once disconcerted the opposing troops and they were routed with great loss. Dhoondiah's dead body was brought to Wellesley on a gun-carriage, and

his favourite son, only four years old, was found on the field. This child was treated with much kindness, and in after years Wellesley took an interest in his education.

This short campaign bore great fruits, for it raised England mightily in the estimation of the native princes. A little before this Colonel Wellesley had been offered the command of an expedition fitted out against Batavia, a Dutch settlement in the island of Java. This was a tempting offer. The work was easy, the remuneration handsome, the position conspicuous. But he declined the appointment, thinking that his duty was to finish the work which he had begun in Mysore. He was however destined to be called away again before he was allowed to complete his reforms at Seringapatam.

Lord Mornington determined to seize an opportunity, which he had long wished for, to attack the Mauritius, which he had reason to think might be taken without much trouble. He therefore offered his brother the command and Wellesley proceeded to Trincomalee in Ceylon at the end of December, where five thousand men were collected.

The destination of the expedition was kept secret; all preparations were made ostensibly against Batavia. But when the English Admiral heard of the real nature of the undertaking, he refused his co-operation unless he received direct orders from the home Government. The plan was

therefore abandoned. But another annoying circumstance happened. There had been a good deal of jealousy about Colonel Wellesley's early promotion to a command, General Baird, his senior officer, and his friends feeling particularly aggrieved by it. This seems to have been represented to Lord Mornington, for he resolved to make over to Baird the troops at Trincomalee, now destined for Batavia, since the Mauritius scheme had been relinquished, intending to restore them to Wellesley on their return, in order to resume the expedition against the Mauritius. Before Wellesley had heard of this decision a fresh change of plans took place. Whilst still in command at Trincomalee, he learned from the Governor of Madras that an order had been received from the Home Government for the force to embark for the Red Sea, to join the army under Abercrombie in Egypt. Napoleon was bent on the conquest of Egypt, the stepping-stone to India; the English therefore made common cause with the Vizier against the French.

Under the impression that he was still in command and knowing that time was of the greatest importance, Wellesley took the bold measure of sailing, without waiting for orders, to Bombay, whence, after provisioning, he could proceed to the Red Sea. This independent action, though well meant, created, as might be expected, some dissatisfaction and remonstrance. Wellesley was called to account for it but his reasons were acknowledged to be good. Here he received the

despatch announcing that he was to be superseded in the command by General Baird, and offering him the second place in the expedition to the Nile. This was naturally a bitter disappointment and he felt it keenly. He had made all his arrangements and with his usual forethought and industry, had drawn up the most careful plans for the coming campaign. For the first and last time in the whole of his long career, he complained that he had not been fairly treated; and Lord Mornington, sympathising with his annoyance, gave him his choice between occupying a secondary but active place under Baird or returning to his Governorship at Mysore. Wellesley, with honourable self-subordination, determined to surrender all personal chagrin to what he conceived to be his duty. "You will have seen how much this resolution will annoy me," he writes to his brother Henry Wellesley; "but I have never had much value for the public spirit of any man who does not sacrifice his private views and convenience when it is necessary." Though there had always been a good deal of soreness and jealousy between him and Baird, he accepted the post under him and generously sent him the valuable papers which he had compiled for his own conduct of the expedition. He then cheerfully made all preparations to accompany it, but a severe attack of fever compelled him to remain at Bombay. Baird's expedition was practically fruitless, for before he arrived the French, after having received their first check at Alex-

andria, in an engagement which cost the brave Abercrombie his life, were compelled by the battle of Cairo to give up their Egyptian project. A few weeks later a peace was made between France and England by the treaty of Amiens, which was most unpopular in India and did not last long.

Wellesley was raised in 1802 to the rank of Major-General and for some months continued his improvements at Mysore so successfully that in productiveness it even surpassed Madras. He was then called upon to take the prominent place in the great Mahratta war. For some time the Peshwa, or Minister of the Rajah of Sattara, the nominal representative of the Mahrattas, had ceased to have any real power; still, it was considered desirable by the Mahratta princes to obtain an influence over him. At this time Scindiah possessed his confidence and Holkar, jealous at the preference, made war upon the Peshwa, deposed him, and set up a new Peshwa. In his extremity the Peshwa went to Bassein, whence he appealed to the English for help, and this gave an opportunity to Lord Mornington which he had long coveted, and of which he hastened to take advantage. He stipulated, in return for the help which he should give the Peshwa, for the residence and maintenance of six thousand English troops in the Peshwa's territory, and that all his future quarrels with his neighbours should be referred to the Governor-General for settlement. These were the provisions of the notable treaty of Bassein, which has been

alternately applauded and condemned, a treaty which was the first cause of the Mahratta war and led to the ruin of the most powerful of the native princes. Scindiah, though less clever than Tippoo and Hyder Ali, was the strongest of the Mahrattas and of so large an ambition that he had even formed designs for the conquest of Hindoostan. The Rajah of Berar, whose capital was Nagpore, also owned the little province of Cuttack, remarkable for its great and venerated Temple of Juggernaut. These two potentates, alarmed at British interference, set aside private feuds and made common cause against a common foe. By a judicious disposal of their forces they contrived to overawe the imbecile Mogul and in time doubtless intended to force him to make over his authority to the French; for the Mahrattas all more or less favoured the French and M. Perron continued to command Scindiah's army, whilst Napoleon still insidiously instigated the natives against the English. The Guicowar held aloof from Scindiah and the Rajah and afterwards concluded an alliance with the English.

Great preparations were made for the coming conflict. Wellesley remodelled the entire system of Indian warfare. He cut down all stores to a minimum by regulating strictly the men's and officers' requirements. No carts nor carriages were allowed. Brinjarries, or itinerant grain merchants, accustomed to feed and defend themselves, replaced the helpless and expensive train of trades-

people. Wellesley had even improved the breed of bullocks necessary to drag the artillery, and particularly requested that they "may not be allowed to trot or run." He arranged everything with care and forethought from the minutest commissariat detail to the surgical appliances and litters for the wounded. He had designedly fixed the rainy season for the commencement of operations and had caused portable boats and bridges to be made from a pattern of his own described in his despatches. This would at once give the English an advantage over the natives, who would have no means of crossing the swollen rivers. Wellesley with his twenty-three thousand men encamped on the Toombudra in the spring of 1803, at once to restore the Peshwa to his dominions and to be ready for Scindiah and the Rajah.

General Lake was posted near Delhi with fourteen thousand men to confront M. Perron, who was stationed there and who, though in Scindiah's pay, had got possession of a considerable part of his army, and supported by French influence had recently been making himself disagreeably independent. Lake's campaign in Hindoostan was most brilliant. Two of his greatest victories were those of Agra and Laswarree. He took treasure which amounted in value to considerably more than a quarter of a million of money. Perron soon fled to France with all his riches and the army under Bourquien, his successor, having been thoroughly beaten and scattered, Schah Allum was

restored to power, supported by the British Government.

Stuart with the Bombay corps of seven thousand men was stationed to the north-west of the Peshwa's provinces. Harcourt, arriving from Calcutta, was, in the absence of the Rajah of Berar, to attack the idol-temple of Juggernaut in Cuttack, while three other separate divisions were reserved for the defence of the English provinces and their allies. The English were thus split up into no less than seven bodies, a dangerous experiment against an experienced foe but successful in the present instance.

The Nizam, as the constant ally of the English, sent a messenger to try to elicit from Wellesley what would be his share of the conquered country at the close of the war. The messenger, after employing in vain all the means he could think of to ascertain his point, offered in despair the large bribe of seventy thousand pounds. "Can you keep a secret?" asked Wellesley. "Yes," said the man, joyfully; "And so can I!" was the answer, which ended the interview.

General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson, with their twenty-three thousand men, marched towards Poonah in April, the Peshwa's capital, which was to be burned as soon as the English attacked it. Wellesley prevented this by the extraordinary swiftness of his movements, for he took Poonah by surprise with four hundred horsemen, having ridden sixty miles in thirty hours. He was un-

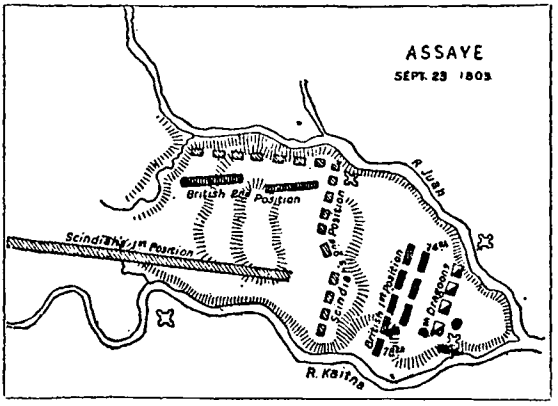
opposed by the natives whom he conciliated by his kindness and justice. There he re-established the Peshwa. Always economical of war, he now offered terms to the Rajah and Scindiah; but after some delay they declined to accede to them, not disguising their hatred of the treaty of Bassein. "I have offered you peace," he wrote, "on conditions just and honourable to both parties. You have chosen war and you shall undergo all its calamities."

The first siege attempted was that of Ahmednuggar, a town of some importance, containing one of Scindiah's palaces. Stevenson was left to guard the passes of the Adjuntee hills, on the further side of which lay the enemy. Ahmednuggar was vigorously assaulted, and fell in a day, the English losing one hundred and fifty-three men. This promptness had its effect on the natives. "The English," says a Mahratta chief, "are a strange people, and their general an extraordinary man; they arrived here in the morning, examined the walls, carried them, had killed all the garrison of the place, and are now gone back to breakfast. Who can resist such men as these?" It has been falsely stated that Wellesley put the garrison to the sword on their refusing to surrender, that they might serve as an example to other places. He not only spared their lives, but allowed the governor and garrison to go where they would. He put a stop to plunder and had the place repaired. From its situation, which commanded both the Peshwa's

and Nizam's territory, it was a very valuable possession. After some unimportant engagements he crossed the Godavery and succeeded in bringing the enemy to battle. Scindiah and the Rajah lay strongly encamped on the other side of the Adjuntee hills, a ridge running east and west to the north of the town of Arungabad. This ridge might be crossed by either of two roads; but both ran through narrow defiles, which the entire army could only have passed with difficulty. There was also a possibility that if they took one route, the enemy might retreat by the other. Wellesley therefore divided his force, sending Stevenson by the western, and himself taking the eastern road, with a view of attacking the enemy on the north of the hills from the east and west simultaneously. Wellesley however, having been misinformed as to the distance of his opponents, suddenly found them to his astonishment at noon, on the 23rd of September 1803 some eight miles nearer than he expected. This entirely disconcerted his plan of a united attack.

To pause in Indian warfare seems to be ruin. The great Mahratta army of fifty thousand men, with their many-coloured tents, was strongly posted within the fork made by the junction of the rivers Kaitnah and Juah, with a hundred and twenty-eight guns; the Kaitnah in front of it, the Juah on the left and rear, the village of Bokerdun on its right, and that of Assaye on its left. Their numerous cavalry was posted on their right;

the centre and the left wing was composed of infantry.



Wellesley's first purpose had been to attack the enemy's right; but as soon as he observed their situation and the disposition of their troops he changed his plan. He saw that the movement which promised the best chance of success was to assail the infantry on the left, the space being too restricted to allow the Mahratta cavalry to operate to much advantage. Accordingly he moved towards its right and with his handful of eight thousand men crossed the Kaitnah by an undefended ford a little above the junction of the rivers. Scindiah, observing his tactic, changed front, bringing up his right to the Kaitnah, so that his line now extended from this river to Assaye on the Juah, fronting the fork of the rivers. The British infantry was drawn up under a furious cannonade in two lines, the cavalry forming a reserve

in the rear, and having the fork of the river at its back. In front of such a host so posted and with so stupendous an artillery it seemed like a doomed army. Its guns were silenced almost as soon as they opened fire. Wellesley at once ordered a charge to be made with the bayonet. The onslaught was so vigorous, that the right of the first line of the Mahrattas was driven back and their guns taken. Many of the enemy were cut down, others cunningly feigned death and lay under their guns. These men, when the British soldiers threw themselves headlong on the second line, got up and turned the guns upon their rear. This caused the second line of the Mahrattas, which was also giving way, to make a fresh stand. At the same time Scindiah's cavalry showed itself at a little distance. Thus on the British left the moment was most critical. On the right a serious mistake had been made by the advanced-guard moving prematurely on Assaye and exposing itself to a murderous fire of grape and a fusillade from the village. This obliged a regiment of foot to come up in support from the second line. The men were falling fast and thick and in the midst of the slaughter a crowd of Mahratta horsemen came round the village of Assaye and "Mussulman sabres crossed English bayonets."

Wellesley saw the peril in both parts of the field. He at once ordered the British cavalry to charge the enemy's left. This it did with the utmost gallantry and success, enabling the dis-

tressed troops in the vicinity of Assaye to rally and to follow up the advantage. At the same time Wellesley on the left had put himself at the head of an English regiment of foot, supported by Sepoy horse, and made a fierce charge in which the crafty gunners, who continued pouring shot into the English rear, were cut down and the second line of the Mahrattas completely broken and destroyed.

The day was decided. The enemy was thrown into irretrievable disorder. Scindiah turned and fled with the shattered fragments of his army, leaving his stores and ninety-eight out of a hundred and twenty-eight guns on the field. It was a hardly-earned victory: the English lost no less than two thousand four hundred men killed and wounded out of eight thousand; whilst of the Mahrattas there were slain upwards of six thousand. "The wounded," says Wellesley, "covered the whole face of the country." "Scindiah's artillerymen," writes M. Brialmont, "were almost all cut to pieces beside their guns and entire ranks of soldiers were found stretched upon the earth." It was a battle mainly won by the bayonet, Scindiah's cavalry having done scarcely anything, while the English horse, except in the final charge, only supported the infantry. The enemy however could not be pursued far owing to the exhausted condition of the English troops, which had had a severe morning's march before the fatigues of the battle. Wellesley however had reason to be satisfied with the day's work. He had

"Against the myriads of Assaye
Clashed with his fiery few and won."

"This battle," he writes, "was the most obstinate that I have ever seen and which, I believe, has ever been fought in India. The enemy's cannonade was frightful. I have no language strong enough to express the admirable conduct of the troops. They moved in the best order and with the greatest steadiness under a most murderous fire." It has been said that the Mahrattas betrayed Scindiah. Nothing can be more untrue, for they fought with stubborn bravery. This daring and brilliant action is of itself sufficient to show that Wellesley possessed true military genius. The numerical odds were fearfully against him. Possibly he would not have adventured such a battle had any choice been open to him, but he comprehended the crisis, and saw clearly how to act.

The campaign was then continued. Stevenson besieged and took the towns of Burhampoor and Asseergur, whilst Wellesley covered the sieges and drove the Mahrattas back again; for they had re-assembled in the hope that by plundering the Nizam's territory they might attract the English troops from the towns which they were besieging. Meanwhile supplies were failing and Wellesley had good cause to complain of the Nizam's behaviour, who had even refused to receive the wounded and gave no assistance in any way, though he was supposed to be the "good ally" of England. Neither was the Peshwa more

grateful; he held aloof as if nothing had been done for him and waited to see how matters would turn out. Wellesley's wisdom was now apparent in having attached the travelling grain-merchants to his camp. Had it not been for these men operations must have been suspended. He was also reduced to selling part of the booty taken in Asseergur, a step which was not approved of by the Governor-General.

Scindiah now applied for peace which Wellesley willingly granted. Having accomplished his mission and freed the Deccan of the Mahrattas, he had no wish to protract hostilities. But he was not prepared to listen to the Rajah of Berar's negotiations, who had voluntarily joined himself to Scindiah. The Rajah possessed Gawalghur, a fortified town of extraordinary strength, and he was ready to do anything rather than see it taken, as his people regarded it with religious veneration, and, with its ramparts, towers, walls, and mountain defences, they considered it impregnable. Moreover it commanded the high road to his capital of Nagpore. This fortress Wellesley determined to take, knowing the effect which its fall would produce on the inhabitants of Berar. The Rajah of Berar made a desperate effort to save Gawalghur. He collected an army of mixed cavalry and infantry and implored his "brother Scindiah" to help him. The temptation proved too much for Scindiah's honesty. In an evil hour for himself he cast the treaty which he had made with the

English to the winds and supported the Rajah. Their joint forces were forty thousand men, most of them being cavalry. They posted themselves in a single line five miles in length before the village of Argam with its houses and extensive gardens behind them. In front of them was a plain, intersected by a watercourse, at right angles to their line of battle. Scindiah commanded the right centre and the Rajah the left centre, both flanked by cavalry. Wellesley and Stevenson with their force of eighteen thousand men came in sight of this formidable array in the fading light of an intensely hot day in November. They had marched twenty-six miles through the heat but could not halt for fear of night overtaking them. Nor did the men seem fatigued. They advanced steadily in two columns against the Rajah's division on the left. But as soon as the attack was made the three Sepoy regiments, which had fought splendidly at Assaye, from some unaccountable cause took fright and turned. Most fortunately Wellesley was at hand and checked them. "If I had not been there," he said, "I am convinced that the day would have gone quite against us." They formed again and this time the enemy fled in confusion, leaving their guns and stores behind them. Wellesley followed them far through the bright moonlight with heavy slaughter and captured their elephants and camels. The English generals now immediately turned their attention to Gawalghur. Stevenson being extremely

ill, Wellesley had generously offered to exchange places with him, proposing to give up his own command to Stevenson and to conduct the operations of the siege himself. This Stevenson manfully declined. He besieged Gawalghur in person, Wellesley covering the assault. With toil the artillery was dragged up the steep ascent for thirty miles. Notwithstanding the strength of the place and the difficulty of the ground, after four days' constant cannonading, a breach was made in the wall on the 15th of December. When the garrison saw the breach bristling with British bayonets, they tried to escape by a gate in a different part of the walls; but they fell into the midst of English troops and were cut off. An inner citadel was then stormed and its garrison put to the sword. Fifty-two guns and two thousand muskets were taken. Wellesley praised the men for their good conduct in abstaining from pillage and publicly acknowledged the skilful manner in which Stevenson had delivered the assault. This brave man died shortly afterwards.

Scindiah and the Rajah were now brought to terms. They gave up to the Company four thousand two hundred miles of country, which was worth three million pounds a year, and which included, among many other important places, the towns of Delhi, Agra, Gwalior, and Ahmednuggar. They also undertook that no European should be employed by them except with the consent of the English Government. The Governor-General was

extremely proud of this treaty, which he spoke of as "wise, honourable, and glorious." In all his wars Wellesley won the respect of the native princes by his justice and straightforwardness, rare virtues in a land where dissimulation was one of the fine arts and intrigue, cruelty, and revenge a second nature. He had however more fighting to do before he had finished his work.

Another band of robbers set up for themselves and with a motley crew composed of the remains of conquered armies overran the Deccan. This expedition Wellesley considered to be one of the "most harassing of all his engagements." As in Dhoondiah's case, it was won by a rapid march and the enemy was defeated and ruined. He now set himself to consolidate the conquered provinces. He was out of health; quick marches, hot suns, anxiety and hard fighting had weakened even his strong constitution and he made up his mind to apply for leave to return to England. Nor indeed was there much left for him to do in India. Holkar was the last hostile power remaining and he might safely be left to General Lake. He settled affairs at Poonah much to the annoyance of the weak and jealous Peshwa, who obstructed him as far as he dared. He then visited Seringapatam. But, greatly as he wished it, he was not allowed to leave India for another year.

He did not consider that the Company had behaved well either to himself or the Governor-General. "I have served the Company," he

writes, "in important situations for many years, and have never received anything but injury from the Court of Directors." They had criticised Lord Mornington's policy somewhat sharply and Wellesley advised his brother to send in his resignation. Neither resignation was accepted. The Home Government could ill-afford to lose such valuable services and earnestly persuaded the brothers to remain in India. But another attack of fever at the end of the year 1804 decided General Wellesley and having obtained leave he bade farewell to the garrison and natives of Seringapatam. The general results of his experience of Indian warfare he communicated to Lake and others. Amongst many statements, he says, with regard to the Mahrattas: "Never think of forcing their position, for they always select one that is strong, and almost inaccessible; but whenever you find them on the move, place your baggage in safety and sally out of your camp. You will encounter them in the state of disorder which is usual upon the march and they will not find time to form; for they are but undisciplined troops."

Before he left the scene of his first triumphs, he received the news that his merits had not been overlooked; he was created an extra Knight of the Bath and Lord Mornington was raised to the rank of Marquess Wellesley. Before leaving India he reaped a harvest of good opinion, the expression of which was gratifying, because it showed the sincere affection of the residents both natives and

Europeans. Amongst other marks of distinction, the Calcutta people presented him with a handsome sword. From the officers of the Deccan army came a gold centre-piece inscribed: "Battle of Assaye, 23rd of September, 1803." The officers of his old regiment, the 33rd, sent a touching farewell address expressive of their personal regard. The Presidency of Madras had his portrait painted as a public benefactor and gave a banquet in his honour. Last but not least was the modest and grateful address from the natives of Seringapatam.

It was this: "You are entitled to our gratitude for the tranquillity, security, and prosperity which we have enjoyed under your beneficent administration. We address our prayers to the God of all castes and of all nations, that He will grant you health, glory, and good fortune." Thus Sir Arthur Wellesley left India. His feelings of joy at returning home must have been mixed with regret. Nearly nine years is a large section out of life. When he first set foot in India he was in the prime of youth; now, at thirty-seven, he was in the prime of manhood. He had left home comparatively insignificant; he returned conscious that he had made a certain mark in the world. He had left many friends behind him and the battle-fields of Europe were to him as yet untried ground. Well for England was it that he left India when he did; for the clouds were already looming and the darkness gathering which preceded a European war.

CHAPTER IV.

The Expedition to Denmark.

ON his way home Sir Arthur Wellesley spent a month at St. Helena and quite recovered his health. There he heard, to his great surprise, that Lord Cornwallis had been appointed to supersede Lord Wellesley as Governor-General of India. This was the more difficult to understand, as Pitt was again in office and had always been Lord Wellesley's firm friend and stood between him and the Court of Directors. Sir Arthur landed in England on the 10th of September, 1805. He had an interview with Lord Castlereagh on the subject of his brother's recall and found, as he expected, that the Government had been prejudiced against what it considered the aggressive policy pursued by the Governor-General and especially disapproved of the treaty of Bassein. Sir Arthur justified himself and his brother to Lord Castlereagh and he wished to state the case to the Directors; but the Court declined to hear him on the ground that it was contrary to custom.

Just at this time Pitt had effected the third

coalition of European powers against France. England undertook to supply ships and money; Russia, Austria, and Sweden provided men. Stirring events had been happening. Napoleon was now something more than a "little Corsican officer who would not stand upon ceremony" in suppressing street riots in Paris. He had passed through the stage of First Consulship and, having skilfully extinguished the Republic, was now Emperor of France and King of Italy. He had made gigantic preparations for invading England and crowds of boats were gathered at Boulogne to carry his army of one hundred and fifty-five thousand men over the water. When all was ready, he hesitated for weeks between England before his eyes and the long-contemplated Indian expedition which was to turn the English out of India. Those were anxious days for Englishmen. For some time they were ignorant of Napoleon's exact intentions; for he had craftily determined to unite the French with the Spanish fleet and both were ordered to the West Indies; the real plan being that they should return after this feint and cover the passage of the invading flotilla. This would serve to throw England off her guard and decoy her fleet under the command of Lord Nelson out of reach; for it was assumed that he would pursue. All prospered till Nelson arrived at Barbadoes and heard the direction which the French fleet had taken. He instinctively suspected the plot, warned the Government by a

despatch in a quick-sailing ship and followed rapidly himself. The warning just arrived in time. Hasty messages were sent to Admiral Stirling and Sir Robert Calder, who were engaged off the coast of Spain, to watch at Cape Finisterre for the return of the French and Spanish fleets, which had received orders from Napoleon to liberate some ships lying at Ferrol and after picking up large reinforcements at Brest to sail to Boulogne, to assist the invasion. The English Admirals contrived so to hamper the French Admiral's movements that instead of proceeding to Brest he was forced to retreat to Cadiz. Meanwhile Nelson had reached England and Napoleon gave up his enterprise against England and determined to stamp out the coalition. With this view he marched upon Austria.

All immediate danger of an invasion being over, Nelson with fresh ships took command of the squadron at Cadiz and forcing the French Admiral, Villeneuve, to action, fought the celebrated battle of Trafalgar, in which the English won a great victory, at the cost of their Admiral's life. Nelson expired, saying: "Thank God, I have done my duty!" on the 21st of October, 1805. This brilliant triumph completely crippled the French and Spanish fleets and covered England with glory.

Napoleon's campaign in 1805 against the allied armies of Austria and Russia was one of his greatest successes. It had been England's part in former

coalitions to make diversions against the French, as her army was not considered good enough to be employed in more important service. One of these expeditions was equipped in November against Hanover, where a mixed force of Swedes, Russians, and Norwegians, assembled under the King of Sweden, were besieging Hameln. Sir Arthur Wellesley was offered the second post in command of the English division under General Don; but almost as soon as it landed news came of Napoleon's decisive victory at Austerlitz on the 2nd of December, which dissolved the coalition, and the allied forces at once separated and returned to their respective countries. Prussia had dishonourably accepted the bribe of an advantageous exchange of some small southern provinces adjoining France for Hanover, a possession she had long coveted. Russia and Austria had been terribly beaten; England alone had escaped defeat. But Austerlitz deprived her of the greatest of her statesmen. Pitt had long been failing in health. Worn out with anxiety and overwork, he had for months looked like a living corpse. The news of Austerlitz and the fall of the coalition hurried his end. "We may close the map of Europe for half a century," he exclaimed sadly after examining it; for everything, he thought, would now belong to France, unless the words which he had uttered some months previously and which were called a prophecy, were to be fulfilled: "We shall have another European coalition against him ere long

and Spain will take the lead in it." He gave his reasons for this presage to his surprised hearers, to whom its accomplishment seemed most unlikely. Yet it was exactly realised in the great Peninsular War, presently to be narrated. This gifted and devoted patriot died on the 23rd of January, 1806, aged forty-seven, murmuring, "Alas, my country! how I leave my country!" To Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox was committed the duty of forming a new administration. It was a coalition ministry, consisting both of Whigs and Tories, satirically called "All the Talents," from the abilities of its members. Party feelings were sacrificed to the necessity of having the best men to guide the country through her dangers. Wellesley was offered a seat in Parliament under this new Government. His brother's Indian policy had been angrily attacked by Mr. Paul, a wealthy Indian merchant, who requited past kindness by virulent abuse. The more effectually to answer his imputations, Lord Grenville, as a personal friend, advised Sir Arthur to enter Parliament. After some hesitation, on account of his political principles, he consented and was returned for Rye. His clear and able explanations largely helped to place matters in their true light. He showed that the Indian revenue had been increased by a million pounds a year, and the result was that Lord Wellesley's government was not only justified but commended.

Sir Arthur Wellesley now married. Nine years

before he had been refused by Lord Longford, the father of the Lady Catherine Pakenham, to whom he was so deeply attached when a young and penniless lieutenant at Dublin. But soon after he left for India she had a severe attack of small-pox and recovered her health to find her beauty gone. She at once wrote to tell Arthur Wellesley and generously offered to give up their engagement. This he honourably declined and after the long separation they were united with her father's con-consent on the 10th of April, 1806.

In the autumn Fox died and soon after his death a new Ministry was formed with Lord Portland at its head. It included Canning, Perceval, and Lord Castlereagh, and Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed Chief Secretary of Ireland with a salary of eight thousand pounds a year. Among other matters, the Irish Secretary was expected to "manage" the political interests of the country, which consisted generally in exchanging votes and seats for bribes of money and office. Thus bishoprics, titles, and situations were openly given in return for political support. This system Wellesley avowedly continued, on the plea that his "object was to secure the best possible Government; and if that Government cannot be obtained except through the venality of individuals, those who turned the moral weaknesses of individuals to good account ought not to be blamed." The only excuse that can be offered for his countenancing and participating in a system of corruption

is that it was, with regard to Ireland, completely established by usage. Indeed Pitt, in effecting the Union, had resorted to it on a gigantic scale in his expenditure of a million of money and an unparalleled creation of peers. Though Wellesley stooped to the practice, he despised those whom he bought. He did not pretend to be a political reformer; but he took things as he found them and made the best of them. Ireland was, in fact, in a wretched state. Extreme discontent prevailed at the loss of self-government. The Roman Catholic clergy sowed seeds of dissension which afterwards bore bitter fruit; whilst the long-established system of bribery had eaten into the heart of the nation, from the highest to the lowest. Even noblemen were not above selling their votes for a series of years to whichever Government was in power.

Nevertheless Wellesley made some valuable practical reforms. He reconstituted the Dublin police with such success that his system was subsequently adopted in England. He drew up papers on the military defence of Ireland. He is said to have suggested the desirability of sending Irish militia to England and English militia to Ireland; but only succeeded in restoring the liability of the Irish militia to serve out of the country in case of need. He was much liked and respected for his tact, kindness and, notwithstanding his adherence to a corrupt system, his personal integrity.

While Wellesley's sword was sheathed for a season, Napoleon was rapidly pursuing his career of conquest. He had established his brother Joseph on the throne of Naples, his brother Louis on that of Holland; England, however, still remained mistress of the sea, and had beaten the French in several encounters. Still matters every day became more critical. Prussia, when called upon by England to explain her possession of Hanover, equivocated by declaring that she only held it temporarily. Napoleon took advantage of her duplicity by threatening to withdraw from his treaty, unless she acknowledged it, and compelled her to exclude all English ships from her harbours. England at once sailed against Prussia, whilst Napoleon formed a league called the Confederation of the Rhine, including all the smaller German principalities, which bound themselves to support him, and in return for his protection to supply him with fifty-eight thousand men. This was a heavy blow both to Prussia and Austria. Yet Napoleon went further. He offered the much-contested kingdom of Hanover to England, on condition that Sicily, which belonged to Spain, should be given to Joseph King of Naples. This England declined; for she would be no party to the system of international robbery instituted by Napoleon. Prussia, indignant at his treachery, only waited for the help of Russia before declaring war. But before help could reach her, and before the English Government could make up its mind

to interfere, Napoleon marched on the Prussians, and defeated them at Jena, where, after a brave resistance, Blücher, one of their generals, was ultimately compelled to surrender. Napoleon showed no mercy. He entered Berlin, mutilated the statue of Frederick the Great, and sent his sword and orders to Paris. Captive officers were paraded through the town, and the conqueror announced his intention of obliging Prussian nobles "to beg their bread," an impossible sum of money having been fixed for their contribution to the expenses of the war, whilst a French army of occupation was to remain in the country until it was paid. Having ruined Prussia, he determined to strike a blow at England through her trade, by issuing the Berlin decree for excluding all English vessels from Continental ports. His next campaign was that of Eylau against the Russians. Assisted by the Poles, who, burning to re-establish their nationality, believed in his promises of help, he attacked the Russians, but was worsted at Golymin; and at Eylau, two months afterwards, he suffered a serious defeat.

Had England stepped in at this moment, his overthrow might have been precipitated by seven years. But Pitt was no longer her ruling spirit. She declined to supply Russia with money, or Prussia with men, and the opportunity passed by. This was in Lord Howick's administration. Lord Portland, who succeeded him, pursued a very different policy. Another league was formed

between England, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, England undertaking to supply troops and money. Her help, however, came too late. Napoleon conquered the Russians, who behaved with surprising bravery, at the hard-fought battle of Friedland, the peace of Tilsit was concluded, and the coalition again came to an end. The Czar, irritated at England's dilatoriness, said to Napoleon, on the raft of Tilsit, moored in the river Niemen, "I hate the English as much as you do, and am ready to join you against them." "In that case," was the answer, "peace is already made." By this treaty Prussia was deprived of half her possessions, and the new kingdom of Westphalia was formed out of her loss, and given to Jerome Buonaparte. In vain did the beautiful Prussian Queen supplicate more merciful terms for her country. Napoleon was relentless; and the Poles were disappointed in their hope of freedom, for the King of Saxony received the greater part of Poland. But the most important provisions of the treaty were kept secret. They amounted to the division of the world between France and Russia. The East to belong to Russia; the West to France. Spain and Portugal were to be ruled by Napoleon's brothers, Turkey was to be divided, and France was to possess Egypt and other provinces. Constantinople was still to remain the Sultan's property; for Alexander could not give up "the key of his house." England was to be crushed; so France and Russia agreed "to summon

the three courts of Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Lisbon to declare war against Great Britain."

The English Government contrived by means of money to obtain a copy of the treaty, and it was thought that the only course open was to man an expedition against Denmark, so as to prevent her promptly and forcibly from entering the treaty. There was no intention of conquering her, and Canning especially advocated the step, which was disgraceful to England in its results. The Danes had been always friendly, and they deserved very different treatment at our hands. Sir Arthur Wellesley commanded a division under Lord Cathcart, and they landed between Elsinore and Copenhagen on the 16th of August, 1807. The expedition had been kept secret, and the Danes were astonished at the sight of the English fleet; but they were not alarmed, knowing that their Government was on good terms with England. They were undeceived by a message from Lord Cathcart to the Crown Prince, requesting him to surrender his fleet, which the English pledged their honour to return as soon as a general peace should be declared. The Prince declined, and the battle of Keoge was fought, Wellesley being in command. The Danes resisted bravely; but their raw recruits were no match for experienced soldiers; they were soon dispersed, leaving a large number of prisoners on the field. Wellesley conducted operations with ability and consideration. His troops were kept in good order, plunder

was forbidden, and food scrupulously paid for. He won the gratitude of the people. On the 7th of September Copenhagen fell, after a five days' bombardment. The inhabitants suffered terribly. Fires broke out, houses were pillaged, even arsenals and dockyards were almost irreparably damaged, and the English sailed home, actually taking with them many Danish vessels, loaded with materials for building ships. This unprovoked outrage, though supposed to be necessary as a means of self-preservation, did not tend to raise England in her neighbours' eyes; whilst Denmark, smarting with indignation, at once concluded a treaty with France. Wellesley returned home to his wife and little son, who had been born in February, 1807, and continued his work as Chief Secretary of Ireland.

The following short extract from a letter shows the wisdom of his views on Irish education: "I will tell you that, in my opinion, the great object of our policy in Ireland should be to endeavour to obliterate, as far as the law will allow us, the distinction between Protestants and Catholics, and that we ought to avoid anything which could induce either sect to recollect or believe that its interests are separate or distinct from those of the other."

CHAPTER V.

Beginning of the Peninsular War.

FOR two years Napoleon had been contemplating the partition of Portugal; and now that his wars with Prussia and Russia were over, his thoughts reverted to the Peninsula. He agreed with Louis XIV. in objecting to the existence of the Pyrenees; but as they were a somewhat stubborn fact, and incapable of obliteration, he resolved to transform them henceforth from a barrier to a connecting-link between his two kingdoms of France and Spain. He had behaved in the most treacherous manner to the Spaniards. He had made use of their army without scruple; he had extorted large sums of money as the price of his protection and friendship, and had at the same time secretly negotiated with other nations for the division of their possessions. Indignant at the discovery of this bad faith, Spain resisted, and endeavoured to secure the assistance of the Northern Powers; but after the battle of Jena she was forced to return to her old position. As a preliminary step to his designs on the whole Peninsula, Napoleon began by insisting that Portugal should become a party to the Continental system of

commerce established by the Berlin Decree, and discontinue her trade with England. To this the Prince Regent submitted with reluctance; for Portugal had always been on good terms with England. He refused, however, to comply with that clause of the Berlin Decree which required the confiscation of the property of British merchants. This formed a pretext for despatching Junot, one of Napoleon's generals, a young and ambitious man, across the Bidassoa into Spain.

The moral tone of the Spanish Court had been for many years exceptionally corrupt. Charles IV. was a weak, indolent king, entirely governed by his queen, a bold, unprincipled woman, who was compromised by her relation with Don Manuel Godoy, a poor but well-born Spaniard. This man, a private in the Royal Guards, she had raised to a position of high power, and given him the title of Prince of the Peace. His influence was immense, his ambition boundless, and he was hated by the Spanish nation. The people's favourite was Ferdinand, the young Prince of Asturias, the heir-apparent, who was bitterly angered with his parents, and had openly remonstrated with his father about Godoy. At the instigation of his advisers, he wrote secretly to Napoleon, proposing for the hand of a princess of the Emperor's family. He received no answer and the King in his turn complained to the Emperor of the plots of the Prince. But Napoleon did not intend to mix himself up in private quarrels. On the 27th of October he con-

cluded the secret treaty of Fontainebleau with Charles for the division of Portugal. It stipulated that Portugal was to be divided into three parts, one to be given to the King of Etruria, one to Godoy, and the third was to remain in the hands of the French until peace was proclaimed, when arrangements for exchanges might be made. The Prince of Asturias made public reconciliation with his father but the plots of his supporters continued.

Junot marched quietly through Spain to conquer Portugal. He purposed to stop and recruit at Salamanca; but fresh orders arrived from Napoleon and he had to press on in spite of difficulties. He lost hundreds of men daily in gorges and watercourses. The only food that could be procured was chestnuts. The Portuguese hesitated to strike in self-defence; they hoped that they might yet be spared and lost their opportunity. The fiat went forth in the *Moniteur*, that "the house of Braganza had ceased to reign," and the Prince Regent, the Queen, with the rest of that great family, entered their ships and, helped by the English fleet under Sir Sidney Smith which happened to be on the coast, set sail for Brazil. Lisbon was taken on the same day; the unfortunate country was given up to plunder, large taxes were extorted from the people, and Junot was made Governor of Portugal.

Fresh dissensions broke out in the Spanish Court and Charles was so alarmed at two dangerous insurrections that he had serious thoughts of following the Regent of Portugal's example and

resorting to flight. The infuriated populace attacked Godoy's house and would have killed him had not Prince Ferdinand interposed; and Charles abdicated his throne in favour of his son to the delight of all Spain. Napoleon took advantage of the unsettled state of affairs to send Murat with a large force to take the frontier fortresses and enter Madrid. He even thought of coming himself. Both Court parties appealed to Murat, who had triumphantly taken up his quarters in Godoy's palace, but he carefully held himself aloof. Napoleon's great wish was to get Ferdinand into his power. He had already offered the crown of Spain to his own brother Louis, who had refused it and it was now destined for Joseph Buonaparte. He sent a fresh messenger to Madrid and by dint of threats and promises, amidst the lamentations of the people, who even cut the traces of the horses, he succeeded in decoying Ferdinand to Bayonne. As soon as he was in his power, Napoleon, who generally cloaked his lawless proceedings with a show of justice, desired him to abdicate in favour of a successor whom he should name. This Ferdinand declined to do and was kept prisoner in consequence. A more audacious proceeding has rarely been committed.

Meanwhile Junot had persuaded the weak King and Queen to lay their case before Napoleon, who would decide between them and their son, and, preceded by Godoy, who had been forcibly removed, they went to Bayonne. Here the whole

Spanish royal family was now assembled, and miserable charges and recriminations passed. Napoleon, hearing of the tumults at Madrid which had succeeded Ferdinand's departure, gave him the alternative between death and resignation; so he and his father signed a paper giving up their rights. They accepted pensions and Joseph Buonaparte was crowned King of Spain. But this iniquitous conduct roused the passionate resentment of the proud Spaniards who at once flew to arms encouraged by the priests. A system of patriotic government was established, consisting of provincial juntas or meetings of estates, the chief being that of Seville. This system proved worse than useless. The number of juntas, many composed of selfish unprincipled persons, and their want of co-operation, combined with Spanish indolence and pride, foiled the effort. In the first burst of enthusiasm all kinds of excesses were committed. The French governors of Cadiz and Badajos were torn to pieces by the furious multitude and the Governor of Corunna, a good and able man, was tossed in a blanket on the top of a sheaf of bayonets stuck in the ground and there left to struggle to death. In the south and west massacres were frequent.

The Council of Castile, more faithful than the ninety-one notables who went to Bayonne to swear their allegiance to Joseph, refused to acknowledge the new King, who, after a ten days' reign, was obliged to leave Madrid; for the patriots under

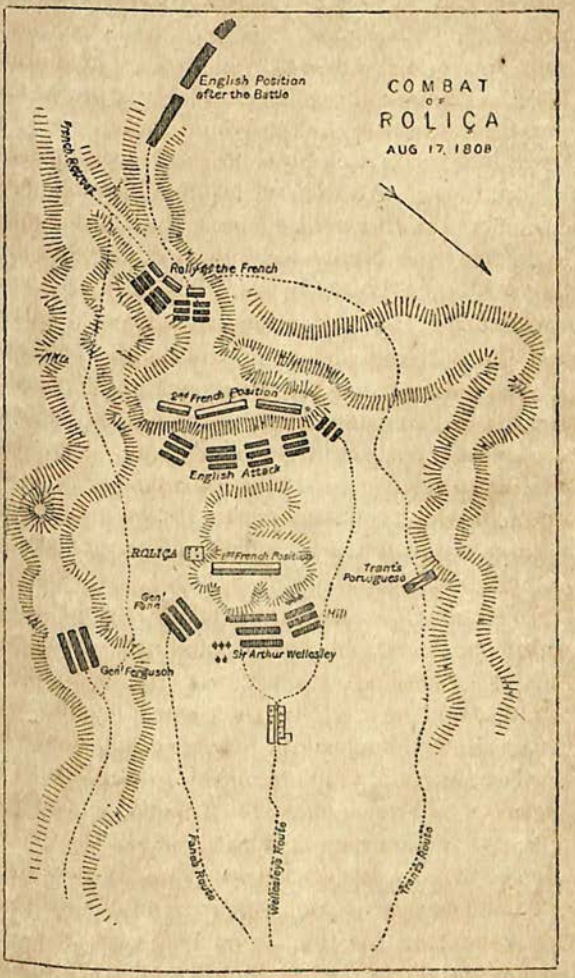
Castaños had gained the remarkable victory of Baylen, where twenty thousand Frenchmen laid down their arms. In their need the Spaniards appealed to England. Their spirited conduct in rising against the French had already excited enthusiastic admiration and their energy, great as it was unexpected, received a hearty response. The prophecy of Spain "taking the lead" against France was on the verge of accomplishment. The English were braced with the feeling that they had moral right entirely on their side. They were conscious that for the first time in his life Napoleon had ventured to defy the world by placing himself glaringly in the wrong. The measure taken by the English Government was however very injudicious. At once extravagant and parsimonious, it gave unlimited private help to Spanish juntas, which often abused it; and though sixty thousand men might well have been spared, hardly ten thousand left Cork, with Sir Arthur Wellesley at their head, bound for Corunna. They were to be joined by Sir John Moore and other troops, amounting in all to thirty thousand men, of whom Sir Hew Dalrymple was to be commander-in-chief. No less than six officers occupied posts above Wellesley. Unconscious of this arrangement, he went first to Corunna, then to Oporto, and found that matters had been much misrepresented. The Portuguese could only muster eight thousand men, all badly trained and armed; whilst the French army was four times as large as was

anticipated and an expedition against it at the mouth of the Tagus was impossible. The news that he had not been appointed to the command of the army did not discourage him. He would "do his best" under any circumstances. With some difficulty, owing to the recent gales, he landed his men at the mouth of the Mondego, and was fortunate enough to be joined next day by General Spenser. Their united force was twelve thousand three hundred men and they received a warm welcome from the Portuguese. Wellesley at once collected horses, stores, mules, and had the country accurately surveyed. With much tact he resisted the Portuguese General's request to meet him, and make a raid into Beira; he remained near the fleet and persuaded Freire, who was at Leyria, to send him one thousand four hundred of his men. Junot was at Lisbon. He directed two of his generals, Loison and Laborde, to meet at Leyria, where he would join them and with the whole of their united forces attack the English.

The Portuguese took an anxious interest in the proceedings. Pitiful tricks were played off by the priests on their superstitious feelings to encourage their anticipations of success and maintain their enthusiasm. Amongst other things we hear of chemically-prepared eggs placed under their hens prophesying the defeat of the French. These eggs, it is said, produced considerable effect; although, as a natural consequence, other hens were soon found which laid eggs in the French interest.

Wellesley advanced to Leyria to prevent the French combination. After occupying Alcobaça and Obidos, Laborde resolved to wait at Roliça. He had three courses before him. If he joined Loison, the road to Lisbon would be left open; if he retired to Torres Vedras on the Lisbon road, he would be cut off from all communication with Loison. He therefore adopted the third course and took up a strong position at Roliça, keeping an opening for Loison to join him. After a slight encounter between the English advanced guard and the outlying pickets of Obidos, the battle of Roliça, noticeable as being the opening combat of the great Peninsular War, was fought. Laborde took up his post on the high plain just before the picturesque village of Roliça, surrounded by hills, through which the road ran to Lisbon and Torres Vedras with all the steepness and ruggedness of a mountain pass.

Wellesley advanced up the valley in three columns: the right under Trant was composed of one thousand Portuguese; the left under Ferguson of nearly five thousand English; and Wellesley commanded the nine thousand men who formed the centre. Ferguson was to turn the right wing of the French army, Trant moved against the left, whilst Wellesley proceeded against the centre. Perceiving his danger Laborde quickly took up a second position at Zambugeira, a high mountain ridge commanding the Torres Vedras road. Ferguson and Fane pushed their way by the moun-


English Position after the Battle
COMBAT OF ROLIÇA AUG 17. 1808
French Reserve
Rally of the French
2nd French Position
English Attack
ROLIÇA
1st French Position
Trant's Portuguese
Gen' Fane
Hill
Sir Arthur Wellesley
Gen' Ferguson
Fanes Route
Wellesley's Route
Trants Route

tains to outflank the French right. Trant had already succeeded in turning their left. Laborde strengthened his hold upon the Alcoentre branch of the Torres Vedras road by which he still hoped that Loison might join him. At length two English regiments gained the high level of the plateau; but they were disordered by their toilsome climb and, before they could form, a French division bore down upon them, inflicting serious loss. Still undaunted, the men held their ground; and Laborde, failing in his attempt to destroy each detachment as it appeared over the edge of the ridge, skilfully retreated to the village of Zambugeira, whence, after an almost inch by inch resistance, he finally retired to Montechique. The French left six hundred men on the field; the English only seventy killed and three hundred and eighty-five wounded. Laborde fought bravely and with skill; for he changed his ground no less than seven times.

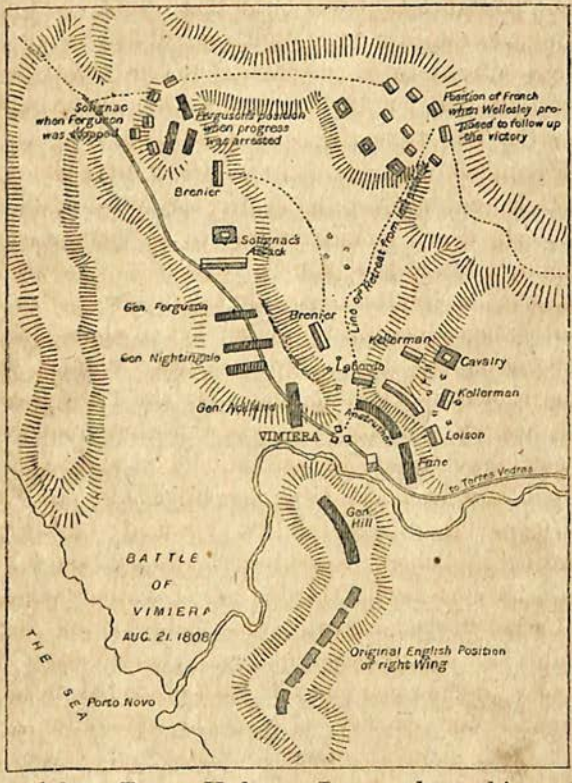
Wellesley has been blamed for not following up his advantage and turning on Loison before he could join Laborde; but there is reason for believing that there was no time for him to do this, as at the close of the battle it was discovered that the French generals were within five miles of each other. A second alternative was that of marching along the Torres Vedras road to Lisbon, now left open to him, where he could have attacked Junot, separated from Loison and Laborde. He was prevented from carrying out this plan by the news that fresh stores and men under General Anstru-

ther were sighted off the dangerous coast, and he turned away from Torres Vedras to Vimiera and covered their landing. His intention was still to try and interpose between Junot and Montechique. He was now at the head of sixteen thousand men and with this force he could well offer battle; for Junot with eighteen thousand would have the protection of Lisbon on his hands, whilst Sir John Moore, landing at the Mondego with twelve thousand fresh troops, could cut off the enemy's retreat. At this critical moment, when every preparation had been made for an early start in the morning, Wellesley was superseded by the untimely arrival of Sir Harry Burrard. To all his representations Burrard, "cautious veteran" as he was, turned a deaf ear. He considered the risk too great to be run, the opportunity was lost, and the English took up their stand in and about the village of Vimiera.

Meanwhile Junot had joined Loison and Laborde and with his whole army swiftly and secretly prepared to strike. At midnight on the 20th of August Sir Arthur received the news of his approach. Hardly crediting the messenger he nevertheless gave orders to be on the alert; but it was not until seven o'clock the next morning that Junot, delayed by bad roads, appeared.

Vimiera lies in a valley. Before it is a rocky hill with a flat top, which slopes away from the village towards the south-east, and commands some rough and wooded country. On the summit of

this hill was posted the British left. The right occupied a mountain on the other side of the valley, curving westward towards the sea. Between hill and mountain comes in from the south the



road from Torres Vedras. It was along this road that Junot came on the morning of the 21st with his columns in battle array. On the left of the

hill again and separated from it by a road which runs past a church a range of narrow heights reaches out towards the north-east, in front of which ran a deep ravine. On this pickets only were posted. As it was clear that Junot was not aiming at the British right, four out of five brigades were ordered to come down from the mountain, cross the valley in the rear, and ascend the heights on the left, thus throwing what had been the British left into the centre. Junot formed two attacks, one against the centre, the other against the left, which seemed to him to be weak as he could only see the pickets. These attacks were to be made simultaneously; but that on the British left became inextricably entangled in the ravine. The other was divided into one large column in the centre and two smaller. Of the latter, one pushed up the road towards the church under heavy fire in front from the churchyard, and on the right flank from one of the four brigades mounting to its new position on the left. The central column headed by Laborde rushed up the front of the hill, was received with a terrible fire of artillery, then of musketry, and finally was charged front and flank and completely repulsed. The left column met with the same fate. Though protected by the reserve and cavalry, they could not rally but retreated along the road to the church. When Junot saw the failure of his left attack he sent a brigade to double the heights in that direction and advance along the ridge. This was however un-

expectedly found to be occupied very strongly by the four brigades; and the assailants were not only beaten back but cut off from the line of retreat. The French lost thirteen guns, two thousand dead and wounded, and one of their generals was made prisoner. Having considerable advantage in numbers, Sir Arthur at once determined to follow up his victory and interpose between the enemy and Lisbon; but again his plans were frustrated by the arrival of Burrard. He ordered the pursuit to cease and Wellesley though greatly annoyed had to obey. Had he been allowed to carry out his intentions, the whole of the French army would have been in a most precarious condition. As it was, Junot retreated unmolested to Torres Vedras; and Sir Arthur, mortified at the loss of such a chance, said to his staff, "Well, then, gentlemen, we may go now and shoot red-legged partridges." In his turn Burrard was replaced in the command by Sir Hew Dalrymple, and thus in one day, through the stupidity of government, the army had been under no less than three successive generals. Sir Hew consented to begin the pursuit early next morning; but Junot had found it necessary to make an arrangement for the evacuation of Portugal by the French and sent Kellerman to propose terms. A council was held, consisting of Dalrymple, Burrard, Wellesley, and Kellerman, to settle matters. After some difficulty it was resolved that the French, with their property, should quit the country, and be conveyed by the

British fleet back to France. An armistice was concluded of indefinite length, with forty-eight hours' notice before the renewal of hostilities; and amongst other minor provisions included the safety of the Portuguese and French residents in Portugal, whilst a separate arrangement was made with the Russian fleet which occupied the mouth of the Tagus. This peace is generally known as the Convention of Cintra and some of its terms were strenuously opposed by Wellesley, although he approved of an agreement which should entirely rid Portugal of the French. On its conclusion, Sir John Hope was formally appointed the English commandant of Lisbon and took possession of the citadel on the 12th of September to the great joy of the inhabitants.

Sir Arthur now returned home. The deputy who was transacting the business of Irish Secretary in his absence had died, so that he was required at his post. His position in Spain had not been a pleasant one. He had been succeeded in the command by two men, who were disliked by the army and were greatly inferior to himself in ability, and he had been compelled to join in the execution of plans which he deemed mistakes. The officers presented him with a testimonial before he sailed for London. Here he found that sore disappointment prevailed at the terms of the Convention of Cintra. The English had fondly hoped to see twenty thousand French prisoners brought to Spithead; and he writes that he "was

surprised to hear the torrents of abuse with which he had been assailed" on account of his share in the matter. This was the more unjust, as he had not been at the head of affairs when the treaty was concluded, and had disapproved of some of its provisions, thinking them far too favourable to the enemy. With great forbearance he abstained from justifying himself publicly at the expense of others; but took an opportunity of mentioning the slight passed upon the brave and able Sir John Moore, who should have had the command before Dalrymple. A Court of Enquiry was held about the Convention, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, Dalrymple, and Burrard appeared in person to answer all questions concerning it. The decision was, that "nobody was to blame." But Napoleon's comment on the subject was, "I was going to send Junot before a council of war; but fortunately the English tried their generals and saved me the pain of punishing an old friend."

Wellesley returned to his Irish Secretaryship, and remained in Dublin for the next three months.

Sir John Moore succeeded to the command of the troops in Portugal after the departure of Burrard and Dalrymple. Intrigues had been rife. The Bishop of Oporto, a scheming, ambitious man, and a hardened promise-breaker, together with the Junta, tried to change the seat of government from Lisbon to Oporto. Under a pretence of bringing back the exiled royal family, the Junta determined to keep all the power in its own

hands with the bishop at its head. Dalrymple had declined to sanction this arrangement and the disappointed bishop fruitlessly tried to stir up the Portuguese in hatred against the English. He was supported by the Spanish General Galluzzo, who had disobeyed the order of his own Government that he should return to Spain, and violated the Convention by besieging Fort Lalippe with its French garrison. But he had finally to withdraw, the plots of the bishop and Junta were overthrown, and a Regency established, comprising persons nominated by the Court of Portugal, before its departure for Brazil; the bishop was a member of it. In Spain after great difficulty a Supreme Central Junta was formed, which met at Aranjuez, and represented the smaller juntas, which sent deputies. But this body did not improve the state of Spain; for it was occupied by selfish schemes and characterized by its uselessness and extravagance.

Sir John Moore had orders to march to Madrid. There it was thought that he would be able to arrange with the Spanish generals Cuesta, Blake, Palafox, and Castaños. Sir David Baird with additional troops, was to land at Corunna, and join Moore who after leaving five thousand men for the defence of Portugal would arrive with thirty thousand at Madrid. Great misapprehension prevailed in England about the state of Spain. The Spaniards were supposed to be models of patriotism, burning with energy, and possessed of large military resources. Moreover Moore's

orders came too late to be of any use; for Napoleon, freed from other anxieties by his treaty with Russia, and alarmed at the results of Vimiera, was crossing the Pyrenees with fresh troops to add to the large French force already in Spain.

Moore had to train raw soldiers, the roads were bad, the time of year was unfavourable, for the rains were setting in, the Spaniards were jealous, quarrelsome, incompetent, and the efficiency of their armies was grossly exaggerated. He was obliged to divide his force on account of the state of the roads, sending part by Talavera, and leading the rest himself to Salamanca, followed by Baird, whose landing at Corunna had been much delayed. Thus the three English divisions were endeavouring to concentrate. The Spanish generals were also separate. No one had been appointed to the chief command; they were on ill terms with each other; all were absurdly confident in their individual power and prophesied a new battle of Baylen.

Napoleon arrived at Vittoria on the evening of the 8th of November. He went to the first little inn he saw, examined his maps, and in two hours his plans were arranged; the Spaniards were to be overpowered before the English could join them. Soult was to attack the Conde de Belvedere. This he accomplished, took Burgos, and turned upon Blake's rear, who had been conquered by Victor in the battle of Espinoza, whilst Castaños and Palafox were disastrously defeated by Lannes at Tudela. Castaños and Blake, with

the remnant of their forces, took refuge in the Asturian hills. Napoleon hastened to Madrid. With his usual policy he took care not to rouse the fiery Spaniards too far. He sent an offer of terms which after a short but desperate resistance was accepted and on the morning of the 4th of December Madrid surrendered, order was restored, and the people promised to obey Joseph.

Moore's position was terrible. He discovered by bitter experience the Spanish character. Disheartened, anxious, misinformed, he toiled on, though, as Napoleon said, his overthrow was only a matter of artillery calculation. News of the defeat of the Spanish generals reached him. No course remained but retreat or to make a last appeal to patriotic feeling, collect Castaños's army and cut off Soult's communication with Napoleon. This scheme he was forced to abandon; for Napoleon, alarmed at the English advance, tried to interpose between them and the Portuguese coast whilst Soult attacked them in front. After a brilliant encounter at Sahagun, Moore began his backward movement, which was one of those "honourable retreats in no way inferior to brave charges, as having less of fortune, more of discipline, and as much of valour." He and Baird retired to Corunna, where the troops were to embark; but the ships were late in coming, the French pressed on, and with the embarkation uncompleted, it was necessary to fight the battle of Corunna. Moore was mortally wounded; but hearing that he had gained

the day, he said: "It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French. . . . . You know that I always wished to die this way. . . . . I hope the people of England will be satisfied; I hope my country will do me justice!" He was buried hastily "in the dead of night" in the ramparts of Corunna. His resolute courage saved the army, which, helped by the Spaniards, who held the town against the French, safely embarked for England.

Thus abortively ended England's second effort in the Peninsula, made with extraordinary want of calculation and foresight against fearful odds, Moore having been sent with thirty thousand soldiers to oppose one hundred and sixty thousand at the least.

When however Napoleon was called away to an Austrian war, England renewed the struggle, adopting Wellesley's suggestion, that Portugal should be the base of future operations. The advantage of this was obvious. Portugal, with its seaboard, being a narrow strip of country, could easily be defended and was a gathering-place for native troops. The command of the English army was offered to Wellesley and by his advice Major-General Beresford, reputed a linguist, was appointed to drill and command the Portuguese. Wellesley resigned his post of Irish Secretary and his seat in Parliament and made all necessary preparations for the campaign. As in India, nothing was forgotten, from clothes, food, and horses, to trenching tools and nails.

CHAPTER VI.

The Douro and Talavera.

NAPOLEON before leaving Spain had drawn out the plan of a campaign, the execution of which he entrusted to Soult, one of the ablest of his generals, who was to proceed to Portugal and take Oporto and Lisbon, Lapisse and Victor helping from a distance. They were then to overthrow the Supreme or Central Junta, which after the French occupation of Madrid had retired to Seville.

Wellesley reached Lisbon on the 22nd of April and was enthusiastically welcomed. He was disappointed at what he found to be the real state of affairs. The English and Spanish troops amounted indeed to one hundred and twenty thousand men; but the Spaniards were only half-clad, ill supplied with money, and scattered, so that none joined him at this time. The French on the other hand counted two hundred and eighty thousand infantry and forty thousand cavalry. Soult had accomplished the first stage of Napoleon's programme by taking Oporto, but now remained idle, engrossed with schemes of his own. Wellesley, finding the

three French generals separated, resolved to recover the town. He made arrangements for the defence of Lisbon against Victor and assembled his twenty-five thousand men at Coimbra. Soult's position was hazardous. His centre was at Oporto; his left straggled in detachments eastward to Amarante over difficult country; his right southward to the river Vouga. The Douro divided the wings, furnishing no better communication than a bridge of boats. Soult divided from Victor and Lapisse was too weak to advance to Lisbon; he therefore intended to pass out by the great Braganza road to Salamanca. Unwisely absorbed in the civil administration of Oporto, he neglected to inform himself of Wellesley's numbers and movements. There was also treason in his camp and three of his colonels offered to betray him on condition that the army should be spared; but these proposals were declined. Wellesley sent Beresford to turn the French left and obstruct the retreat by the Braganza road. He himself, in the hope of crushing the right, pushed northward with his main body across the Vouga; while Hill with his division was ferried with patriotic alacrity by the fishermen from one end to the other of the seaside lake of Ovar at the mouth of the Vouga and landed some two miles in the enemy's rear. This well-devised plan was marred by the unexpected difficulties of the banks of the Vouga. The French became aware of their peril before a decisive blow could be struck. They retreated fighting, gained

the Douro, and crossed in the night, having destroyed the bridge and every boat that was on the left bank. The river was three hundred yards wide; yet it must be passed at once or Soult would make his way to Salamanca, and perhaps crush Beresford. Although Oporto was full of French with Soult at their head, Wellesley crossed. He chose a position behind a hill which screened his proceedings. By means of a small skiff, which a poor barber had rowed over to the left bank during the night, he brought over a few large barges and before attention was attracted two freights of twenty-five men each had been landed in the large enclosure of an unoccupied building on the other side, called the Seminary, having a solitary outlet through an iron gate to the Amarante road along which the French were withdrawing. Before the third freight had landed the alarm was given. Amid sudden tumult and clamour a fierce assault was made on the building and there was desperate fighting. But the citizens supplied fresh boats, the English crossed in increasing numbers, and the hold on the Seminary was maintained. A great shout now proclaimed that the French were quitting the town. A part of the British left which had come over lower down was already in the streets in their rear and a galling fire of musketry was opened from the walls of the Seminary upon the columns retreating along the road. The drivers of five pieces of artillery which had just issued from the town, not

daring to pass this line of fire, suddenly stopped, when most of them were laid low by a volley delivered in the rear from the British, who had pushed their way through the town. The remainder abandoned the guns. Another force under Murray which had passed the river higher up was now seen approaching and thus this well-conducted enterprise was decided. The enemy however escaped more cheaply than they had any right to expect through the remissness of Murray who let the columns march past him as though he were inspecting them at a review. The French lost five hundred men killed and wounded; the English, twenty killed and ninety-five wounded. The whole affair was so sudden that Wellesley is reported to have sat down to the dinner prepared for Soult.

The campaign of the Douro lasted only twenty-eight days. The French veterans conducted their retreat with the greatest order; they marched towards the bridge of Amarante where they expected to meet Loison. Here another terrible surprise awaited them. Worn out with fatigue and exertion, they were greeted on their approach with calls for capitulation from Beresford; for Loison had given up the bridge without striking a blow. But with amazing courage and energy Soult silenced all murmurs, abandoned all encumbrances, destroyed his artillery, promptly retraced his steps, and climbed through mountain paths shoeless amid drenching rain to Montalegre and

finally joined Ney at Lugo. Meanwhile Wellesley, though he came upon the French rear at Ponte Nova, could not pursue far, as he had left his supplies behind and was heavily laden with artillery; he therefore soon returned to Oporto to make preparations for encountering Victor. Having remained there a month, partly from the fatigue of his men and partly from want of money, he marched to Abrantes on the frontier where he arrived early in June. Here he concerted operations with Cuesta, who with forty thousand half-disciplined patriots was at Oropesa. Their plan was to march upon Madrid, the Spanish general, Venegas, being commissioned to prevent the union of Joseph with Victor.

All this time the Supreme Junta had been acting in the most recklessly improvident manner. Though it had millions of money at its disposal, Romana, another of the Spanish generals, was forced to ask Sir John Cradock for the loan of five thousand pounds, whilst stores and arms from England remained undistributed and were left to waste. By its orders great cruelties had been perpetrated on French prisoners; thousands were landed on the Balearic Isles, where they were either slaughtered by the inhabitants or cast on some barren rock without food or clothes to perish or live like savages, occasionally relieved by British seamen.

It is necessary here to notice the Partidas and their influence on the fortunes of the war.

They were guerilla bands which could scarcely fail to come into existence in such a country and in such a war. They generally consisted of robbers, smugglers, idlers, with here and there a few genuine patriots. They principally lived on plunder and until the later part of the war were of little use except in bringing news and intercepting letters. They had many leaders among whom were the student Mina and Julian Sanchez, a brave and honest man.

Before Wellesley and Cuesta had joined their forces, Joseph, alarmed by a false report of the strength of Venegas, withdrew some of Victor's troops and, leaving him exposed to Cuesta, pursued Venegas fruitlessly into La Mancha and then went back to Madrid. Cuesta failed to take advantage of his opportunity and spent his time in making bridges instead of attacking Victor. Six weeks before this fresh orders had come from Napoleon, appointing Soult to the supreme command of three corps, his own, Ney's, and Mortier's. "Wellesley," wrote the great strategist, "will probably advance by the Tagus against Madrid; in that case, pass the mountains, fall on his flank and rear, and crush him." Soult made all preparations. He and Ney had long been on bad terms; Ney also was chagrined at being put under Soult's orders, who however with much skill, prevailed upon him to go to Zamora, while he himself marched to Salamanca and Mortier laid siege to Ciudad Rodrigo. These three towns were in a line and were sepa-

rated only by a few miles, so that concentration at any moment would be easy. The King, hearing of the march of Wellesley and Cuesta, after some hesitation and the receipt of letters urging him to concentrate all forces, at length acquiesced. Soult wrote: "It is large masses only, the strongest that you can form, that will succeed. . . . . I conceive it impossible to finish this war by detachments." He was therefore ordered to march against Wellesley to Plascencia and Joseph put himself at the head of his troops to join Victor at Talavera.

Meanwhile Wellesley was entirely unaware of the danger which threatened him in Salamanca. The Spanish generals never knew anything of the enemy's movements. Ney was believed to have withdrawn from Spain and letters had been intercepted from Soult and Victor to Joseph, in which they complained bitterly of their forlorn condition and sufferings. These accounts raised the hopes of the English; they were at first inclined to believe the Spaniards, who were "perfect masters in the art of saying everything, and doing nothing." The Supreme Junta, though lavish in promises, rendered absolutely no aid. Neither food nor means of transport for the artillery was provided, and it was only by Wellesley threatening to withdraw from Spain altogether that immediate wants were grudgingly supplied.

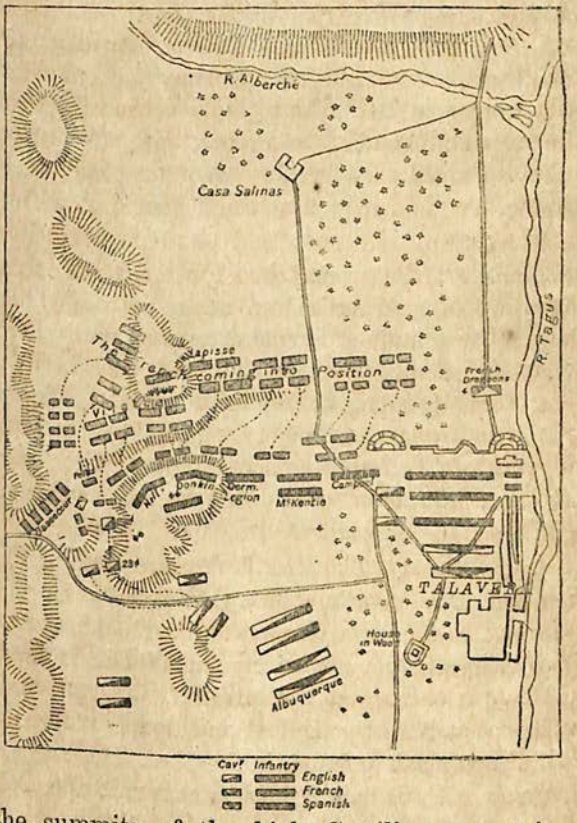
The allies now marched to attack Victor, who lay alone at Talavera, which was approached by a bridge across the Alberché. Cuesta was the first

to meet the French advanced-guard; but with incredible stupidity he failed to charge and allowed them to retreat without loss beyond the river. That evening, when Sir Arthur went to arrange with him a plan of attack for the morning, he found him in bed; and the next day matters were even worse; he declined to fight because it was Sunday. On Monday the French were withdrawing and Cuesta then became eager to attack and actually set out in a coach-and-six to examine their position. He soon had to alight from his equipage, for the ground was too rocky for it to proceed; he then fell asleep under a tree. This Sabbath-day and somnolent behaviour excited suspicion; it does not seem however that he was treacherous but only utterly impracticable. Victor withdrew to Torrijos, madly pursued by Cuesta in spite of Wellesley's remonstrances, who took the precaution of sending two divisions after him and remained himself at Talavera. It was well he had done so. The Spaniards were completely defeated at Alcabon and had they been promptly followed would have been destroyed. As it was they returned in confusion and Wellesley now assumed the supreme command. Joseph and Victor joined forces and it was evident that a great battle was at hand.

West of the Alberché and between it and the town of Talavera, which is on the right bank of the Tagus, lies a plain two miles in extent, thickly wooded with olives and cork trees. Two miles

beyond the town to the north runs a chain of steep hills and half a mile beyond the hills tower

BATTLE OF TALAVERA, FINAL ATTACK, JULY 28 1809.



the summits of the high Castilian mountains. Wellesley took up a strong position fronting eastward with his right resting on Talavera.

There he posted the Spaniards in two lines with their left on a mound, where he constructed a strong redoubt, behind which the British light cavalry was drawn up. The front was defended by a fortified convent and ditches. The line was continued towards the hills by the infantry. Hill was to occupy the highest point in the chain on the extreme left, which was protected by the valley between the hills and the mountains, and from this valley ran in front of the British left as far as the centre a deep ravine or watercourse. The whole line of battle stretched from north to south parallel to the Alberché and was about two miles long. The combined French army was nearly fifty thousand of which seven thousand was cavalry. The allies counted forty-four thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry; but the French were all seasoned veterans, whilst of the allies only nineteen thousand could be deemed efficient soldiers.

A preliminary encounter took place at the Casa des Salinas, a country-house considerably in advance of the British line and near the Alberché. Two brigades were posted here and Wellesley had ridden out to inspect the position. The sentries were not sufficiently vigilant and he was surprised and almost made prisoner in the Casa. He escaped however and his men fighting stubbornly checked the enemy and retiring in good order took their places in the line of battle. Many of the Spaniards fled to Oropesa carrying the false news of a defeat

which spread consternation far and wide. The same evening, the 27th of July, the French sent Ruffin's division against the English left; but after a sharp conflict which lasted far into the night they were repulsed and Hill took the position originally assigned to him on the height. Bivouac fires were lit and the soldiers slept on their arms, though all the night desultory firing continued. It was an anxious time for Wellesley. His men were half-starved, only a few ounces of grain being issued to them before the battle, while the French were well fed. Still they were not dispirited and faced the enemy boldly when Ruffin fiercely assailed the left wing again early in the morning. He was repulsed after a most obstinate fight in which he lost fifteen hundred men in forty minutes.

From nine to twelve the armies silently faced one another. Joseph took council with Jourdan and Victor. Jourdan strongly advised him to remain stationary and wait till Soult should appear in the English rear. Victor urged an immediate attack and with some reluctance his advice was followed. Jourdan's was eminently the better plan and would have ensured a slower but certain success.

At one o'clock in the hot afternoon, when the tired and thirsty soldiers of both camps were drinking from the little stream which divided their armies, the French drums beat; an hour later a storm of shot whistled through the air and the battle began. The first attack was a very furious

onslaught by Victor on Campbell's division on the English right; but the reception was as hot as the charge and after ruthless fighting he was thrust back with the loss of ten guns. An attempt to rally failed, for a Spanish regiment charged their flank. Meanwhile the French right advanced to the hill occupied by the English left. Against these columns Wellesley launched Anson's cavalry brigade which included a body of German hussars. As the horsemen rode rapidly forward, they came unexpectedly to the edge of a deep hollow. The German commander reined in his horse, exclaiming, "I will not kill my young mens!" but the English dragoons bravely though imprudently plunged into the chasm, scrambled confusedly up the other side, and impetuously charged a French brigade. They were soon overpowered and after losing half their men were forced to take shelter in a Spanish division.

The English left and centre were now simultaneously assailed. Hill remained firm and the centre resisted the first onslaught; but the Guards in the heat of the moment advanced too far; the French turned and charged and the centre became confused and broken. Wellesley, who was closely watching the battle from the hill, foresaw the consequence of the rashness of the Guards and despatched the 48th regiment to their succour. The 48th, supported by cavalry, with perfect self-possession opened to let the retreating Guards pass; it closed again and marching in "proud and

beautiful line" poured a volley into the French column, then firmly closed and checked its advance. Both Guards and centre rallied, the fire redoubled, and a triumphant shout ran along the whole line. Gradually the enemy gave way and, Lapisse having been mortally wounded, the centre which he had commanded retired and with it the whole army. The English could not pursue, though the battle was over at six on a fine summer's evening, for they were faint from want of food and the Spanish troops could be turned to no account. Indeed the Spaniards make but a contemptible figure in a victory so honourable to the English and their General, who on this day showed all the best qualities of a great captain. But able as the strategy was, the engagement is admitted to have been an error. To enter a narrow valley like that of the Tagus, occupied by a strong force in front and threatened by an equally strong force in flank and rear, is a dangerous experiment. That grave disaster did not ensue was due only to circumstances which could not have been calculated upon. Wellesley's excuse was the bad faith of the Spaniards, whose conduct both in the field and in all other respects was disgraceful. In the thick of the fray, when he was watching the action from the top of the hill on the left, an English colonel brought a message from one of the Spanish generals that Cuesta was about to desert to the enemy. Whether Sir Arthur believed it or not, he did not so much as turn his head, but as if the matter

were of no importance, answered: "Very well; you may return to your brigade."

Immediately after the battle a large tract of the field was enveloped in flames, which, proceeding from the parched grass and shrubs that had caught fire, scorched both dead and wounded. The English lost six thousand two hundred and sixty-eight killed and wounded; the French, seven thousand three hundred and eighty-nine and two generals with seventeen guns. Each army slept in the same position which it had occupied in the morning.

Two days after Joseph marched to Madrid, which was threatened by Venegas, leaving Victor on the Alberché ready to fall upon the English when Soult, who was now near Plascencia, should come up. Victor however withdrew, alarmed at the arrival of Sir Robert Wilson. Crauford had also come with his celebrated Light Brigade of three thousand men. Hearing of an action he had marched sixty-two miles in twenty-six hours under a burning sun and, undisconcerted by shameful rumours of the English defeat spread by Spanish stragglers, joined Wellesley the day after the battle. Wellesley was forced to remain at Talavera to make provision for the sustenance of his army and the care of his wounded. The Spaniards again behaved infamously. Though the town was full of corn, none was given to the hungry soldiers. They would not even help to bury the dead. So far from "looking upon the war in the light of a crusade and carrying it on with all the

enthusiasm of such a cause," they held aloof and Cuesta took a savage vengeance by decimating in cold blood the Spanish regiments who had fled on the 27th.

At first Sir Arthur, being misinformed as to Soult's numbers, meditated turning upon him, leaving Cuesta at Talavera to hold Victor in check and to guard the wounded; but on his way he discovered by intercepted letters that Soult was more than twice as strong as he anticipated. He was between hawk and buzzard; for Soult was on one side, Victor on the other; whilst Cuesta wrote to say that he was coming to support him, which meant the abandonment of the wounded to their fate. At this critical moment the fate of the Peninsula trembled in the balance.

Wellesley seized the one course which chance had left. This was to retreat beyond the Tagus by the bridge of Arzobispo; whilst Crauford with the Light Brigade was despatched in all haste to destroy the bridge of boats at Almarez. This bridge Soult had sent Mortier to secure; but he made no haste and Crauford with great skill and speed accomplished his mission. At this moment Cuesta appeared and loudly opposed the crossing; but, as it was no time for discussion, Wellesley took his troops across and left Cuesta behind, who however soon followed, alarmed at the approach of the French. As it was, his rear suffered severely; and had Soult pursued, the results would have been very serious; but the King prevented him.

After waiting for Cuesta to join, Wellesley withdrew to Badajos. Soult now proposed to attack Lisbon; but Joseph was well satisfied with the cessation of hostilities. He divided his powerful army of ninety thousand men into four bodies and sent them severally to Oropesa, Plascencia, Salamanca, and in the direction of Madrid. Had he followed the English with his whole force, the consequence might have been serious; but in the French camp there were strifes, jealousies, and heart-burnings. Ney suggested one course, Soult another; and above all the distant voice of Napoleon was heard from Austria, forbidding further fighting until fresh help should arrive.

At Badajos the English had new troubles. The town is unhealthy, owing to the marshy ground about the Guadiana. Five thousand sick men died; yet Wellesley could not move from want of horses and mules. No food could be procured; and Beresford at Ciudad Rodrigo was in an equally evil plight. When application was made to the Spanish Government it was met by insults and falsehoods; whilst the Spanish troops, well fed themselves, intercepted the food intended for the English and even fired upon the foragers. The army was in want of nearly two thousand horses; and the Supreme Junta, as if to compensate Sir Arthur for its treatment of his soldiers, conferred on him the rank of captain-general, which he accepted, and offered him a personal present of horses, which he refused. At the same

time he was created Baron Douro of Wellesley and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and Parliament passed a vote of thanks to him.

The English Government was unsettled; for the Duke of Portland had resigned and Lord Castlereagh and Canning had fought a duel, which prevented either of them from taking office. Perceval was at the head of the new Ministry, Lord Wellesley was appointed to the Foreign Department, and Lord Liverpool to the War Office. The Peninsular War was very costly; many people questioned its success and the ministers hesitated about continuing it, especially after the wretched failure of the Walcheren expedition, which had been sent out in the hope of stirring up an insurrection in the Netherlands during Napoleon's absence in Austria. They therefore in some degree cast the responsibility upon Wellington by writing to ask his opinion, which was that the war should be continued.

Napoleon was greatly annoyed by the news of Talavera and the success of the "Sepoy general," as he contemptuously called Wellington. Like Vimiera, it stimulated him to fresh exertions; his Austrian war was at an end and his hands were free. Accordingly he began to pour new troops through the Pyrenees and by the beginning of March, 1810, there was in Spain the enormous number of three hundred and sixty-six thousand men. Changes had been made in the Spanish army and a series of failures is recorded. Lord

Wellington announced to the Junta his intention of removing his army into Portugal. This dismayed the Spaniards; but he turned a deaf ear to their vehement remonstrances. The campaign of the Douro had taught him that their promises were utterly worthless; it had fully shown him their inflated pride, meanness, and cruelty. "Want had driven him to separate from them;" and he speaks of the "constant and shameful misbehaviour of the Spanish troops before the enemy," how "whole corps threw away their arms and ran off, when they were neither attacked nor threatened with an attack." How they plundered everything they met in their flight, "even the baggage of the British army, which was at that moment bravely engaged in their cause at Talavera." In October Lord Wellesley paid a short visit to Spain. He and his brother had an interview with the Supreme Junta and another attempt was made to prevail upon Wellington to reconsider his decision. He refused and withdrew to Portugal, where he made active but secret preparations for the defence of Lisbon. He divided his army into two forces, one to protect the provinces north and the other those south of the Tagus. Crauford with his Light Brigade was ordered to the valley of the Coa, Wellington's camp being in Upper Beira and in communication with him.

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CHAPTER VII.

The Lines of Torres Vedras.

THE campaign of 1810 tested Wellington's qualities more than any other. He had to deal with the perversity of the Portuguese Regency, the doubts and discouragements of the Government at home, as well as financial difficulties. His tact, judgment, and patience were equally tried. The Portuguese consisted of two classes, the fidalgos or nobles, and the people. The fidalgos, though they appreciated English help, selfishly held their own, and abated nothing of their customary exactions from the people on account of the war; on the contrary, they took a mean advantage both of popular zeal and British liberality. The people were capable of any sacrifice.

The Regency which had been established after the departure of the royal family was almost entirely swayed by the Patriarch or Bishop of Oporto and the two brothers Souza, ambitious, unprincipled, and inveterate intriguers. Throughout the campaign they were openly hostile to Wellington, insulting and thwarting him at every

turn. They opposed the revival of the old system of conscription which furnished him with his Portuguese militia. They complicated matters by vehemently supporting the claim of the Princess Carlotta, wife of the Prince Regent and sister of the captive Ferdinand, to the throne of Spain, in case of her brother's permanent captivity, with the stipulation that she should immediately be appointed Governing Regent of the whole Peninsula. Wellington resisted this claim, which was in fact chiefly concocted to embarrass him, and which, if it could have taken effect, would have imperilled the success of the war by a vain attempt to unite the governments of two countries bitterly hostile to each other.

Joseph now made an easy conquest of Andalusia, Cadiz and Gibraltar alone remaining uncaptured. It was a rich province and he thought that his acquisition of it would have an influence on the Spanish mind, besides enabling him to fill his coffers. The French in fact now held nearly the whole of Spain, although they had not yet taken Badajos and some other strongholds.

Wellington's great works for the defence of Lisbon were now approaching completion. Lisbon is built on a strip of land, bounded on the west by the Atlantic, on the south and east by the Tagus. The district to the north consists of hills, the spurs of the Sierra d'Estrella. These hills he made his base of operations and he converted them into "one stupendous and impregnable

citadel." But the most striking feature in the fortifications was the lines of Torres Vedras. These were three in number. The first was twenty-nine miles in length and extended from Alhandra on the Tagus to the mouth of the Zezandre. It ran past Torres Vedras and was fortified by thirty redoubts and one hundred and forty guns. The second, which was of double strength, being intended for a final stand, was twenty-four miles long and stretched at a distance varying from six to ten miles behind the first, from the Tagus to the mouth of the Lorenza. The third, twenty-four miles lower down, at the very extremity of the strip on which Lisbon stands, extended again from the Tagus, a little below the town, to the coast. It was intended to cover the embarkation of the army and Fort Julian, on the southernmost point of Portugal, was trebly fortified for the protection of the rear-guard.

These enormous defences occupied more than five hundred square miles, and were further strengthened by a network of batteries, abattis, forts, and roads, interwoven with streams and mountains, art being applied with consummate skill to supplement nature. Mountains were scarped, rivers dammed up, bridges mined, and redoubts erected at all available points to the number of one hundred and fifty, with six hundred guns.

The most vulnerable parts of Portugal are its northern and eastern frontiers which skirt Spain. On the eastern frontier Wellington garrisoned

Ciudad Rodrigo, Almeida, Elvas, and Badajos, its principal fortresses. From its long coast line it could be easily supplied with provisions by English ships. One further measure was necessary for the completion of Wellington's preparations and that, though a painful one, he did not hesitate to take. He gave orders that all the country should be devastated before the French as they approached; corn and food of all kinds that were not removed within the lines must be destroyed. This was imperative, as the French had no plan of providing for their army, but acting on Napoleon's principle that war should support itself, lived upon the country they passed through and, like a swarm of locusts, left it a waste behind them. But this decree was a terrible infliction to the poor patriots, who, driven from their homes, lived by hundreds, "like wild beasts, among the caves and woods, feeding on roots and herbs. On the ground between the two armies the produce of the harvest perished, scattered over the ground, and the vintage mouldered on the stalk; flocks of innumerable small birds fattened on the ungathered grapes."

In the middle of April Massena, Prince of Essling, arrived in Spain as Commander-in-Chief of the French army. Napoleon had intended coming himself; but business at home and his recent marriage with the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria prevented him. Aware of the jealousies among his marshals, he decided upon sending a new commander to the Peninsula who was rather

their superior in rank and who would start afresh with every one. Massena in military reputation was considered second only to himself and he was to be allowed some latitude in executing a carefully prepared plan of operations.

Of the Spanish generals, it is only necessary to say that, with the exception of Romana, they refused their co-operation, which was no loss, as they were utterly destitute of training and ability, and were systematically beaten in all their engagements, whilst the Partidas, ragged and hungry, gathered in large bands among the mountains, whence they made raids upon the French rear whenever they found an opportunity. Massena's arrangements were good. He established a magazine at Salamanca and Ney besieged Ciudad Rodrigo as a preliminary to the invasion of Portugal, for the frontier fortresses were indispensable to his progress.

Wellington took up his quarters at Celerico on the Mondego while Crauford with the Light Division supported by some excellent cavalry and German hussars, maintained his more advanced position on the Coa. The Light Division had been trained under Moore and was faultless in discipline and quickness. At any hour in the day or night the men could be armed and ready to fight in seven minutes. Crauford was a brave, energetic officer; but with a quick temper and apt to exceed his orders. Only a month before he had seized some church plate wherewith to

supply food for his men and it was solely by Wellington's interposition that the irritation created was allayed.

The Coa and Agueda are tributaries of the Douro and flow almost parallel to each other, the Agueda being in Spain, the Coa in Portugal. Thus when Crauford crossed the Coa he was on the borders and in some degree his presence encouraged the garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo. At the end of June a piteous note was received from the distressed garrison imploring help; but with wise foresight Wellington refrained from assisting them, though the Portuguese and Spanish Governments pressed him to do so. He knew that Massena's great desire was for the English to take the offensive and he tried every means in his power to tempt them. "If you are a great general," said Sulla to Marius, "come and fight me." "If you are a great general," replied Marius to Sulla, "compel me to fight." Wellington felt that he dared not risk a single battle against such numbers, particularly as his recruits were daily deserting to gather in the harvest.

A few days afterwards Ciudad Rodrigo fell. Meanwhile Crauford had been too daring. Disregarding repeated orders "not to fight beyond the Coa," he was pounced upon by Ney, who was proceeding from Ciudad Rodrigo to Almeida and a desperate conflict ensued on the Coa, Ney with thirty thousand and Crauford with five thousand men. The greatest heroism was exhibited by the

English and astonishing acts of individual prowess are recorded. The French endeavoured to cut off the retreat by gaining Almeida and forcing Crauford into the Coa. But with unflinching courage he held the long narrow bridge of Almeida, and prevented the French from crossing the swollen river. The bridge was heaped with corpses and at length the attempt was given up. In this rash fight Crauford lost three hundred and sixteen and Ney one thousand men. In the heat of the fray Crauford appealed to Picton, who was near, for help. They were not on friendly terms and Picton refused.

The unexpected fall of Almeida was a blow to the English. It had been invested in the middle of August with much vigour. Crauford's conduct had made it impossible to communicate with the garrison through the Light Division; nevertheless Wellington anticipated that the place, being strong and well supplied, would hold out for some weeks, when the French would be forced to raise the siege on account of the rains; but eight days after its commencement a terrific explosion was heard in the night and the castle fell to the ground with a crash. It is stated that a French shell fell on the powder magazine underneath the building; but there is no doubt that there was a mutinous spirit in the garrison and some suspicion prevailed that the explosion was the result of treachery. Thus the second stride was taken to the invasion of Portugal and the news was a severe mortifica-

tion to the Portuguese. The Regency overwhelmed Wellington with loud regrets and suggestions for the future; but he answered that he would "never permit public panic and clamour to induce him to change in the smallest degree a system and plan of operation which he had adopted after mature consideration and which daily experience proved to be the only one likely to produce a good end. . . . Their miserable intrigues must cease or he would advise his own Government to withdraw the British army."

Massena remained a month unaccountably inactive behind the Coa, till in September he received an urgent letter from Napoleon ordering him to advance and proceed in two divisions along both banks of the Tagus to Lisbon and to "attack vigorously, after having observed well where to strike." Massena did not consider himself strong enough to divide his forces, as he had seventy thousand men against the English fifty thousand, and had not been joined, according to Napoleon's directions, by Soult, who was sullen and jealous. He crossed the Coa, and taking the worst road in Portugal stationed himself at Viseo. Wellington took up his position at Busaco and awaited an attack, though he could have retreated behind his lines. The Portuguese had been discouraged, the Regency required reassuring, and the English Government had been alarmed by false reports. The situation was strong and the French had brought only a fortnight's provisions with them

into a country which he had ordered to be devastated. The mountain of Busaco is steep, rugged, and eight miles in length. It forms a slight curve, the interior of which faces eastward, and its extreme right reaches to the Mondego. The approach to the Sierra Busaco, for a considerable distance in front, consisted of a series of ascending ridges, the last being separated from the mountain by an extremely deep chasm. On its highest point stood a large Carmelite convent. When a doubt was expressed whether Massena would attack such a position, Wellington, better acquainted with the temper of his adversary, simply said, "I shall beat him."

Ney with the French advanced guard appeared in sight and, detecting some confusion in the English line, sent a message to Massena, who was ten miles behind, begging to be allowed to attack immediately. But Massena replied that everything must wait till he came. Meanwhile the gaps in the English line were filled and the mountain summit was one "glittering line of bayonets." On the morning of the 27th of September the battle began. Hill occupied the English right and Cole the left, Picton and Spencer were next the convent and about the centre. In front of Spencer, Crauford's Light Division guarded the crest of the hill and fifty guns crowned the summit. Ney, seeing the strength of Wellington's position, strongly advised Massena not to attack; but his remonstrances were unheeded. The French

rushed furiously forward in two columns, under Ney and Regnier, and assailed the English, Ney opposite the convent and Regnier three miles further left; but the distance between the two columns was too great for them to support one another. Climbing with surprising swiftness both gained the top of the hill and Regnier, who had the easiest ground, actually interposed his troops between Spencer and Picton. But at that moment Wellington ordered a heavy fire to be opened on the French flank and immediately afterwards the English cavalry charged with such effect that both the exhausted enemy and wounded English rolled down the hill side in dying confusion and mingled their corpses on the low ground beneath. Nor was Ney more happy. Crauford with considerable skill had contrived to conceal two regiments in a hollow in front of the convent. The French scaling the hill were met with an extraordinarily rapid fire of cannon and musketry; but they advanced steadily and were just gaining the summit when, with a terrible cry, the British reserve sprang forward at Crauford's signal and the French were hurled downwards at the point of the bayonet. Many fell down precipices and the line of retreat was traced in mangled remains and broken weapons. The French lost four thousand five hundred men killed and wounded, the allies barely one thousand three hundred.

Massena now resolved to try and turn the English left. A countryman had shown him a

pass which Wellington had told off Trant and his Portuguese to guard. Trant however having lost his way, was not there; but Wellington, guessing the enemy's design, anticipated it by retreating over the mountains, heading the French all the way to Coimbra, where he found that his orders of devastation had not been executed. The inhabitants fled from the city, leaving their stores behind them; and Massena, following close upon the English, wasted precious time in pillage and excess, till, on the 8th of October, Wellington quietly withdrew with his army behind the lines of Torres Vedras, leaving only some of his cavalry outside. Though the planning and construction of these lines had occupied no short time, Massena had not even heard of them till a few days before he saw them, and he was amazed at their vast proportions. Instead of "driving the English leopard and the Sepoy general into the sea," as Napoleon playfully expressed it, he found that he stood face to face with an impregnable barrier. He scrutinized the lines attentively and deemed the obstruction so serious that he sent to Paris, to beg the Emperor for advice and fresh troops and took up his post outside.

Thus the war became a kind of siege. Each side hoped that the other would fall short of provisions. Should this happen to the French, Wellington might issue from his shelter and harass a retreating enemy. Meanwhile he experienced great difficulty and annoyance from the

Portuguese Government. The Regency was, as always, torn by dissensions; Souza and the Bishop of Oporto were active as ever. The number and complexity of their intrigues was labyrinthine. Not content with openly frustrating Wellington's plans of devastation, they established a secret and systematic opposition. They did their best to make the English unpopular in Lisbon; they accused them of needlessly bringing the war into Portugal and of wasting the country. Wellington was forced to take strong measures against them. He complained to the exiled Court at Brazil and threatened "to withdraw the British army altogether." He wrote to the Regency itself, that he knew what to do and he would not alter his plans to meet their senseless suggestions. "Let the latter look to their own duties. Let them provide food for the army and the people and keep the capital tranquil." To vigorous words he added vigorous deeds. Assisted by Stuart, the British representative at Lisbon, he procured corn from Ireland, America, and Egypt, and fed not only his own men but the townspeople as well as Romana and his army.

Notwithstanding these exertions, from the Regency's mismanagement it is estimated that forty thousand people died within the lines during the winter of 1810. Wellington also did his best to quiet the fears of the anxious Home Government and to solve the great difficulty of obtaining funds. He did not receive, as he said to Lord

Liverpool, "one-sixth part of the money to keep so great a machine in motion. I cannot get on, unless more money is sent. . . . I am in debt to everybody and cannot command the commonest necessaries." To meet the emergency, being entirely opposed to the French plan of taking what was wanted with a strong hand, he issued a paper currency. But he was so hampered by all these things that Massena remained a month where otherwise he could not have remained a week. It was not till he had eaten up everything that he thought of moving. "It is heart-breaking," said Wellington, "to contemplate the chance of failure from such obstinacy and folly."

Late in October Massena changed his position and took up an exceedingly strong one in the still comparatively fertile country about Santarem. He occupied and fortified that town, which is on a mountain on the right bank of the Tagus, having established free communication with Spain. His arrangements were made with skill and quietness and were favoured by night and fog.

Wellington might perhaps have attacked the French with advantage during the operation, as they were in rugged and difficult country; but his task was already so arduous that he did not feel justified in running the smallest risk and he contented himself with keeping a strict watch. Both commanders had excellent information about each other. Massena secretly communicated with Lisbon by means of spies, disguised as sugar vendors, and

it was whispered that Wellington possessed the confidence of a French officer of rank. Though Portuguese perversity had allowed Massena and his troops to fare much better than they could otherwise have done, the contrast was great between the armies during the winter, the French being starved and lax in discipline, the English and Portuguese cheerful and well-drilled. "When off duty they took to shooting and fishing, as if they had been in England." But Massena held his ground. He learned from deserters, of whom ten thousand left the allies during the hard weather, enough to assure him that the lines were too massive for him to attack without help. There were however countervailing considerations. In the eyes of the world he was besieging Lisbon. He was also aware that in England the recurring malady of George III. was leading to the appointment of a Regency, and if that event occurred it would bring the Whigs into power, by whom the Peninsular War was wholly disapproved. But while he hoped and waited, the lines of Torres Vedras were growing stronger every day.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Campaign of 1811.

IN February 1811 Foy returned from Paris, having suffered many hardships on the way. Napoleon's orders were simple. He could not spare more soldiers, as he was beginning his Russian campaign; but Soult, with twenty thousand men, was to join Massena and besiege Abrantes. Other troops might come in from Biscay and Burgos, Joseph could attack Alcantara, and bridges were to be thrown across the Tagus, so that Massena could concentrate his forces at any moment. However excellent the advice, unfortunately all the means for carrying it out were wanting. Soult, as before, declined to come; besides being jealous, he considered his siege of Cadiz of more importance. There were neither tools nor timber to construct bridges. No more than nine thousand men arrived from Biscay and Burgos. Soult however came from Cadiz and besieged Badajos. After two months the treacherous governor, in spite of repeated messages of encouragement from Wellington, quietly sur-

rendered, having stipulated that his garrison should be allowed to march out of the breach, which was so small that he was himself obliged to widen it. And this scandalous conduct was left unpunished by the Spaniards. Soult, after some fruitless attempts to relieve Massena, returned to Cadiz. Massena, hearing that Wellington had received reinforcements, and his own troops having been reduced by sickness and hunger, silently left Santarem and began "that retreat which was never exchanged for an advance." He aimed at Oporto, hoping to find provisions on the way. Wellington pursued and several encounters took place; but the French displayed great skill. Ney, who commanded the rear, disposed his troops on some high ground with such adroitness that Wellington thought he had Massena and all the army before him and that a battle was impending. He therefore spent time in considering his plans. But the French, as soon as attacked, rapidly retired, covered by their artillery, and when the smoke of the first answering fire had cleared away, no battalions were to be seen. Trant and the Portuguese defended Coimbra so daringly that they were supposed to have been reinforced and Massena decided to change the line of his retreat and to file off by the Murcella road, where he is said to have avoided capture only by removing the feathers from his hat. Ney also narrowly escaped destruction. He lost five hundred men but saved his baggage, crossed the Ceira and blew up the bridge. Massena

did what he could to preserve military order; but frightful cruelties were perpetrated. Burning towns and villages marked his retiring track; in one district alone three thousand people were massacred, hundreds died of wounds, exhaustion, and starvation. The beautiful convent of Alcobaça, the "Westminster Abbey of Portugal," was sacked and burned.

Wellington was stopped by the swollen state of the Ceira, while Massena made his way, according to orders which he had received, towards Sabugal and Alcantara, so as to be in communication with Joseph and Soult. On hearing of this plan Ney became so dissatisfied and unruly that Massena was forced to dismiss him from his command and to commit the rear to the much less able care of Loison. Wellington, having pushed across the Guarda mountains, came up with Massena at Sabugal and here, on the 3rd of April, was fought the last battle on Portuguese ground, which Wellington considered to be "one of the most glorious actions British troops were ever engaged in." The morning broke in a dense fog, succeeded by heavy rain, and the mistake was made of attacking too soon and in some disorder. The Light Division was again conspicuous for its bravery. Colonel Beckwith, his face red with blood, led his men furiously against the French, encouraging them with great spirit, and in a clear voice. A howitzer, one of the few that remained to the French, was taken. Though the combat lasted hardly an hour, the

allies lost about two hundred killed and wounded and the French fifteen hundred. The retreat was now continued to Ciudad Rodrigo and Salamanca. A few months since Massena had entered Portugal with sixty-five thousand men, which had been increased to seventy-five thousand; he recrossed the borders with forty-five thousand. The campaign in Portugal had cost the "spoiled child of fortune" no less than thirty thousand men.

Almeida was the last stronghold belonging to the French in Portugal and Wellington had sent Trant with his militia to besiege the place, which was known to be nearly unprovisioned, whilst he watched the operation from the Coa. But he was called away almost immediately to help Beresford, who was now on the Guadiana near Badajos. With prompt speed he extricated him from a too forward position and made arrangements for the siege of the town, which, owing to the neglect of the Spaniards in sending materials for bridges, had to be delayed. He then returned with haste to the Coa and it was well that he did so. Massena had heard of his absence and, in spite of floods, rains, and wretched roads, determined to take advantage of it and relieve Almeida. He left Salamanca with provisions for the distressed garrison and, having crossed the Agueda, found Wellington, who had made up his mind not to risk too much for Almeida, posted on a plateau, with his left wing at Fort Conception, and his right at Fuentes Onoro, covered by marshy woods.

His line of battle was between two streams. In front of it, in a deep ravine, ran the river Dos Casas, in its rear flowed the Turones, behind both were Almeida and the Coa. The position, though strong in some points, was dangerous, as the English retreat was cut off by the two rivers in its rear. The principal point of attack was the village of Fuentes Onoro on the English right, through which ran a road to Almeida. After sustaining successive and desperate attacks, the English held the village, though the French swarmed into the lower part of it and Wellington was once obliged to change his front. This was a hard-fought field; but the advantage was slightly with the English and Massena retired without raising the siege. He had been forced to consume the provisions intended for the relief of the garrison and, having sent a message to its governor, advising him to blow up the magazines and cut his way through the allies, he abandoned the town to its fate. At Fuentes Onoro there fell nearly three hundred of the allies, and two thousand six hundred and sixty-five Frenchmen were killed, wounded, or made prisoners.

Massena was now recalled in disgrace and the command was given to Marshal Marmont. Early in May and in the middle of the night the governor and garrison of Almeida succeeded in making their escape. Having ruined the fortifications, they crossed the Agueda and with little loss joined Marmont, who retired to Salamanca.

When rumours of Soult's approach with twenty thousand men from Andalusia to Badajos reached Wellington, he at once sent a detachment to Beresford, whom he then hastened to join in person; but the battle of Albuera was fought before he could arrive.

Beresford had already begun the first English siege of Badajos, and although Fletcher, Squires, and Burgoyne were among his officers of engineers, he had sustained serious losses from the neglect of the English Government to provide materials and appliances for a siege. On Soult's approach it might have been wise for Beresford to retreat beyond the Guadiana; but he weakly gave way to his soldiers' clamours for fighting and, leaving Cole with his division of fusiliers before Badajos, was induced to risk a battle at Albuera. Soult arrived on the afternoon of the 15th of May, noticed the defects of the allies' position but did not attack till the next morning. Beresford had posted his troops on a ridge four miles in length, running nearly east and west, with the river Albuera in his front and the Aroya in his rear. His centre guarded the bridge and town of Albuera, and the Valverde road in the rear as a means of retreat. The space on the right of this road was left for Blake, who came very late into line with his Spaniards.

On the French side of the Albuera and facing the English right was a wooded hill, which Beresford had neglected to occupy. This Soult turned

to good account, concealing behind it fifteen thousand men within cannon-shot of the English. He resolved to make his principal attacks on their right and centre, his object being to roll back the right wing on the centre, and thrust it into the ravine of the Aroya, then to seize the road of retreat and finish up the victory with his cavalry. This plan was so successfully acted upon, that at one o'clock in the day the battle seemed irretrievably lost. In vain did Beresford, who was not on speaking terms with Blake, after sending fruitless messages, ride in hot haste, and in person beg him to change his front and support the right wing. He obstinately refused, until the greatest confusion prevailed. Stewart, general of his division, successively led Colborne's and Hoghton's brigades into action and by his brilliant and spirited resistance held his ground in the centre for a considerable time. The rain poured in torrents and increased the difficulties of both armies. Dickson's artillery failed to stop the French, who captured six of his guns, when just as Beresford was preparing to retreat, Colonel Hardinge implored Cole, who was arriving on the field from Badajos, to advance. This saved the day. Cole, with great courage and coolness, led his men "in echelon of lines" through an iron sleet, till they closed on the enemy with a force and steadiness which nothing could withstand. The French columns, always too dense, could not deploy. Volley after volley was poured into them, the

guns were retaken and Soult and his veterans, like a "loosened cliff," were rolled down into the ravine below.

This victory was won at a fearful cost. Only fifteen hundred out of six thousand British infantry were unwounded. Some idea may be formed of the slaughter from the fact that two brigades, containing each fourteen hundred, lost each one thousand men. The field was heaped with dead, seven thousand allies having fallen in four hours, and eight thousand French. In the words of Picton, "Modern history presents no example of an action so obstinately disputed." It has been said that this bloody encounter gave a shock to the French *morale* which it never afterwards recovered. Had Soult resumed the fight the next day, Beresford must have been beaten. But he retreated and Wellington proceeded in person to Badajos, hoping that with one bold stroke the place might fall before assistance could come.

The moment was propitious. French affairs in the Peninsula were in great confusion. The army of Portugal under Marmont was in an unsettled state, owing to the change of commanders. Joseph, disgusted with Napoleon's system of establishing independent military governments in the provinces and filling them with French marshals, who openly disobeyed him, absorbed the money and resources of the country, and mocked at his government, took the bold step of signing a private abdication of the Crown and retired to Paris,

whither Ney, Massena, Loison, and other dissatisfied spirits had already preceded him.

Napoleon was naturally indignant. The Peninsula, in the crisis of its fate, was left without a head. Soult had no one to support him after his defeat at Albuera; for the central army was almost useless in Joseph's absence. By threats, concessions, and persuasions, he induced Joseph to return to Madrid in July. The siege of Badajos was a failure. In Beresford's absence at Albuera, the brave Governor Philippon had repaired the breaches, filled up the trenches, and got in fresh provisions. The outlying fort of San Christoval was twice vigorously assailed, but not captured, the lack of apparatus being such that Wellington was popularly described as suing Badajos *in formâ pauperis*. Marmont and Soult being both in motion, Wellington withdrew to Albuera, with the intention of fighting Soult, leaving only a small detachment to maintain the blockade; but though the French commanders were almost within a day's march of each other, instead of uniting and offering battle they held aloof.

This was a very critical moment of the war, yet it was tided over by Wellington's spirit and activity. Blake was despatched to take Seville and, though he failed, he attracted Soult's attention, who withdrew into Andalusia and Marmont retired to Talavera. Wellington was now free and at the beginning of August blockaded Ciudad Rodrigo. A new supply of siege guns had arrived

at Oporto and, in order to deceive the French, he ordered them to be re-embarked, as if for Cadiz; but when out to sea the ships returned to Oporto and from thence the guns were conveyed to Almeida.

The blockade however did not proceed, Marmont having succeeded in throwing eight months' provisions into the town. Besides this, partly in consequence of directions from Napoleon and partly from anxiety about Ciudad Rodrigo, Marmont had united with Dorsenne, who commanded the army of the North and sixty thousand men were concentrated against Wellington. He was in a position of great peril; but the French generals did not use their opportunities with any effect. He was indeed attacked at great disadvantage at Guinaldo; but through the gallantry of his men he withdrew without loss and his successful retirement behind the Agueda ended the campaign. Instead of the English being driven into the sea, the French had been driven out of Portugal.

On the snowy 7th of January, 1812, Wellington recrossed the Agueda, and with thirty-five thousand men resumed the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. Napoleon had withdrawn sixty thousand men, including all the Young and a large portion of the Old Guard, to swell his expedition against Russia, thus relieving the Peninsula of all fear of his personal presence, and Joseph was once more made commander-in-chief of the French armies. Marmont, who had had to part with fifteen thou-

sand veterans, was ordered to Valladolid and made governor of the Northern provinces.

To divert Soult's attention completely from Ciudad Rodrigo, Hill was sent into Andalusia. The siege advanced slowly. Ammunition was scarce; and there were not enough mules to drag up the stores and artillery from Almeida. Though Wellington had built eight hundred carts on a principle of his own, there was much vexatious delay in procuring drivers, who when found were almost useless through laziness. At length the outworks of the town fell one after another. They consisted of entrenchments, of three fortified convents, and a lunette or detached bastion, constructed by the French, on the hill of the great Teso, about a third of a mile from the ramparts, and on the northern side of the town. The lunette was surprised and the first parallel immediately sunk. Trenches were dug, parapets erected, batteries opened, and the second parallel was completed by means of a flying sap, that is, a trench with cylindrical baskets, about two feet high, planted on its edge, with spaces between them, so as to protect the men and yet allow them to return the enemy's fire from between the baskets or gabions. In spite of a spirited sally, which considerably damaged the sap and threatened the second parallel, the assault on the immediate defences of the town was commenced. It was enclosed by a double line of fortifications, the inner wall being very high but ill built. A summons to surrender was sent but

the governor answered, "that he was ready to bury himself with the garrison under the ruins of the town." The cannonading which followed was tremendous till it was stopped by a thick fog; but at night the riflemen of the Light Division, concealed in pits, picked off the enemy's gunners. Two breaches were effected; and amidst a furious fire Wellington dictated the plan of assault. The town was to be simultaneously attacked in three places. Picton was to lead his men up to the main breach; Crauford, who had returned from England, was to attempt the small breach with the Light Division; the third attack, which was on the right, consisted of two parties, of which one was to escalade the outer wall and scour it as far as the great breach. A false attack was also to be made at the opposite side of the town by Pack's Portuguese. Picton's men descended into the ditch, some by ladders, while others jumped upon hay-bags thrown in to lessen the depth; they climbed the outer wall, and with the men of the right attack, who had made their way along the parapet, thronged the great breach in the teeth of bursting shells and volleys of grape and musketry. They were twice repulsed before they gained an entrance, and the breach was choked with corpses. The Light Division, not waiting for hay-bags, rushed straight to the smaller breach. Its narrowness and the severity of the enemy's fire checked them for a moment; but they valiantly renewed their charge and forced their passage. The brave Crauford fell mortally

wounded. But the day was won. The allies rushed into Ciudad Rodrigo, over spikes and live shells, and fought the French from street to street till they laid down their arms in the castle square. The men now gave themselves up to plunder and intoxication. Drunken soldiers fired the town in three places; and had it not been for the presence of mind of some English officers in promptly extinguishing a fire which had been lighted in the midst of the great powder magazine, Ciudad Rodrigo and every soul within its walls would have perished. When the news of its fall reached England, the title of Earl was conferred on Wellington, with a pension of two thousand pounds. He also received titles of nobility from the Spanish Government and Portuguese Regency.

CHAPTER IX.

The Siege of Badajos.

THOUGH Marmont was at Valladolid, no news of the allies' movements reached him till four days before the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo; with such swiftness and silence had Wellington's preparations been made. In all haste he assembled his scattered forces and, begging Dorsenne's assistance, marched to the relief of the beleaguered city, but was too late and retraced his steps in bitter mortification. In vain he appealed to the Emperor for leave to assume the sole command of the northern and central armies as well as that of Portugal. He was peremptorily refused and ordered to distribute his men, so that they might easily concentrate at Salamanca and in the event of Wellington attacking Badajos march at once upon Almeida and even penetrate as far as Coimbra. "This," wrote Napoleon, "will soon bring him back again." At the same time Soult was ordered to advance to the Guadiana. Marmont complained sorely of these instructions and discovered, when already behindhand in his pre-

parations, that he was destitute of provisions and short of cavalry and baggage mules. Neither had he any battering train, for it had fallen into the enemy's hands in the late siege. This rendered an expeditious compliance with Napoleon's commands impossible. Soult also neglected his orders; he was still besieging Cadiz and did not stir till an imploring message from Badajos caused him to move too late. Meanwhile Wellington's arrangements were far advanced. He strengthened Almeida and repaired the breaches of Ciudad Rodrigo. So far back as December a bridge equipment had been sent from Abrantes to Elvas, guns had been brought from Lisbon, stores and tools from Ciudad Rodrigo, and two thousand workmen in Elvas made gabions and fascines for the coming siege of Badajos. But before starting he provided against any movement on the part of Marmont, whilst Hill and Graham, posted in southern Estremadura, covered the siege from interruption by Soult.

The march to the Guadiana was anything but an easy or safe task. In the absence of all means of transport, the men, who were almost naked, had to be sent in detachments to fetch their new clothing from different stations on the Douro, Tagus, and Mondego. In spite of these and other embarrassments, Wellington reached Elvas. Here occurred a fresh loss of time which was almost fatal. The Regency, with shameful indolence, had again made no provision for the carriage of stores

and artillery. Six precious days were wasted and the heavy floods and rains set in, doubling the difficulties of the siege. Even Wellington's iron strength gave way through overwork and vexation; but he soon recovered, the Guadiana was crossed, and on the 16th of March was begun the third siege of Badajos, which is one of the most terrible in history.

After two failures it had become a point of honour with the English to win the town and the gallant Governor Philippon, with his garrison of five thousand men, redoubled his efforts of defence. The resources of science and art had been exhausted to increase the natural strength of the place. Badajos lies on the south bank of the Guadiana, which here flows from east to west. Its eastern walls are skirted by the stream Ravillas. On the north, beyond the river, Fort Christoval had been so strengthened as to be impregnable and it was not attempted. Near Christoval was the fort of Bridgehead, covering the bridge over the Guadiana. An artificial inundation, two hundred yards wide, had been produced by damming up the Ravillas. This and the lunette of Picurina and the raveline of San Roque, protected the castle and the eastern side. A covered passage connected San Roque with the town. It was unfinished; but the garrison ingeniously covered it with brown cloth, resembling earth, and passed to and fro beneath it unseen. The outwork of Pardaleras and more ravelines protected the south,

San Vincente and hidden mines the west. Trenches, ditches filled with water, planks spiked with iron, were all prepared in the town which was provisioned for three months.

The first parallel was opened to the east, the plan being to storm the Picurina, and from the height on which it stood to open a battery on the bastions of Trinidad and Santa Maria, as their connecting curtain, which faced south-east, was known to be weak. A successful sally was made by the garrison, who damaged the parallel and carried off hundreds of tools, a price having been set on each by Philippon. The Picurina fell after a desperate resistance and batteries were opened against the two bastions. San Roque was also attacked. Three breaches were made; but much delay was caused by the rains, the trenches filled constantly and the ground was wet and slippery. No offer of surrender was made; for Wellington considered that it would be an insult to Philippon. On the night of the 6th of April the assault was delivered. An unusual stillness prevailed, and the voices of the sentinels could be distinctly heard: "All's well in Badajos." Three attacks were formed. One under Picton was to scale the castle walls, which were in some places twenty-four feet high. A second was to be directed against San Vincente, at the same time covering its purpose by a false attempt at the Pardaleras. The third and central attack was destined for the breaches, whilst minor efforts were arranged against

the Bridgehead and a new redoubt. The San Roque soon fell. A cry was heard in the town of, "They come!" and the first attack, under a terrible fire, planted their heavy ladders against the castle and climbed again and again through storms of stones and shells and thrusts of pikes and bayonets. But the central onslaught was the most appalling. The forlorn hope, carrying hay-bags and axes, sprang into the ditch, which, filled with powder and shells, exploded into a sea of flame, blowing the men to atoms.

The brave Light Division followed and numbers lost their lives in one of the trenches filled with water. By the bright light of shells the scarlet thread of British soldiers and the dark crowd on the ramparts were distinctly visible. Ladders were overturned; men were hurled from the parapets; still multitudes hurried after them led by their officers to the deadly breach. But across the top had been fixed a terrible row of the sharpest sword-blades, strongly chained and riveted, whilst boards full of spikes strewed the ascent. Through these teeth none could penetrate; attack after attack failed. Men died by hundreds with unflinching courage, taunted by the French, who asked from the ramparts, "why they did not come into Badajos." Two thousand fell, the ground was soaked with blood, and heaped with corpses by this butchery. Perhaps this was the most trying moment in Wellington's life; he seemed to feel that it was so, being pale, yet self-

possessed. At midnight news came that Picton's attack had succeeded, and that the castle was taken.

Wellington at once sent orders for the men at the breaches to re-form for a second assault. The town was surrounded with fire. Desperate fighting was going on about the Bridgehead, and the daring onslaught upon San Vincente was succeeding. Though Philippon had furnished each man with three loaded muskets, the English forced their way up the ladders and many entered the city. The scene in the interior of the town presented a singular contrast to the din and deadly destruction which girdled it. All was still as by enchantment. The houses were brilliantly lighted, the streets empty, and only low whispering murmurs heard, as if in awe of the distant thundering from the ramparts. As the town was now penetrated by two attacks and the defenders were exposed to an assault in reverse, the breaches were abandoned. Soon after, Philippon and a few hundred of his men retired to Christoval and surrendered next morning. And now ensued a scene of pillage, drunkenness, ruthless murder, and brutal savagery, which was more like an eruption of hell than the conduct of human beings. It lasted for two days and nights and then ceased from sheer exhaustion; the wounded had to wait for tendance until this shameful excess was over. Five thousand of the allies had fallen and Wellington had to lament the loss of some of his bravest men.

Being now possessed of the keys of Spain, he would have liked to follow Soult into Andalusia, but writes thus: "If Ciudad Rodrigo had been provisioned as I had a right to expect, there was nothing to prevent me from marching to Seville at the head of forty thousand men the moment the siege of Badajos was concluded. If I were to march there under existing circumstances, the formidable position which I have acquired with so many sacrifices would undoubtedly be lost." He therefore made arrangements for the repair of Badajos and marched in pursuit of Marmont, who was forced to fall back on Salamanca. Soult was again before Cadiz, menaced by Hill, and Wellington returned to Fuente Guinaldo.

Thus ended the glorious winter campaign and the troops rested for a space; but Wellington had much to occupy him. All through the war he had been ceaselessly annoyed by the wretched administration of the Spanish and Portuguese Governments, and their endless intrigues and shortcomings. The Cortez at Cadiz, which had been re-constituted, was secretly in league with Joseph and the plots of the Princess Carlotta still continued. The Spanish army had almost degenerated into Partidas. English money was still embezzled and wasted. In Portugal the Regency remained hostile; Souza and the Bishop of Oporto opposed Wellington as much as they dared. The fidalgos were more selfish and ungrateful, the people exhausted by suffering. Their

army however had greatly improved, and was rapidly becoming efficient, being equipped, disciplined, and fed by the English. But the greatest difficulty was the scarcity of provisions and money. The troops were sometimes only provided with food for one day in advance and they had received no pay for months. To supply this deficiency as much as possible, Wellington re-issued his paper-currency; but though it relieved Portugal, it was useless in Spain. He again opened a corn-trade on a large scale with Africa and America, which throve under Stuart's superintendence and somewhat replenished the military chest.

At this time there was a change in the English Government. Perceval, whose parsimonious policy had been a great drawback to Wellington, was assassinated. Lord Liverpool succeeded him as Premier and his ministry countenanced the Peninsular War more cordially than any other. At Wellington's suggestion, ten thousand English troops from Sicily were to be landed in Catalonia and, with the help of six thousand Spaniards, were to join O'Donnel and prevent Suchet from uniting with Marmont or Joseph.

Wellington now burst the fetters which bound him to Portugal. He could choose his own ground. His soldiers, elated with success, were burning to invade Spain. He might either penetrate to Madrid against Joseph or turn upon Soult in Andalusia, or pursue Marmont to the north. He finally decided to follow Marmont and crush him before he

could receive help from his colleagues. His overthrow would also ensure the possession of Madrid, for Wellington well knew the confusion of Joseph's army; the arrival of the Sicilian detachment would occupy Suchet in the east; and to hinder Soult Hill had, by a brilliant stroke ordered by Wellington, succeeded in breaking down the bridge of boats at Almarez, in the very teeth of Foy and Drouet. He burned the redoubts which protected it, destroyed the stores and materials, and safely returned to Merida. Thus Soult's principal communication across the Tagus was cut off. Wellington laid up stores at Carceres; he repaired the bridge of Alcantara, which secured his union with Hill, and deepened the beds of the Tagus and Douro. As soon as the rains ceased and before the harvest was reaped, he prepared to take the field. Meanwhile Soult and Joseph each expected to be the first attacked; Marmont alone discerned that Wellington's plans would be directed against himself. He made strenuous efforts to secure the help of Joseph, but his letters were intercepted by the Partidas.

In June Wellington crossed the Agueda and entered Salamanca unopposed. Marmont had withdrawn at his approach and he was received by the townsmen with shouts of joy. After some delay in taking the outlying forts, which cost him six hundred men, Wellington followed Marmont, and there ensued a series of manœuvres on the Tormes, the object of which was to cut off the

English communications between Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo, and which Wellington in after years spoke of "as the most artistical since the days of Frederick the Great." Marmont obtained decidedly the advantage in these manœuvres and Wellington made ready to retreat to Ciudad Rodrigo. He resolved to risk nothing but closely watched the tide of events to take it at the flood, should chance favour him.

He was again experiencing great mortifications. The troops from Sicily had been ordered elsewhere; and he writes thus about money matters: "I have never been in such distress as at present, and some serious misfortune must happen, if the Government do not attend seriously to the subject and regularly supply us with money. . . . If we don't find means to pay our bills for butchers' meat, there will be an end to the war at once." He moved southward and took up a position with his right near one of the Arapiles, two steep, solitary hills east and a little to the south of Salamanca, and his left on the Tormes, his line facing north-east. He heard that Marmont hourly expected reinforcements, and knew that Joseph had reconsidered his plans and was marching to his assistance. He was therefore ready to retreat by the Ciudad Rodrigo road in his rear. But Marmont was ambitious and, fearing to be superseded by Joseph or Jourdan, determined to fight a battle at once and, approaching from the north-east, began operations by endeavouring to seize

the two Arapiles, which had been left unsecured by the English. This would have given him the command of the English right and would have rendered retreat very difficult. As soon as Wellington saw the enemy's intention, he also sent troops to seize these hills. A race ensued, which ended in the English gaining the north Arapile, and the French the south, and on these rocks the "two generals sat like ravenous vultures watching for the quarry." Wellington was obliged to change his position; for Marmont, by spreading his forces to the left of the French Arapile, threatened the Ciudad Rodrigo road, on which the dust raised by the English baggage sent on before could be descried. He therefore reversed his front, and caused his whole line to move like a radius on the Arapile as its centre, until what had been his left rested on the low ground of Aldea Tejada, immediately south of Salamanca, and formed his right. His line now faced the south, and occupied a ridge running east and west. In a wood near Aldea Tejada he posted the third division with some cavalry, out of the enemy's sight, and not far from the Ciudad Rodrigo road. In his front was an oval hollow, of somewhat uneven surface, defined by hills, being one mile in width from north to south and more than two in length. Marmont, fearing that an attempt would be made to drive him from his Arapile, brought up two divisions, all that he had at hand, to support him, and to cover the formation of the mass of his

troops, which were marching up from the river through a forest, from which they had not yet emerged. Wellington, seeing this, recalled an order he had given for an attack on the Arapile;

and Marmont, thinking that his intention now was to retreat, ordered Thomières to advance to the Ciudad Rodrigo road, in the expectation that Wellington would move against him, in which

case he would fall upon his right with an overwhelming force by the village of Arapiles.

Wellington had ceased watching Marmont's movements, when an officer came to tell him that the French were pushing forward to the left. He at once sprang up and, observing that Marmont had thus detached his left from his centre, exclaimed, "At last I have them!" and with "stern contentment" instantly gave his orders. The British swept down from the Arapiles into the oval, and formed with the troops on their right a continuous order of battle in two lines. The third division, with its cavalry on the extreme right, was to cross the line of the enemy's left and assail in front. As soon as it had done so, the first line of the allies was to advance across the basin. This forward movement would of course expose its left to the French, and clear the way for Marmont's intended attack in force by the village of Arapiles. Wellington provided against both events by posting a strong reserve, consisting of Pack's Portuguese and two British divisions, on the left behind the British Arapile, and by ordering Pack to assail the French Arapile as soon as ever the advancing line had passed it. Marmont did not discern the whole disaster of his situation, for the third division was hidden by the western hills. But when he saw it "shoot like a meteor across Thomières' path, hope died," and nearly at the same moment, when he was on the point of starting to join the doomed wing, he

was struck to the earth by a shell. Thomières was amazed, when, on the head of his column reaching the top of a hill at the extremity of the southern range, instead of seeing the allies in full retreat, he was fiercely attacked by Pakenham, and by two batteries of artillery in flank, at the same time that the British line began to march against him across the oval. Thomières' men behaved gallantly and were joined by Clauzel, but the situation was desperate. Thundering along the oval, a magnificent mass of heavy cavalry, "big men on big horses," led by Le Marchant, Cotton, and Lord Edward Somerset, swept like a persistent and raging tempest, and both the French flanks were overlapped, Clauzel was crushed, and two thousand prisoners and five guns were taken. They were driven eastward along the ridge, they had the bright afternoon sun in their eyes, and a western wind blew clouds of stifling smoke and dust into their faces. Thomières was killed and his division destroyed. This whole movement, as masterly in its design as it was splendid in its execution, did not occupy more than three-quarters of an hour.

The left of the line, which crossed the oval southward, under a terrible fire from the French Arapile, drove Bonet's troops from the village and compelled them to join the scattered fragments of the ruined left on the south-eastern heights. To this point two fresh divisions and all the French cavalry were brought up. On their extreme right

Foy, who had been to some extent engaged with the English reserve, was still safe. Maucune's mass was behind the French Arapile, and their retreat was thus secure. Pack's assault on that rock had wholly failed and set Maucune at liberty to operate elsewhere. This induced Clauzel, who had succeeded to the command, to act on the offensive and he did so with vigour; the French made a most strenuous effort and were gaining ground. This was in reality the crisis of the battle. But Wellington brought up the sixth division from the second line and, after desperate fighting on both sides, the tide again turned in favour of the allies. Two French generals fell and Clauzel was wounded. Maucune withdrew from his post behind the Arapiles and Foy from his on the north. Wellington ordered a division to cut off Foy from the rest of the French; but unhappily this order was not executed, and both Foy's and Maucune's men were available for protecting the retreat. Foy covered the roads from the fords of Huerta, Maucune the road to Alba. Both exhibited great steadiness and skill before large bodies of troops. Foy alternately withdrew and made a stand on successive elevations, until his men vanished behind the last into the forest and the night. Maucune, upon a ridge which skirted the wood, fought a most obstinate battle. The fluctuations of the conflict could be distinctly traced on the hillside by the varying lines of flame from the firing which shone brilliantly in the

gathering darkness. It was only maintained till the third division had turned the French left and Foy had slipped into the wood; for Maucune had done his work, and the whole of the French army disappeared. The allies lost five thousand two hundred, of whom *eight men* were Spaniards. The French loss has been estimated at fourteen thousand with two eagles and eleven guns. Many officers on both sides were wounded; and Wellington was struck by a spent ball but was uninjured.

Salamanca was the most decisive of all the English victories in the Peninsula, and it has been said that it settled the question of the French occupation in Spain. It was talked of from mouth to mouth as a splendid success, won by the quickness, judgment, and courage of the English general, who had "beaten forty thousand men in forty minutes." Napoleon heard of it on his way to Moscow and was bitterly angry with Joseph and Marmont. The Prince Regent of England raised Wellington to the rank of Marquess, and Parliament passed a vote of thanks to him. The Cortez invested him with the order of the Golden Fleece and stopped its intrigues with Joseph; the English soldiers were encouraged to fresh efforts. Discord again prevailed between the French commanders. Joseph, making no allowance for the difficulties of a defeated general, requested Clauzel to make for Madrid. Clauzel, on his part, implored the King to join him, which, although he had it in his power, he declined to do.

Wellington pursued and came up with Clauzel's rear the day after the battle, when a brilliant cavalry action took place, in which Bock's Hanoverian dragoons routed three battalions of French infantry and took twelve hundred prisoners. The pursuit was continued to the Douro, where, after leaving a detachment of eighteen thousand men at Valladolid to watch the enemy's movements and check all possibility of a union with Joseph, Wellington followed the King to Madrid. In vain Joseph appealed to Soult for help. He crossed the Guadarama mountains, abandoned the capital, and gathering up his army, succeeded in crossing the Tagus by the bridge of Aranjuez, with a train of courtiers and followers amounting to twenty thousand souls. Wellington has been censured for not attacking the French in their passage and driving King, court, and army into the Tagus. Possibly his motives were those of compassion and in truth it was a pitiful sight. Men of high rank, in court clothes, endeavoured to check the insults and lawlessness of rough soldiers. They were followed by crowds of delicately-nurtured women and children, frightened and weeping. The utmost confusion prevailed. But whatever Wellington's reasons may have been, the Tagus was crossed in safety and Joseph continued his toilsome retreat to Valencia, harassed by the savage attacks of the Partidas.

CHAPTER X.

Vittoria.

WELLINGTON made his triumphal entry into Madrid on the 12th of August. Crowds came out to meet him. The poorer people wept for joy, pressed to touch his clothes, and hailed him as the deliverer of Spain. The richer inhabitants strewed the streets with flowers and carpets, bells rang gaily, the houses were decorated and hung with pictures, and Spanish beauties in bright dresses bent from their balconies to see him pass. He said "the whole city seemed to have gone mad."

The Retiro or castle commanding the town which Joseph had garrisoned, soon fell and large stores of guns were taken as well as two eagles. The fort of Guadalaxara fell about the same time. Wellington allowed his men to rest till the 1st of September. The weather was intensely hot and many were sick. But amidst the balls, bull-fights, and dissipations of the capital his eyes were anxiously fixed on Andalusia watching Soult's movements. Soult, "the only military head in the Peninsula,"

according to Napoleon, had matured a plan which was afterwards warmly praised by the Emperor. He advised that the King should leave Valencia and march with Suchet to join him in Andalusia. Marmont was if possible to follow from Burgos and the whole combined armies were to invade Portugal. He reminded the King that Madrid was not Spain and that of necessity Wellington would have to abandon his Spanish conquests, if forced to defend Portugal. But Joseph had not mind to discern the wisdom of the scheme. He clung to the hope of saving Madrid with obstinate persistency and never rested till he forced Soult to quit Andalusia and come to him in Valencia. With sore reluctance Soult obeyed. The fruits of three years' hard toil were sacrificed, Cadiz was freed, and a large loss of stores and material was incurred. In his annoyance he wrote an angry letter to the Emperor, accusing the King of treachery and disloyalty. This was not true, as Joseph was honest though he was no general. He intercepted the letter and passionately retorted by accusing Soult of the intention of establishing for himself a separate kingdom in Andalusia. In the midst of these charges and recriminations Soult skilfully made his preparations for departure, though harassed from all sides by Wellington's orders. In a few weeks the army of the centre under Joseph and Jourdan, the army of the south under Soult and Drouet, and the army of Aragon under Suchet, were all united on the borders of

Murcia. They amounted to about one hundred thousand men. The army of the north, weakened by constant withdrawals, guarded the communications with France and remained near Valladolid.

The long-promised Sicilian expedition had at length arrived, but it was not of much service. General Maitland was in bad health and was greatly discouraged by the obstacles which met him at every step. Wellington endeavoured to reassure him and begged him to continue on the eastern coast in communication with the British fleet, to oppose Suchet, and if possible to prevent the concentration of the French forces. Had more money been forthcoming he might have marched towards Murcia, joined Maitland, and himself have separated Soult and Joseph. But yellow fever was rife in that province, his men were already sick to an unusual degree, his hospital arrangements were wretched, and after nearly five years' war Spain "was without an army, without a government, without a general!" The army of Portugal was also recruited and began to cause uneasiness to the detachment left at Valladolid, having taken two forts. Wellington therefore determined to go northwards. He left directions to Hill to cover Madrid and disposed the Partidas so that they might support both Hill and Maitland. He also calculated upon the rains preventing the operations of the French armies when they should be concentrated, till he could return and conduct affairs in person. As he approached,

Clauzel retreated and by a series of adroit movements baffled his opponents at every turn. Though he daily offered battle, his positions were so strong that Wellington daily declined it, waiting till Spanish reinforcements should arrive. When they joined, Clauzel gave no further opportunity.

Wellington at once laid siege to Burgos, which was a place of importance; for it commanded the road from Bayonne to Madrid and contained large stores of arms and food. It stands on a plain. The river Arlanzon flows at some distance south of it. On a hill to the north was the castle, enclosed by three separate lines of defence, consisting of old walls, redoubts, and entrenchments; the innermost line contained the White Church and the keep, which, perched on the highest point of the hill, was defended by the Napoleon battery. Two convents had also been fortified; and on Mont St. Michel, three hundred yards to the north of the castle, an unfinished horn-work had been constructed. Burgos was not strongly defended; and it was only because of the great bravery of its governor and garrison and the inadequate supplies of the English that it was able to hold out. Wellington was almost destitute of siege-artillery and tools; he was even without sappers and miners; but he heard that the place was short of water and seems to have thought that it could be carried by assault; for he declined offers of guns and materials from Santander and Madrid. He miscalculated his strength and suffered at Burgos the

most serious repulse he ever received. He began by taking the horn-work. Trenches were dug, saps commenced, and parallels opened, the point chosen for attack being the White Church, which was only feebly fortified; but the workers were inexperienced and advanced slowly. The siege lasted thirty-three days. Five breaches were made, five assaults delivered, and four mines sprung. But the garrison made several successful sorties, destroyed the works, took away the tools, and continually harassed the men with heavy firing from the battery. Red-hot shot was thrown by the allies into the convent, in the hope of destroying the magazines, but without success, though the church was blown up. All efforts were unavailing. At each attempt to penetrate beyond the second *enceinte*, Dubreton, the governor, rushed from the hill at the head of his men and compelled the allies to retire with serious loss. Wellington was now reluctantly obliged to raise the siege. News came that the united French army, with Joseph, Soult, Suchet, and Jourdan, was moving on Madrid. It was therefore impossible for Hill to hold his position, especially as the Spanish general Ballesteros, mortified because the Cortez had appointed Wellington generalissimo of its armies, refused co-operation. Further, as it had been ascertained from English newspapers, which had been much too liberal of information throughout the war, that Wellington's numbers were smaller than was

supposed, Souham, now commanding in the north, proceeded against him.

Under the circumstances there was but one course open and Wellington began his retreat with great caution across the Arlanzon, which was close within range of the castle guns. The wheels of the gun-carriages were swathed in straw and silently, in the darkness, the army crossed the river with little loss. He was pursued by Souham, whose object was not to fight a battle, which Wellington would have done, but to occupy him till the united army should come up. He therefore tried to seize the bridges on the Douro, but he only got that of Tordesillas, which was surprised by some French officers gallantly swimming the river, with their swords between their teeth, and overpowering the guard. Wellington was in serious difficulties. The retreat from Burgos seemed to have demoralized his men. At Torquemada the soldiers seized the wine-vaults and twelve thousand were intoxicated at once. He did his best to check these excesses, nevertheless they continued to be committed. Hill, with much judgment, had withdrawn through the mountain passes as the King advanced, and reached the Tormes at a little distance from Wellington, who was near Salamanca. "When I consider the strength of the enemy," wrote Wellington about this time, "the condition of the Spanish troops, the large number of foreigners whom I have in my infantry divisions, and the weakness of my

cavalry, I think that I have escaped from the worst military situation that ever man was in." *

Joseph joined Souham in November. Ninety thousand men were now close to the allies, who mustered sixty-eight thousand. It was fortunate that Jourdan's bold suggestion of crossing the Tormes by night and interposing between Hill and the main army was not adopted. Soult's plan was followed, which was to turn the English right and cut off the allies from Ciudad Rodrigo. Wellington anticipated a battle and, after Soult had passed the Tormes and dislodged Hill, he once more posted himself on the Arapiles. He knew every inch of the ground and the hills themselves were "rocky monuments" of victory. But Soult did not attack. On the contrary, he marched nearer the Ciudad Rodrigo road. Wellington perceived his danger; he had already remained too long on the Arapiles and by a most daring flank movement he filed past Soult in three columns, within cannon-shot, and in broad daylight. Had he been attacked, the peril would have been great; but always irresolute, Soult allowed the moment to pass and the allies were further aided by a blinding fog and rain. After this escape Wellington safely retreated to Ciudad Rodrigo, though pursued for a considerable distance. Discipline was still lax among his men and even some of the officers set an example of insubordination. As they marched through the thick and marshy woods, the soldiers recklessly

destroyed large herds of swine and the French advanced-guard captured at least three thousand stragglers. Wellington retired behind the Agueda and finally established his winter quarters at Frenada. Hill was spread over the country about Plascencia, where there was plenty of food, and the men needed rest to recruit their health for much sickness prevailed. The quarters of the French army were about Valladolid and Tudela, where they suffered from partidas, and from scarcity of provisions. Joseph and Jourdan retired to Madrid. Thus ended the campaign of 1812. If its results were not so glorious as at one time they promised to be, yet the allies had obtained solid advantages. The victory of Salamanca was a "master-stroke," for it freed Andalusia. Three sieges had been undertaken, only one of which had failed, and these successes had been gained amidst many embarrassments. The Home Government under Perceval had been illiberal and impracticable. The English were wretchedly supplied and the conduct of Ballesteros disarranged all Wellington's calculations. Notwithstanding these and other disadvantages, the campaign of 1812 has been considered to be Wellington's "finest illustration of the art of war."

The French army, though far superior in numbers, was not prospering. It had always an outer line of warfare to provide for against the Partidas, who had succeeded in intercepting nearly all the letters from France. As soon as the French quitted

Madrid, they rushed in, and made great havoc. Food was scarce, changes were made in the command, British ships hovered about the coast from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, and the army of Sicily, though badly commanded, occupied Suchet in the eastern provinces. They were thus almost surrounded by enemies and spent the winter in procuring provisions, and waiting for help from France, which never came; for Napoleon was on his sad retreat from Moscow and his magnificent army was perishing in Russian snows. This retreat had no slight influence on the fate of the Peninsula; but the news had not yet reached Spain and the old discontent against the English revived. Their failure before Burgos once more opened the intrigues between the Cortez and Joseph; the Princess Carlotta again pressed her claims. So as soon as Wellington had settled his troops for the winter, he made an expedition to Cadiz to arrange in person for the command of the Spanish armies. He was well received and gratified the Spaniards by addressing the deputation from the Cortez in Castilian. The Cortez was, as usual, splendid in promises. Fifty thousand men were to be placed at his command and he accepted the herculean labour of training, directing, and feeding them. "But," he writes soon after, "my intentions are entirely thwarted by the Government, which has broken all its engagements entered into with me."

Neither Government nor soldiers could be relied

on. Yet Wellington fed and clothed the troops through the winter and was rewarded by their co-operation in the spring. He then passed on to Lisbon, where he had much to arrange. The intractable Regency again tried to stir up the people against the English by all kinds of malicious falsehoods; and when appealed to for money replied that the rebellion of the American colonies had dried up its sources of supply: this was true, but it refused to submit to any reasonable system of taxation to replenish the military chest. He wrote to the Prince Regent, and suggested that he should come over in person. This, although the Prince declined, his ambitious wife Carlotta wished to do, but the coldness of the British Government prevented it. Great indignation was expressed in England against Lord Liverpool's ministry for the delay in sending the Sicilian expedition, and for the general misconduct of the war. Fresh exertions were therefore made and large reinforcements were despatched. England had much on her hands. She was at war with America and encouraged Russia with large sums of money; at the close of the year 1812 no less than two hundred thousand pounds was collected for the relief of the inhabitants of Moscow. Beresford had been superintending the discipline of the Portuguese troops, which were now in splendid condition. The whole army was re-clothed and re-equipped, mules were procured, blankets liberally supplied, with new tents. A pontoon-train

had been formed and a large number of carts, Wellington's invention, were built, so as to be ready for the rough roads. The whole army amounted now to two hundred thousand men, of whom ninety thousand were with Wellington, and the French were for the first time outnumbered.

Napoleon after his return from Russia had startled the world by his twenty-ninth bulletin acknowledging the loss of his Grand Army. The news spread like wild-fire and was hailed with universal joy. The Prussians and German States took advantage of the crisis to struggle for their independence and many allied themselves with Russia, whilst England helped with arms and money. The Cortez became still more profuse in its promises of aid and the Portuguese Regency veered round and supported Wellington. Napoleon was making strenuous efforts to raise a new army, but the conscription of 1793 had so thinned the population of France that only raw lads of seventeen could be found to swell the ranks and he was forced to withdraw regiment after regiment of veterans from Spain before he could set out for Germany. Soult was among those who left the Peninsula. The army in Spain was naturally disheartened by these reverses; its *morale* and confidence was shaken. In all it still numbered one hundred and sixty thousand men; but it was scattered over a large extent of country and the quarrels between King and marshals were not

appeased but rather aggravated by the fact that Napoleon had designated Joseph generalissimo, and not King, of the French armies; but Joseph always disputed this point. During the winter Napoleon had sent much excellent advice to his brother. He recommended him to reassemble his troops, to make his centre at Valladolid, and to quell the insurrection of the northern provinces, which, encouraged by the English, had risen in rebellion, and to secure his communications with France. But the King could not tear himself away from Madrid till April; whilst, instead of supporting Clauzel in the north, he was occupied with his eternal schemes for Spanish improvement.

At the opening of the campaign in May, Wellington made preparations as though he intended to attack Madrid and so separate Joseph from Suchet. His real intention was to go northward, threaten the communication with France and, if possible, drive the enemy before him beyond the Pyrenèes.

The allies entered Spain in three divisions. Graham started first with the left wing through Tras-os-montes to the Esla. Hill followed with the right to Alba de Tormes and Wellington with the centre marched towards Salamanca. As he crossed the Agueda he raised himself in his stirrups and, waving his hand, cried, "Farewell to Portugal!" The French, taken by surprise, retired and the three divisions met in safety on the Douro, which

they crossed by means of their bridge equipage previously forwarded. Wellington, having waited for the Gallician army, marched towards the Ebro. Joseph, who was near Valladolid with fifty-five thousand men, had written to Suchet, Clauzel, and Foy, to come at once to Vittoria; but the letters never reached them.

He travelled, as usual, burdened with an immense train of goods, baggage, and followers; but had neglected Napoleon's advice to establish stores at Burgos, Vittoria, and other places. He had omitted to repair Burgos and it was not defensible. As Napoleon warned him, "If he would command an army, he must give himself up entirely to it, thinking of nothing else." This was exactly what Joseph never did. He was quite ignorant of the nature of the country round Valladolid, of the number of the enemy, and of the right course to adopt. He resolved to fight a battle on the plains of Burgos, where Clauzel would join him and the great road to Bayonne be secured. Accordingly he set out; but on the way he ascertained in what plight Burgos was through his negligence. He ordered the castle to be blown up, gave up the immediate meeting with Clauzel, hurriedly crossed the Ebro, and marched towards Vittoria, where he awaited reinforcements. Wellington quickly followed. As he approached Burgos he heard the explosion of the castle, which was so badly managed that three hundred French soldiers were crushed in the ruins. The destruction of the

place was a great relief to him, as he would otherwise have been obliged to stop to take it.

While the echoes of the crash still rang among the hills, he was traversing the wild, rugged, grand country about the sources of the Ebro. He passed through Biscay and entered Guipuzcoa, amidst plains, mountains, precipices, vineyards, torrents, to turn the right flank of the King's army. He discarded Portugal as his stronghold, and assisted by the fleet, accumulated supplies at Santander and Bilbao, forming stations along the Biscay coast for magazines and hospitals. Joseph heard with astonishment that the English were approaching. Reille advised him to withdraw to Navarre, Jourdan to Bayonne; but all his stores and even some newly-arrived treasure from France had been deposited at Vittoria. He therefore determined to accept a battle where he was. His army was in good spirits, for the news of Napoleon's victories at Lützen and Bautzen and the peace which followed them had put fresh hope into their hearts.

Vittoria lies at the east end of a basin eight miles broad and ten long, encircled north, south, and west by high hills. The river Zadorra, a tributary of the Ebro, flows through the basin.

Joseph's line of battle extended seven miles. His left, under Gazon, was between the Madrid road and the southern hills; his centre between the road and the left bank of the Zadorra; his right, under Reille, was on the river near Abe-

chucho at a distance of six miles behind the centre. The only road that could serve for such an army in retreat was the highway to Bayonne, which ran out from behind Vittoria. But the town was completely blocked up with masses of stores and baggage. Joseph could not have occupied a worse position; he neglected to defend the fords of the Zadorra, he did not even break down the bridges and he left the pass of La Puebla, the main entrance to the basin, undefended. Moreover, the broken ground was unsuited to his cavalry. On the morning of the 21st of June, Wellington, who from a little hill swept the whole of the plain with his telescope, directed his men to form into three columns of attack. Hill with the right wing was to advance against the French left, through the pass of La Puebla; Graham with the left wing was to proceed against Reille; Wellington with four picked divisions was to break the enemy's centre.

Hill succeeded admirably. He pierced the long pass of Puebla and took the village of Subijana. A short time after the centre was attacked, Graham's guns were heard to the left. The Zadorra was one continuous line of fire.

When Joseph, who with his Guards was in reserve behind the centre, saw that both his flanks were dangerously engaged, he committed the crowning error of beginning a retreat to Vittoria. In the bright sunshine Wellington saw his intention and, whilst Hill urged the left wing still

harder, he directed Picton to seize a hill near the centre, vacated by the retiring French. Thus pressed in the act of retreating, the enemy turned fiercely and delivered a tremendous volley, withdrawing still further into the dust and smoke. For the next six miles there was a running fight towards Vittoria, the French being driven through the standing corn, vineyards, and villages, leaving many guns behind them. The only Frenchman who retained his self-possession was Reille, who, "handling his troops like a master," covered the rout. But for him the wreck of the army would have been complete. Joseph, who had been undecided to the last about the exact line of his retreat, found the Bayonne causeway menaced by Graham, besides being hopelessly blocked by carriages and baggage of all kinds. A panic seized the whole host, and a general rush was made to the Pampeluna road, the only route to the Pyrenees. The scene was one of the wildest disorder; for the track lay through a marsh, which was soon choked with vehicles, while abandoned guns strewed the edge. The English pursued with hot haste for a considerable distance. Foy and Clauzel, hearing of the defeat as they approached with large reinforcements, retired to Villafranca and Logrono.

It has been said that such a scene as the plain of Vittoria after the battle has never been witnessed since the days of Darius. Thousands of carriages, piled with baggage, crowded the field. Noble ladies imploring help, nuns and actresses,

formed a strange contrast with wounded and dying men, with cannons, chests of arms and ammunition. Rude soldiers were intoxicated on the choicest hocks and champagne and fed on royal dainties. Droves of sheep, cows, and goats trampled on dresses, jewellery, and stage properties. The earth was literally strewn with gold and silver; ornaments, pictures, and plate were mixed up with monkeys and parrots. The most shameless pillage went on in all directions. More than five million dollars were taken by the soldiers. The King himself was nearly captured and had only just time to spring on horseback and escape to Bayonne, leaving his carriage, containing all his papers, Jourdan's bâton, and a splendid Correggio, in the hands of his conquerors. In short, as Gazon said, "they lost all their equipages, all their guns, all their treasure, all their papers, so that no man could prove how much pay was due to him; generals and subordinate officers alike were reduced to the clothes on their backs and most of them were barefooted."

Wellington has been blamed for not pushing his pursuit further and for not at once crossing the Pyrenees and investing Bayonne. But he did wisely in abstaining. Numbers of his troops, wild from success, gave themselves up to marauding and it was some time before they could be reduced to order. Neither was this the moment to invade France. Napoleon's star was again in the ascendant after his recent victories and the English could

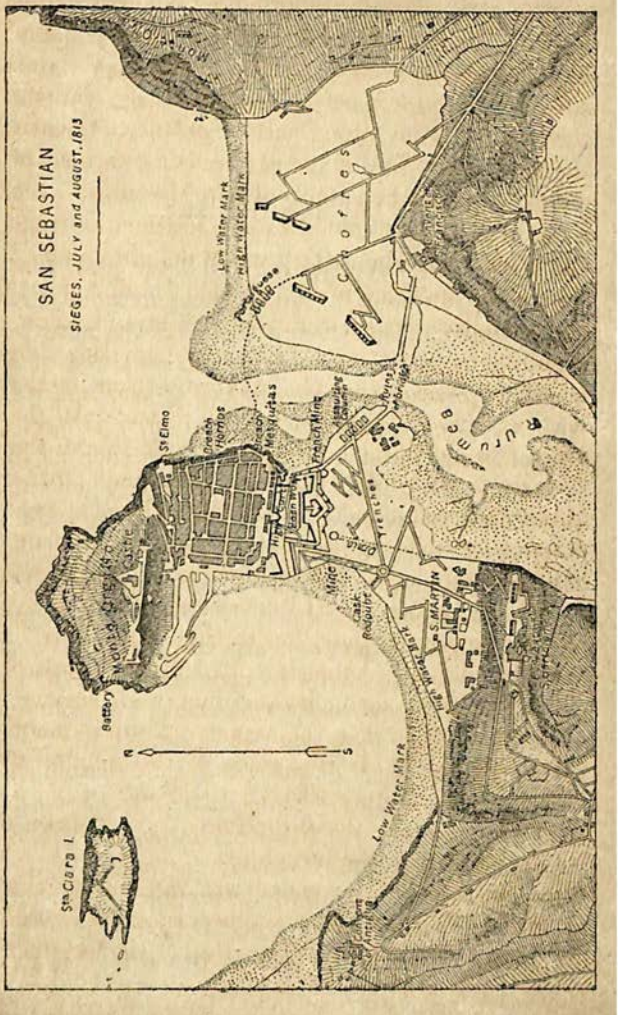
well afford to wait, for they saw that Joseph's crown was sliding from his head. The King and Foy having been driven into France, Wellington pursued Clauzel, but finally thought it undesirable to push him too closely lest he should be forced to join Suchet. He therefore left him to Mina, who acted ably, and Clauzel also retired into France through Saragossa. The positions ultimately occupied by the contending armies after Vittoria were these: the French held the right bank of the Bidassoa from Vera to the coast, whilst the allies extended on the frontier of Spain, from the mouth of the same river to Roncesvalles.

CHAPTER XI.

The Pyrenean Warfare.

THE closing struggle of the Peninsular War was restricted to the western extremity of the Pyrenees. But though the area was narrow, the obstacles of the country, which consisted of a labyrinth of rocky mountain ridges and valleys, with deep clayey lands between the rivers to the south and west of Bayonne, were such as to tax to the utmost the strategic skill of a general, as well as the courage, endurance, and discipline of troops. For continuing the struggle in this district, Wellington thought that a solid base of operations might be formed, if he could possess himself of Pampeluna and also of San Sebastian, which would give him free communication with the sea. Hill was sent to blockade Pampeluna and Graham to besiege San Sebastian.

San Sebastian stands on a low, sandy isthmus, three hundred and fifty yards across. To the west is a deep bay, on which is the harbour; on the east the tidal stream Urumea; to the north, or seaward, is a conical rock, four hundred feet high, called Monte Orgullo, crowned by a castle. On the south, or landward side, it was defended by


SAN SEBASTIAN
SIEGES, JULY and AUGUST, 1813
Low Water Mark
High Water Mark
Convent
Cortes
Beach
Mole
St Elmo
Castle
Battery
Mount Orgullo
Low Water Mark
St Clara I.
S. MARTIN
Fort
Redoubt

a high solid curtain, running quite across the isthmus, with one bastion in the middle, and a half bastion at each end. In front of this was advanced a horn-work to which the sea-wall on the east formed a strong natural defence. Beyond the horn-work was a circular redoubt formed of casks; further, the suburb of San Martin, and the ridge of San Bartolomeo with a fortified convent and a redoubt. The eastern was much the weakest side of the town, having only a naked wall running down twenty-seven feet to the river-strand below, standing in four feet of water at high tide and wholly exposed at the ebb. At the north end of the sea-wall was the bastion of San Elmo. At the south two old towers. On the opposite side of the river some sand-hills confronted this rampart, and Monte Olia commanded the castle. The plan proposed by the able engineer, Major Smith, was to plant batteries on the sand-hills to breach the eastern wall, while others on the left bank of the river were to play upon the defences behind the breach.

Wellington urged that the place should be taken in the quickest manner consistent with success, expressly adding that the assault was to be made in fair daylight. It was made in the middle of July; but unhappily the advice of the engineer was rejected, and the crippling of the defences was postponed to the breaching.

A summons to surrender was refused by the Governor, Rey, who had received succour by sea. In cutting a parallel on the isthmus, the English

came upon the pipe of a disabled aqueduct. This they stopped with sand-bags and charged with thirty barrels of powder, in order to blow out as much rubbish as would fill up the ditch of the horn-work, which was now severely battered. After time had been wasted in opening two breaches instead of one, the fire was directed upon the defences behind them. A general conflagration threatening to ensue, the assault was postponed and the besieged passed the night in disposing shells along the edge of the sea-wall, which the enemy must pass in order to mount the breach, and in loopholing houses for musketry.

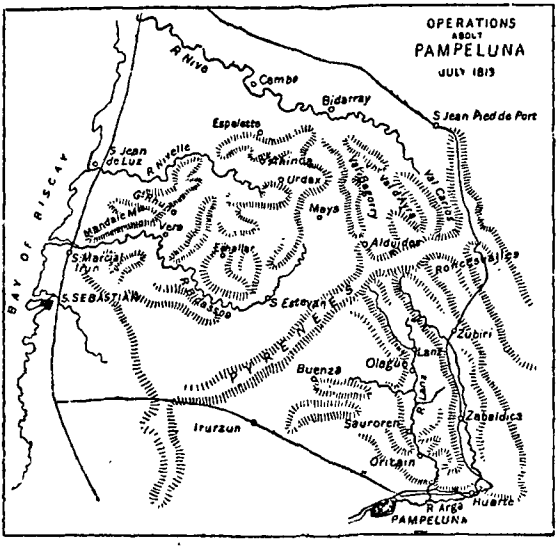
The assault was ordered for the 25th of July and in the night two thousand men crossed, of whom one party was to attempt the larger and another the smaller breach, and when these were carried a third was to scale the high curtain, a heavy fire being kept up from the Chofres until the aqueduct-pipe should be exploded.

In the dark, although Wellington had expressly advised fair daylight, the men who were to mount the breaches passed out on to the space between the sea-wall and the river. The tide did not suit. Large pools of sea-water remained amongst rocks, slippery with slime and sea-weed. The explosion of the pipe so terrified the defenders, that the horn-work was at once deserted and taken. But there were no ladders at hand and, worse still, the batteries on the Chofres, where the explosion had not been heard, continued a fire more destructive

to friends than foes. Under such circumstances, only the brave leaders of the main attack, with a handful of men, reached the breach, where they found the descent into the town to be twelve feet. The men could not be rallied. They had become entangled with the second attack making for the smaller breach and all were jammed in between the horn-work and the river, a struggling, unwieldy mass, which could not even return to the trenches until it was thinned by the fire which raked its front and flank. At daybreak an hour's truce was concluded and the French humanely removed the wounded out of reach of the tide. There were five hundred and twenty killed and wounded. After the failure Wellington hastened to the spot. The ammunition being exhausted, he converted the siege into a blockade.

Napoleon had appointed Soult to the command of the army of Spain, comprising the troops of the north, south, and centre, with the title of Lieutenant of the Emperor. He arrived at Bayonne in July, and soon made his presence felt. He reorganised the shattered fragments of Joseph's force, which, with some foreign battalions, amounted to about seventy-seven thousand men. He wished to act on the defensive for a while and give his soldiers a little breathing-time; but Napoleon's orders were decisive. He therefore determined to cross the Pyrenees to relieve Pampeluna and San Sebastian, after which he could occupy a position which would enable him to communicate with Suchet.

To make the movements of this campaign intelligible, it is necessary to give a sketch of the country. The great spinal ridge of the Pyrenees runs from east to west, throwing out on either side numerous offsets and spurs, which form a maze of ridges and valleys, precipices, gorges, woods, and streams. Of the valleys which are



connected by passes crossing the spine, the chief on the Spanish side are Roncesvalles, Zubiri, and Lanz; and corresponding with them severally on the French side are the Val Carlos, the Val Baygorry, and the Bastan, although this last is somewhat detached. The Val Baygorry divides

towards the mountains into the Alduides and the Val Ayra. The Zubiri and Lanz both open towards Pampeluna; and Soult's object was to roll down them a volume of troops, which, issuing from their mouths, should unite and march upon that town. The allied army, numbering about eighty-two thousand men, occupied an irregular line of battle, fifty miles in length, from Roncesvalles on the extreme right, through the Alduides and the Bastan, to the mouth of the Bidassoa. The French extended from the mountains about Vera, through Espelette, Ahinoa, Urdax, and Maya, to St. Jean Pied de Port. They counted about seventy-eight thousand men, comprising the national guards of the Pyrenees, hardy mountaineers who knew all the passes. Soult determined to force the allies' right and relieve Pampeluna; for he knew that San Sebastian was in no immediate danger. Then began a series of battles, fought five thousand feet above the plains, which gave the French, on the day of their success at San Sebastian, the victories of Roncesvalles and Maya, and enabled them to push down the valleys to Sauroren, four miles from Pampeluna. Here however Picton and Cole succeeded in forming a line of battle on a mountain ridge commanding the approaches to Pampeluna.

Wellington had heard of the recent fighting; but many false reports were spread from the isolation of each part of the army and the confusion that prevailed, the narrow mountain roads being choked with baggage, stores, guns, and flying in-

habitants. When he obtained more accurate information and clearly saw Soult's design, he ordered all his available troops to Pampeluna. But the situation was extremely dangerous. He was ignorant of Picton's whereabouts and did not ascertain it till he was within a short distance of Sauroren. He delayed the march of the troops till he could learn the exact state of affairs. He galloped to the village of Sauroren, accompanied by Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the only officer who could keep pace with him. As he approached he saw the French troops and now knew that the Lanz was occupied by them. Dismounting, he wrote on the parapet of the bridge of Sauroren fresh orders, that the advancing troops were to avoid the valley and bear to the village of Oricain on their right. Somerset hurried off with the orders just as the French were entering Sauroren and Wellington rode by himself up the mountain to join his army. He was welcomed with cheers, which gradually swelled into that cry of British soldiers before a battle which military writers describe as so terrible. He paused for a moment, wishing the French to know he was come. For the first time he beheld Soult so near that his face could be distinctly seen. Wellington gazed earnestly at him, and thought aloud, "Yonder is a great commander; but he is a cautious one, and will delay his attack to ascertain the cause of these cheers; that will give time for the sixth division to arrive and I shall beat him." He was

right, inasmuch as no serious attack was made till the next morning and, though delayed, the sixth division came in time. In the evening a terrible storm raged among the hills, which in the Peninsular War was so often the herald of a sanguinary morning. On the fourth anniversary of Talavera was fought the battle of Sauroren, described by Wellington as "bludgeon work." The allied army was drawn up in two lines, with a distance of two miles between them. The first, not quite two miles in length, occupied a mountain ridge between the rivers Guy and Lanz; behind it was posted a reserve. The second and more extended line guarded the great Pampeluna road and covered all approaches to the town. The French faced the allies' first line and were posted on a corresponding ridge between the two rivers. Clauzel, on the right, occupied Sauroren; Reille, on the left, rested on the village of Zabaldica in the Zubiri. A deep ravine separated the armies.

A general attack was to be made; but Clauzel, whose eagerness did not allow him to wait, rushed down the valley by the river Lanz, turned the left of the allies, and was on the point of ascending to attack it in the rear, when a detachment of the sixth division unexpectedly appeared, and assailed his right, while its main body met him directly in front and the left of the British line turned upon his left. He was thus enclosed in fire, flanks and front, and hurled back with great slaughter. Successive and desperate attacks were made along the

whole line with varying fortune. Wellington brought up the reserve to support the centre, which charged with great bravery no less than three times at enormous sacrifice of life. There was hard fighting also on the right, where the Spaniards were thrust from their position; but a British regiment came to the rescue and drove the enemy down. Again and again the French struggled up the hill. The officers are said, in their determination to conquer, to have pulled their exhausted men up by the belts; but each time they were thrown back. "All my regiments," said Wellington, "charged with the bayonet, several of them on four different occasions." This bloody action cost the allies two thousand six hundred men, and the French loss, though reported at a lower figure, could scarcely have been less.

The allies were now safe, having fifty thousand men close at hand. The whole of the succeeding day the armies faced each other. Soult's position was difficult. His supplies were failing. He sent his wounded, his artillery, and some cavalry back into France, and then resolved to cautiously prolong his right with a view to relieving San Sebastian. But Hill commanded the Pampeluna road, which led to that place. The depression in Pampeluna was great when Soult's retreat was known; for the garrison considered succour certain. Wellington saw Soult's purpose and ordered Hill to turn the enemy's right. Hill was however defeated by Clauzel at Buenza, with superior

numbers and the road to San Sebastian was open to the French. Still Wellington discerned his opportunity and dislodged Soult from his exceedingly strong position at Sauroren, inflicting upon him a loss of more than two thousand men: three thousand prisoners were taken in the woody and rugged country; and Foy, with eight thousand men, was cut off from the main army. Soult was sorely pressed. Hill was before him, Wellington behind. His force amounted after his severe losses to only thirty-five thousand. In fact his only retreat was through the Donna Maria Pass by San Estevan into France. He set out at midnight; Wellington pursued, in the hope of striking a paralyzing blow. He sent Byng on before to hold the Col de Maya. The Light Division was if possible to head the French at San Estevan or to fall upon their line of march somewhere; a detachment of Spaniards was to co-operate with them at Yanzi; and Hill pressed the French rear, with which he had a sharp skirmish in the Donna Maria Pass. He then joined Wellington, who occupied the hills through which the road ran to San Estevan. The French were now in this gorge, the egresses from which were blocked, and the valley itself surrounded by the enemy. A few hours more and they must have surrendered. But this was not to be. Wellington had given strict orders that no fires should be lit nor any noise made which might indicate his presence. But just as the French were entering the valley three

British plunderers were seen and captured and within half an hour Soult, having turned his course, escaped in great disorder and with heavy loss of baggage, by Yanzi, towards Echallar. As they marched along the narrow cleft-like valley, with the Bidassoa to their left and frowning precipices on their right, the Light Division, which had been ordered to head the French, came up and fired upon the exhausted fugitives from the heights above. An appalling scene ensued. In the confusion men and horses were thrust into the river. The wounded cried for quarter and presented such a heart-breaking sight that the British soldiers fired wide on purpose for they could not resist so sad an appeal. After this terrible sacrifice Soult reached Echallar. Had the Spaniards fulfilled their mission and appeared at the bridge of Yanzi, he could not have escaped at all; but their general made the usual excuse of the smallness of his numbers.

Wellington sent two divisions to take possession once more of the Alduides and Roncesvalles, Hill to the Col de Maya, Byng to Urdax, and then himself drove the French from Echallar further into France. Here he was very nearly taken prisoner. He was examining maps, when the enemy, observing his party, tried to cut it off. Fortunately he was warned just in time and galloped away under a volley of shot. The French and English now resumed nearly their former positions with some advantage on the English

side. In this Pyrenean campaign Soult had lost thirteen thousand killed and wounded, the allies not more than about seven thousand.

Wellington might have pursued Soult, who was flying in confusion, attacked him with advantage and possibly have routed the entire French army beyond recovery. This he has been censured for not doing, with what justice it is difficult to say. On the other hand he might have invaded France, which he was pressed to do, but he wisely declined; he knew that the time was not come and a false step of such magnitude would be almost equivalent to ruin. He therefore returned to the siege of San Sebastian, whilst the Spaniards maintained the blockade of Pampeluna. Again the negligence of the English Government was felt. The taking of San Sebastian, which was of so great moment, was delayed sixteen days for want of a battering-train and ammunition for which application had been made some months previously. And though help from sea was essential for the capture of a sea-girt fortress, it was rendered in the most inadequate manner, inasmuch as the besieged received continual succour and despatched their sick and wounded in vessels which had just unladen stores and ammunition. Many ships bringing supplies to the English were lost, the contents of those that were saved were landed by British soldiers taken from their work; while the store-boats during the blockade were navigated by Spanish women. In the last five months Wellington had written at

least twenty expostulations; not only were these disregarded but a subordinate official was allowed to write him an insulting answer. "Since Great Britain had been a naval power a British army had never before been left in such a situation at a most important moment." This was Wellington's opinion; and Lord Melville so far forgot himself as to inform him "that his army was the last thing to be attended to." When at length the siege artillery came, it was found that many of the guns were hardly provided with ammunition for a day's consumption. The garrison of San Sebastian had been untiring in their exertions during Graham's blockade. Old breaches had been repaired, new defences made, fresh ammunition got in. They were in sanguine spirits and on the Emperor's birthday had brilliantly illuminated the castle, crowning it with a flaming superscription plainly legible to the English army. On the 26th of August the firing opened with the roar of fifty-seven guns from the strengthened batteries on the Chofre sand-hills and San Bartolomeo, which continued throughout the day with destructive effect upon the towers and wall near the old breach. New batteries were planted and a sap driven close to the horn-work, which, together with the high curtain, was now almost in ruins. A false attack had also caused the French to spring their mines and their fire was nearly silenced. Wellington, having determined to attempt the breach, fixed the assault for the morn-

ing of the 31st of August, suiting the tide; and the sea wall was blown up so as to allow the troops to pass; but the horn-work being still untaken, they were, as in the last siege, exposed to a terrible flank fire. The assault was led in two columns, one against the great breach, the other against the end of the high curtain. The men advanced and mounted the breach gallantly; but there found themselves stopped, not only by a sheer descent of twenty feet, but by a wall fifteen feet high, strong and loopholed for musketry, which poured shot into their front, while the shells from Monte Orgullo and a gun mounted on the horn-work played upon them from either side. The condition of the assailants at the end of the high curtain was still more trying. Again and again it was covered with men, who, as soon as the smoke cleared away, strewed the ground with their bodies. Graham, who was watching the whole operation from the Chofre hills, saw the peril and had the daring hardihood to turn fifty guns on the high curtain, and for half an hour the iron storm swept within two feet of the heads of the British soldiers, who had to crouch close under the walls to avoid it. In the very midst of it however a lodgement was effected in the town on the right of the great breach. As soon as it ceased, a detachment of Portuguese crossed the river from the Chofres, more than waist-deep in water under the enemy's murderous fire. Followed by another detachment they landed and swelled the force at

the great breach. Still all efforts failed, and the heaps of wounded were so deep that it seemed doubtful whether dead or living were more numerous. At this desperate moment, when the rising tide must soon stop operations for the day, a fortunate circumstance occurred. Some shells and powder-barrels exploded, the high curtain in a moment was wreathed in fire and smoke and one terrific report succeeded another. It was a scene of bewildering destruction and confusion. The allies poured in and, overbearing a most intrepid resistance, forced their way into the streets just as a body of Portuguese and British broke in at the small breach. The Governor retired with as many of the garrison as he could take with him into Monte Orgullo. This direful day was fitly closed by a terrific thunderstorm, as if the contagion of fury had seized the very elements. The fiends of evil seemed to have taken possession of the place; for the iniquities which were perpetrated must be passed over in silence. Suffice it to say that the horrors of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos paled when compared with those of the sacking of San Sebastian. No leading general was present and those officers who strove to check crime were defied and ill-treated by the men. Wellington arrived next day and operations were begun against Monte Orgullo; but it was not till the 9th of September that the brave governor, yielding to sheer necessity, laid down his sword. The allies lost three thousand eight hundred men in this siege.

Soult, who had received full reports by sea of the progress of affairs, made an effort to save the place. He endeavoured to concentrate his troops at Oyarzun, on the British left; but he was baffled by the combat of Mount San Marcial, in which the Spaniards, fighting gallantly from the rocky hill, under Wellington's encouragement, drove the French down the steep sides and inflicted upon them a loss of three thousand six hundred men.

When San Sebastian was captured and the besieging army released, the invasion of France was again mooted and the English Cabinet and Press were urgent for immediate action. In some respects the time was favourable, for the peace between France and Germany was dissolved; Austria had joined the coalition; the Duc de Berri was organizing a Bourbon agitation in the south of France, and was eager to join the allies with a force which he represented as twenty thousand strong.

Wellington, discarding all personal considerations, carefully weighed the matter. He stated to the Government the impossibility of accepting Bourbon help without espousing the Bourbon cause. Many strongholds still belonged to the French in the north and east of Spain, and should Napoleon free his hands of Germany, there was nothing to hinder him from joining Soult and Suchet. Suchet was still a serious thorn in the side of Wellington, who had watched the wretched

mismanagement of the Catalonian army with annoyance and anxiety. Seven changes had been made in the command in fifteen months and the troops were now left without an English head on the departure of Lord William Bentinck. He however saw that some concession must be made to the wishes of the allied sovereigns and therefore resolved to occupy a threatening position on French ground. This would be achieved by the bold step of forcing the passage of the Bidassoa and seizing the Great Rhune, which with other mountains was the very heart of the French position, placing his left wing in France, whilst at the same time he gained possession of the harbour of Fuentearabia. Soult is represented as occupying the base of a triangle, of which the apex was Bayonne, and the sides were the roads leading from Bayonne to Irun and St. Jean Pied de Port respectively. The field of operations lay between the Bidassoa and the Nivelle and consisted of a rough mass of mountains. The French main army was posted on a long ridge overlooking the Bidassoa, of which the chief elevation on the right was the Mandale close to the river, and on the left the Great Rhune, two thousand eight hundred feet high. To the left of this main force D'Erlon was stationed near Urdax, and Foy occupied a strong position at St. Jean Pied de Port. Each could communicate with the other, and with the main army. Soult was also forming two lines of defence, one from the Mandale to the sea, the other

in his rear on the Nivelle from St. Jean de Luz on the coast to Ascain. Wellington's intended operations were delayed by the badness of the weather and by the non-arrival of his pontoon-train.

Soult never guessed Wellington's design, for he knew that he was without a pontoon-train, that he had lent fresh troops to blockade Pampeluna, had made demonstrations with his right wing in the Alduides and about Roncesvalles, and therefore could only act with his left wing and centre. Wellington, whose preparations were adjusted to the minutest detail, had learned from Spanish fishermen that the river was fordable in three places at low-water. The sands were broad and heavy and the tide rose in two hours sixteen feet; the whole banks of the Bidassoa were overlooked by the enemy. Fortune favoured the daring enterprise. On the evening of the 6th of October a violent thunder-storm raged and stifled the rumble of the heavy guns as they were dragged up the San Marcial, so as to cover the intended attack. The French were careless, for, seeing the English tents standing in their old positions, they were quite unsuspicious of danger.

The next morning the passage was effected. As soon as two columns had crossed, the guns opened from San Marcial and seven columns were seen advancing to attack the enemy's position in different places. The French, completely surprised, were driven in succession from the nearest

heights; but they made a determined stand at the Croix de Bouquets. The allies fought nobly. The enemy was outnumbered by Wellington's combinations at every point, though the difficulties of the attack seemed insurmountable, as the natural strength of the ground was supplemented at every turn by entrenchments and defences. Still the Croix de Bouquets fell; about the same time the Mandale was taken by the Spaniards, and Reille retreated in disorder, with a loss of eight guns and four hundred men, along the Bayonne road. Soult's timely arrival prevented the retreat from degenerating into flight. In the meantime the Vera attack had succeeded after a desperate conflict. The Bayonette, the Commissari and Saddle mountains, continuations of the Great Rhune, were covered with defensive works, besides being in some places thickly wooded and in all vigilantly watched.

The grand contest was for the Great Rhune, whither numbers of the defeated French had retreated, who rolled massive rocks down on the allies as they pressed up the sides. The topmost crags called the Hermitage, seemed impregnable and baffled all their efforts, till Wellington, who reconnoitred the mountain in person, ordered a combined attack against the left and weakest side, at the same time menacing Sarre. Clauzel, fearing to be cut off from his camp, abandoned his position and descended to the Smaller Rhune. Wellington, perceiving the mistake, sent a large

body of Spaniards to the Hermitage, which caused the French, who observed Clauzel's retreat, to quit their invincible position in the night and follow him. In these brilliant combats the allies lost sixteen hundred and the French fourteen hundred men; many of the wounded died undiscovered in the desolate places where they fell.

Soult was alarmed lest the allies in the first flush of their success should pass on to St. Jean de Luz, which would probably have fallen into their hands. But such was not Wellington's intention; for Pampeluna had not yielded, the winter was approaching, and he wisely awaited some decisive turn in the war in Germany. He took effective measures for conciliating the French people, whose soil he had at length gained. He insisted on his army paying ready money for all it had, arresting with a high hand the plundering and drunkenness which again broke out. He made examples of officers and soldiers alike, for committing or countenancing outrages of any kind. He established his troops for the winter; his head-quarters were at Vera and the line extended from Roncesvalles through the Rhune mountains to the sea. Soult resolved now to act purely on the defensive, though conscious that it was not the method of warfare most suitable to French soldiers. Relieved from the necessity of holding a huge block of mountains, he contented himself with reorganising his army and diligently working at a vast system of entrenchments, reach-

ing from St. Jean de Luz on his right, by Ascain and Amotz in the centre, to the Nive on the left, a distance of sixteen miles. Behind these works he was laying out on the right bank of the Nivelle, from Serres to Cambo, a second line of defences, along which his men were very judiciously posted.

Soult's energetic spirit fretted under this comparative inactivity. In numbers and quality of men he was still superior to his enemy and thirty thousand good conscripts were about to join him. For weeks he had been endeavouring to secure Suchet's co-operation for a grand united attack; but Suchet, personally disliking Soult and greatly inferior to him in ability, pleaded many excuses; and though he at last consented to co-operate if a plan of his own were adopted, it was then too late, for the winter weather had set in. Soult wished both armies to join and force the allies to a battle, which might turn the tide of success, set free all the besieged towns, Pampeluna in particular, and possibly drive Wellington back across the Ebro. Wellington was conscious of the danger of a combination; and if he had not been induced on other grounds to enter France, he would, on military principles, have operated against Suchet. It was strange indeed that a small handful of men in the East, irregularly and unskilfully commanded, and entirely dependent on their ships for food, should have held in check such an army as that of Suchet.

The war having favoured the allies in Germany,

Wellington only awaited the fall of Pampeluna to penetrate still further into France. He had not to wait long. On the last day of October Pampeluna, one of the strongest of Spanish fortresses, surrendered after a most brave and stubborn resistance. The Governor, Cassan, had husbanded his resources till the garrison and inhabitants were all but famished. For weeks they had lived on horse-flesh and latterly on rats and weeds. Scurvy broke out and many soldiers, in their search for food outside the walls, are said to have poisoned themselves with hemlock. Some brilliant sallies were made; but the blockade was maintained so strictly that the garrison could never once communicate with their friends, though they distinctly heard the sound of Soult's guns at Sauroren.

The only fortress now remaining to the French in the north of Spain was Santona, which they held till the close of the war. All this time Wellington was continually harassed by the gross ingratitude and unreasonable requirements of the wretched Governments of Spain and Portugal. In Portugal, as soon as the English had crossed the frontier, murmurings and bitterness increased tenfold. The English army was a great loss to a country suffering from a chronic want of ready money; and the fact that their troops, of which they were inordinately proud, were not praised by the English press, caused loud discontent.

Intrigues continued and the Prince Regent re-

mained apathetic. Wellington, having remonstrated in vain, again threatened to quit the Peninsula for ever. After having lived upon England, the only point on which the Portuguese found they could agree with the Spanish was hatred of the English. The state of Spain was more discouraging still. Nothing but faction and bitter hostility prevailed; everything was "rotten to the core, except the hearts of the poorest people;" the promises made to Wellington when he was appointed generalissimo were not kept; the men were left to starve, unless supplied by the English; generals were recalled without Wellington's sanction; at the end of the war the Spanish soldiers were so little to be depended upon, that they were only useful when mixed up with the British line. All this time great professions were made and honours together with estates, once the property of Godoy, were bestowed upon Wellington, the proceeds of which he gave to the war. Democracy was spreading rapidly; indeed, the Spaniards themselves compared their country at this juncture to a ship and crew in a hurricane without captain, pilot, compass, chart, sail, or rudder. Although he abhorred democratic principles, Wellington was on the verge of advising forcible measures against the Cortez. He had indeed respectfully resisted the idea which the English Government entertained of removing him to Germany after Vittoria; but he gave up his command of the Spanish army, on the Regency's

refusal to be bound by any promises made by its predecessor. As he said himself, he had not been treated even as a gentleman; and he began now to despair of success crowning his long toil. "It will rest with the King's Government," he wrote to his brother, "to determine what they will do upon a consideration of all the circumstances of the case; but if I was to decide, I would not keep the army in Spain for one hour." But the Regency came to its senses, and in December the new Cortez reinstated him in his command, undertaking to fulfil previous engagements. Nevertheless it was with a more formidable "enemy at his back than the foe in his front" that Wellington invaded the south of France. Soult had worked incessantly at his entrenchments, which have been compared with those of Torres Vedras, and hoped to transfer the war to Aragon, according to Suchet's plan. But the snows of winter nipped his hopes, and his army, though on its native soil, was in a scarcely less deplorable situation than that of the allies. He felt his position keenly; his cavalry had to forage for provisions and his infantry, whilst enduring extreme fatigue from overwork, was forced to carry its own food. He sent a touching message to Napoleon describing the state of affairs; but telling him "that the unheard-of contradictions and obstacles he met with should not make him fail in his duty."

In the English camp loud murmurs broke out from the men on account of their privations.

Slight food and raiment in those high solitudes were no doubt hard to bear. Wellington put the army upon its military honour to accept that which was unavoidable. The men answered the challenge and ceased to complain; still, in less than four months, twelve hundred deserted to the enemy and informed Soult of Wellington's intended attack, in consequence of which he further strengthened his position. Foy, who commanded a network of roads near Cambo, was directed to fall upon the allies' right should they attack the French left. The national guards of the Pyrenees were instructed to watch the mouths of the valleys about St. Jean Pied de Port, but not to alarm the inhabitants who would be useful in harassing the enemy by irregular warfare when they approached. The weakest part of Soult's position was between the Rhune mountains and the Nivelle up to the bridge of Amotz. Here, between the left of the French centre and the right of their left wing, Wellington resolved to penetrate and turn both by the same movement. This service was committed to Hill, who was in the Bastan with twenty-six thousand men and nine guns. The French right was to be held in check by Hope with nineteen thousand men and fifty-four guns, supported by a naval squadron on the coast. The allies' centre under Beresford, in number forty-five thousand with twenty-four guns, was posted about the Greater Rhune to assail the French centre and afterwards to join Hill in separating

Clauzel and D'Erlon. When all was ready, the attack was delayed by Freire, the Spanish general, threatening to withdraw unless he received provisions for his army; and with this unreasonable demand Wellington was forced to comply, for he could not dispense with his help. Heavy rain again caused a delay; but on the morning of the 10th of November, which broke brilliantly, at the sound of the signal guns from Atchubia the battle began. It was a glorious sight. Along the coast the ships moved majestically, exchanging shots with the fort of Socoa. On the right, Hill, who had reached his post during the night, marched a little later on the left bank of the Nivelle towards the French left. In the centre, the Light Division, flanked by Spaniards, having lain unobserved for hours, within half musket-shot, rushed down the side of the Great Rhune to attack the Smaller Rhune, the capture of which was indispensable in order to reach the French centre. On the low ground to the left, before St. Jean de Luz, Hope was making his successful feint against the right and with the roar of his artillery and the valour of his nineteen thousand men holding twenty-five thousand of the enemy in check; various regiments were moving in all directions to the several attacks. The Smaller Rhune was exceedingly strong from its defences, the height of its rocks, and the marsh at its side. Nevertheless it was gallantly carried by the Light Division under Alten. Another attempt was successfully made against Clauzel's left

and Sarre was taken. Hill drove the French from Urdax and Ahinoa and they were forced from the Mandarin mountain, and ultimately compelled to retreat to St. Pé, followed by the centre, which was now completely severed from the left wing and pursued by Hill and Beresford. D'Erlon tried to take up a new and strong position on the road to St. Pé; but outnumbered and receiving no help from Soult, who allowed himself to be detained on the right by the inferior numbers of Hope, before he had time to form his new line Alten with the Light Division dashed against him, and the Spaniards neared Ascain and threatened the retreat. Then a panic seized the French; and one regiment fled in such disorder that it could not be formed again till next day. The rest of the French centre was driven in rout across the Nivelle and the English took possession of St. Pé. Reille, after destroying the bridges on the Lower Nivelle, withdrew with the right wing to St. Jean de Luz, whilst Soult, after a fruitless effort to help Clauzel, retired at daybreak to Bidart, on the great Bayonne road.

So closed this successful day. During the night a conflagration, accidentally kindled, blazed on the mountains. The next morning the allies advanced in battle array; but Soult, whose third line of works was incomplete, fell back still further, breaking down the bridges across the Nive and finally, shrouded in fog and rain, reached Bayonne. Hill endeavoured to attack Cambo but was repulsed

by Foy, who, after trying to relieve D'Erlon before the rout of the left wing, retired to Cambo, having captured some of the allies' baggage. Soult lost four thousand two hundred and sixty-five men and officers, his field magazines at St. Jean de Luz and Espelette, and fifty-one guns; the allies, two thousand six hundred and ninety-four men and officers. Soult has been much censured for his conduct of this battle. His great mistake was that of allowing the centre to be overpowered by superior numbers and his right wing to be detained by an inferior force, whilst two divisions were left unemployed.

The gathering darkness and scattered condition of his troops prevented Wellington from pursuing his advantage. He now fixed his head-quarters at St. Jean de Luz, with strong bands of picquets in his front and rear.

The Spaniards became very disorderly after the battle; they rushed, plundering and murdering, into the villages, from which the inhabitants fled in terror. Wellington stopped these excesses with a strong hand. He sent all the Spanish generals and troops back to Spain, though he could ill spare them, with the exception of Morillo's men, who had not disgraced themselves. He made examples of all marauders and conciliated the frightened people by promises of support, and by payment of ready money. The allied soldiers were in good condition and burning for further action; the fine mountain air had invigorated them and hard fighting

filled them with warlike spirit. Could Wellington have led them on in the heat of victory, there is no saying how far he might have penetrated; but the land was clay so saturated with rain that infantry and cavalry sank knee-deep at every step.

The only approaches to Bayonne were two roads, both in possession of the French. He determined to force his passage across the Nive with a view to operations against that town; for the ground he now occupied was barren and cramped his troops.

Bayonne, at the confluence of the Nive and Adour, though a weak fortress, was very strongly entrenched. Soult had left only six divisions in it and stationed his army in front of the Nive, having a strongly entrenched camp encompassing the whole southern circuit of Bayonne.

The 9th of December was fixed for crossing the river in three bodies. Hope and Alten with the Light Division, in all twenty-four thousand men, were ordered to force the French advanced guard between the Nive and the sea, whilst Hill and Beresford were to cross, one by a ford at Cambo, the other by bridges to be thrown across at Ustaritz. Both succeeded; and Morillo, with his Spaniards, crossed at Itzassu. Hill drove D'Erlon's troops from Villefranque, on the river, after a sharp skirmish and the French, surprised and discouraged, took no advantage of the allies' difficulties in the heavy roads. Evening set in with rain and cold, after a loss on each side of eight hundred men.

But Wellington had committed an error which Soult promptly determined to turn to account. The allied army was now divided by the river. The position of Hope and Alten, on the left bank, good in itself, was to have been fortified; but the soldiers, grown over confident by success, had neglected the entrenchments and the men were scattered. Had Soult attacked, as he had first intended, with his whole army at one advantageous spot upon which he had determined, the left wing of the allies must apparently have sustained a most serious defeat. So sure was he of this result that he wrote to the Minister of War that good news of the next day might be expected. But he changed his plan and divided his attack. The consequence of this was a battle, in which there was much confused but gallant fighting about Barrouilhet, and which ended in the failure of the French, with the loss of two thousand killed and wounded, while the allies lost about fifteen hundred. At the close of the action two German regiments, in obedience to the orders of their Prince, who had deserted the cause of Napoleon in Germany, came over to the allies. The two following days were marked by combats more or less fierce and Soult, seeing that the mass of the allies was now on the left bank of the Nive, marched to Mousseroles to attack Hill. Wellington, considering that this was not an improbable move, had ordered Beresford to support Hill in that event. He also recalled two divisions of

Spaniards from the Bastan and fed them himself, to prevent their plundering.

Hill's troops were posted along a wooded and broken ridge two miles in length, extending from the Château of Villefranque, on the right bank of the Nive, to Vieux Moguerre, on the left of the Adour. His centre, separated from the left by a series of ponds, was on both sides of the Bayonne road, near the village of St. Pierre. His communication with the main army was secured by a new bridge of boats over the Nive. He had only fourteen thousand men and fourteen guns. The French numbered thirty-five thousand and occupied a chain of heights before St. Pierre; they were very strongly posted and they had also seven thousand men in Hill's rear. The ground between the two ranges was open but the country was too heavy and broken for cavalry. The night before the battle a great misfortune happened; the allies' bridge of boats was swept away and for some hours they were without communication with the main army.

The morning was shrouded in fog. Soult made his preparations for a general attack; but the nature of the country and roads compelled him to keep a large portion of his army in reserve. He ordered an advance, supported by fifty guns, to be made simultaneously against the allies' wings and centre. The focus of the battle was the centre, where the fighting was terrible in its fury and persistency. The French general Abbé

dashed forward, regardless of the musketry on his flanks and the crushing cannonade in his front, which tore his ranks. He gained the top of the ridge, and drove back the Portuguese who were stationed there. A brilliant charge checked them for a moment; but fresh men came forward, and Soult sent a battery of horse-artillery, which fired upon the allies at close quarters. The Portuguese, unable to withstand such numbers, prepared to retreat; they were rallied and continued the fight stubbornly; but the men fell at their guns and the ground was covered with dead. One general and most of the staff were wounded. In this desperate moment, if the French had been able to capture an impenetrable hedge to the right of the allies' centre, the day must have been lost; for both wings were heavily engaged and could offer no assistance; and to crown the danger at this critical moment two colonels, with their regiments, dishonourably quitted their posts, whilst Foy was approaching with large reinforcements. But Hill from his station on a height behind saw alike the danger and the defection of the two regiments; he promptly brought them back to action, and putting himself at the head of the reserve divisions, sent one in aid of the right wing at Vieux Moguerre, and with the other hastened to the distressed centre. Meanwhile the gallant stand of the Portuguese by the hedge had given time for the brave 92nd regiment, which had been driven back by the rush of the French, to re-form. It advanced with colours

streaming and its band playing the old familiar national airs, with its undaunted Colonel Cameron at its head. The British skirmishers rallied at the sight; and the French, though at full charge and eager for the fray, were ordered back by their superior officer, who noted the successful attack made by the reserve division under Hill on the right. This decided the event. The English left wing, already conquering, now repulsed the discouraged French, whilst still further successes were achieved to the far right. However, Soult, under cover of his cannonade, prepared for a fresh onslaught. But Hill drew another regiment from the victorious right wing to the centre; for he saw the welcome brigades of four divisions, headed by Wellington himself, appearing in his rear. The day was already won. To give an idea of the slaughter at the centre, the officer who brought an order of attack found no one to receive it, generals, staff, and officers having been cut down, and so executed it himself.

Wellington soon after gave the command for a general advance and the French retreated fighting, hotly followed. The loss of the allies was two thousand five hundred men, of the French three thousand. This battle of St. Pierre has been considered to be one of the most bloody in the whole war. Wellington said he had never seen a field so thickly strewn with dead. "Five thousand men were killed and wounded in three hours in the space of one square mile."

CHAPTER XII.

The Crossing of the Adour.

WELLINGTON, during the winter of 1813, stationed his troops about the coast and established a system of signals with the right bank of the Nive. Bayonne, one of the bulwarks of France, was before him. He was in possession of the Lower Adour and checked the French supplies, having anticipated and frustrated Soult's attempt to throw a fortified bridge over the river. The country was productive and he was in communication with the French insurgents. His bronzed veterans were also in robust health and eager for fresh fighting and he only waited till the roads should be practicable. But the winter brought its difficulties. The country, intersected by rivers, was one vast swamp. It was often impossible to transmit orders and convey provisions, for each rain on the hills brought down the rivers in flood and the bridges across the Nive were again washed away. The Spaniards broke out into unbridled excesses, which so roused the spirit of the warlike Basques of the Val de

Baygorry and the Val des Osses, that, fostered by Soult, they organized a new partizan warfare, which might have proved a sore thorn in the allies' side but for Wellington's promptness in stopping it. As commander-in-chief of the Spanish army, he held the Spaniards constantly under arms, a measure which was bitterly resented by their generals and sullenly obeyed for a time; but they broke out again, and he finally quelled all further disturbances by threatening to burn all the villages of the insurgents, unless they openly joined Soult or remained quietly at home. This had the desired effect. The Basques saw the advantages to be gained from English friendship and turned a deaf ear to Soult's appeals. But Wellington was still fettered by the Adour and was weatherbound through the winter till the early spring. The coast, from which most of his supplies came, was of a dangerous character and the shore was almost daily littered with corpses of drowned men and fragments of wreck.

Soult, leaving a garrison at Bayonne, had established his head-quarters at Peyrehorade, extending his troops about the Bidouze and Joyeuse to St. Jean Pied de Port and fortifying several of the towns. His provisions however were short, and had the English navy, as Wellington suggested, cut off his supplies from Bordeaux, he must have been greatly distressed. As it was his hospitals filled fast, and his conscripts deserted in large numbers.

Matters in Portugal were very unsatisfactory. Hardly had Beresford quitted Lisbon to join the army, when the Regency broke out into fresh violence, and even found pretexts for imprisoning several English residents. The arrangement made with regard to new conscripts was not adhered to; for though nine thousand men were raised, they were not allowed to leave the country, the excuse being that the Spanish Government had broken its share of the treaty of 1812, which provided for the establishment of hospitals in Spain, and for provisions, to be partly paid for by bills on the Portuguese treasury. Wellington was justly angry with this fresh act of Spanish bad faith; but he reminded the Portuguese that they were receiving a subsidy from England for the supply of troops, and offered to send ships to fetch them, as they could not come through Spain. But the Regency had long been agitating for the payment of the subsidy in money instead of in kind, and they seized this particularly inopportune moment, when they were neglecting to fulfil their part of the contract, to renew their application. This was firmly refused; for Wellington knew that the money would only be embezzled, and the army in that case would disappear altogether.

Of the Spanish Government Wellington writes, at the close of the year: "The civil magistrates in the country have not only refused us assistance, but have particularly ordered the inhabitants not to give it for payment. . . . . At Fuenterarabia

there is a building which has been a Spanish hospital, and the Spanish authority who gave it over wanted to carry off, in order to burn as firewood, the beds, that our soldiers might not have the use of them." But in the new Cortez a reaction set in in favour of the English, and would have gone to injudicious lengths had not Wellington interposed. The consequence was a unanimous rejection of the insidious advances of Napoleon as set forth in the private treaty of Valençay, the chief provisions of which were the restoration of Ferdinand as King of Spain and the Indies, and the ridding the Peninsula of the English; Napoleon promised, on his part, to withdraw the French, and all Spaniards who had espoused the French cause were to return to their estates.

Ferdinand acted as weakly and dishonestly as usual. He secretly instructed his envoy, should he find the Tory party in power, to urge them to accept the treaty and to break it as occasion served. Were the Liberals uppermost, they were to be asked merely to agree to the articles, which he could then break for himself. Had he come into Spain at this crisis in person, the results to the war would probably have been serious, and it seems that Napoleon intended it; but his plans were frustrated, and the arrival of Ferdinand was delayed till a comparatively harmless period.

Even before Vittoria Wellington had foreseen the necessity of the Spanish Government publishing a universal pardon to all adherents of the

French cause. He pointed out the circumstances under which the cause was espoused, the many friends and relations belonging to its supporters in Spain, the ability of the men, and the danger of their being allowed to remain exiled and unforgiven in France. In judging the conduct of Spain in these troubled times, it must be remembered that it appeared in its blackest light to Wellington, who was born and bred a Tory of the straitest sect, and had an innate horror of democratic or even liberal politics. Perhaps under the circumstances it was impossible for him to make allowances for a wretched and debased country in its blind, dark struggles after liberty. The licence of its free Press, the inadequate political respect, in his judgment, to birth and property, offended and shocked him. He assumed that a people with such feelings must be hopeless, that a Government which could sanction such aspirations must be corrupt to its core. The state of affairs at home was not favourable. Wellington's army seemed to be wholly unnoticed, except by unreasonable demands for him to proceed, irrespectively of weather and provisions. Troops that were to have swelled his forces were drafted to further the insurrection in Holland, money was most inadequately supplied. As he said in his despatches, "he had not a shilling to pay for anything in the country, and his credit was gone." Yet the Government, whilst prodigally lavishing money elsewhere, sent out an emissary to remonstrate

against his expenditure. He wrote to Lord Bathurst, "In military operations there are some things that cannot be done, and one is to move troops in this country during or immediately after a violent fall of rain. To attempt it will be to lose more men than can be replaced, a guilty waste of life." On a repetition of the proposal to transfer the British army to Holland, Wellington reminded the ministers that "for five years he had held two hundred thousand of Napoleon's best soldiers in check with thirty thousand men, since it was ridiculous to suppose that the Spaniards and Portuguese could have resisted for a moment if the British troops had been withdrawn." The change in the scene of operations would tend to deprave the British army and cause an outpour of the French forces still in the Peninsula upon the allies in Germany. Clearly the way to harass Napoleon was to advance further into France, where the Bourbon insurgents might swell the allies' cause. From carelessness about the health of the soldiers, the supply of warm clothing and great coats, so necessary in those cold regions, was delayed, and the men were left to endure the keen blasts of the Pyrenees and the chill damps of the plains, insufficiently clad. The clothing, instead of arriving at the end of the campaign of 1813, when the soldiers had time to unship the goods, came at the beginning of the year when the army was on its march to France, and some of the best regi-

ments had to fetch it from the coast themselves. To increase his difficulties, Keith and Collier, who commanded the British fleet, claimed the right to capture French vessels. The Duke of York chose this moment for withdrawing his seasoned veterans, and, through false reports of an infectious fever, all the harbours on the north coast of Spain were closed by quarantine regulation. These annoyances were trying to even a stout heart; but Wellington held his way.

Clinton, who commanded the Anglo-Sicilian force, and some of the Spanish troops in the eastern provinces, had been making a gallant stand against Suchet, though his men were fed on salt provisions from the ships, while the Spaniards were literally starving. He had honourably struggled against almost invincible difficulties, and though no brilliant action was possible, he nevertheless contrived to hold in check, at a critical moment of the war, the vastly superior numbers of the enemy. But the tide had turned; treachery broke out in the French camp, Napoleon withdrew large numbers of Suchet's troops, and in the spring of 1814 he was recalled altogether. To the last he held aloof from Soult, and resisted his appeal to join him, to form a "dike against the torrent which threatened France."

Soult's embarrassments had been very great for some time. Though it was in its own country, the army was generally ill-received by the inhabitants, and the merchants, disaffected as a class against

Napoleon, were particularly hostile at Bayonne; for they resented the spoiling of their beautiful villas and gardens in military preparations. One even went so far as to offer to furnish Wellington with supplies, and to make advances of money. Wellington's system was now bearing fruit. "The English general's policy," says a French letter from Bayonne, "and the good discipline he maintains do us more harm than ten battles. Every peasant wishes to be under his protection." In fact numbers of the peasants passed over with their property to the British lines.

Napoleon was also beginning to be pressed for troops; he hastened the conscription throughout France, and withdrew three divisions from Soult early in 1814. The Bourbon party was rapidly spreading through France, and the Duc d'Angoulême, brother to Louis XVIII., reached Wellington's head-quarters, where he was courteously received, but not allowed to take any part in military operations. Considering his trying position and the inferiority of his numbers, Soult developed a new plan of proceeding which he submitted to the Emperor. He proposed to increase the garrison at Bayonne to fourteen thousand men, and place it under D'Erlon; the remainder of the army was to carry on an irregular partizan warfare, skirting the Pyrenees and harassing Wellington's flank and rear as he advanced into France. Clauzel, being a native of the district, was to be commander, and to press all the inhabitants into

the service; and Soult, feeling convinced that he would be no longer needed, begged the Emperor to allow him to form a great army in central France to defend Paris. "If Paris falls, all will be lost; whereas if it be saved, the loss of a few large towns in the south can be repaired." He would gather as many troops as possible from the different frontiers, and all generals and officers not engaged with the Grande Armée, should organize fresh partizan corps. This bold scheme which Wellington, well knowing the danger of a partizan warfare, is said to have dreaded, was not approved by Napoleon, and Soult remained with his troops to the last in the South of France.

Wellington received at this time a large amount of gold; and to obviate the difficulty of foreign coinage, objected to by country-people and depreciated by townspeople, he resorted to an expedient he had formerly practised in India. Knowing that some of his soldiers were acquainted with the art of coining, he had all the English gold recoined into French Napoleons, preserving, however, the exact weight, and adding a small mark by which the coins might be identified and recalled by the French government at the close of the war.

The Adour is a broad river, with a rapid current and an ebbing tide, running seven miles an hour. Its mouth is choked with sandbanks, and it was jealously guarded by gunboats and merchant-vessels. The difficult problem of crossing was

solved by Wellington with no ordinary ability. His plan was to throw a bridge across the river below the town, using its mouth as a harbour, and the Royal road for bringing up stores, and as a possible retreat. Forty large sailing-boats, which would be unsuspected on account of the improbability of the scheme, were to bring up planks and material. To divert Soult's attention, an attack was to be made on the French line, and under cover of the operations Hope was to cross.

In February, 1814, came a frost, rendering the roads practicable, and Wellington advanced. Soult's suspicions were roused; but he thought that the demonstration was intended to cover a passage of the river above and not below the town, and he took his measures accordingly. Then the movements of the allies perplexed him, and he began to think that the intention was to reach the Adour by turning his left. He knew that Bayonne must be the object of attack; but the idea that the river was to be bridged below the town never struck him. Wellington was, in fact, playing two games; if his bridge failed he could still operate towards the French left. When all was ready, and as soon as weather permitted, Hope pushed by night through the pine forest, which stretched towards the river, and reached the sand downs. His pontoon train and artillery followed; he drove back the French pickets and planted six 18-pound guns on the bank to cover his passage. However, owing to the stormy weather, the boats

did not arrive, and he boldly resolved to attempt to cross without them. The French flotilla began firing early in the morning, but the allies retorted so fiercely that they forced it to retire up the river. A raft was put together, and a large detachment of men went over in the face of a French outpost, which withdrew bewildered without firing.

General Thouvenot, the Governor of Bayonne, despatched a small body of men to ascertain the state of affairs; for the river was hidden from view by a wide bend and the pine forest. The English gave them so warm a reception that the French column turned in confusion, and there seems to be no doubt that a stronger guard should have been kept on the right bank. The boats were at length seen struggling over the bar, terribly tossed by a heavy sea. The wind and waves were so high that some men and vessels were lost. The rest arrived safely, and a bridge was constructed, with great skill, three miles below Bayonne, where the river was eight hundred feet broad. Thus this famous exploit, one of the most daring and dangerous of the whole war, was accomplished. Hope proceeded to invest the town. This was not easy, as the outskirts were strongly fortified with entrenched houses, churches, and villas. He succeeded in taking the suburb of St. Etienne, in spite of a sally by Thouvenot, and began the siege.

Meanwhile Wellington had passed the Gave d'Oleron, and Soult had withdrawn to the high ground above Orthes. Wellington did not con-

sider it likely that the French would offer battle, and indeed news came that they were retreating; but Soult was only forming his men on a line of hills. His left, under Clauzel, was posted in the town of Orthes, and held the fine old bridge. His right, under Reille, extended to the village of St. Boës. His massive centre, under D'Erlon, was on a large round hill, and behind it was placed a reserve in open, hilly country, which could support either D'Erlon or Reille. The road from Orthes to Dax ran through the line to St. Boës, and the front was covered by marshy ground. Wellington's plan was this: Beresford, with the left wing, was to turn the enemy's right by the ridge of St. Boës; Picton was to attack the French centre; Hill, with the right, was to ford the river above Orthes, and cut off the retreat to Pau, so that the French, if defeated, would be enclosed at Orthes. Picton had some difficulty in gaining his position. He became entangled in dangerous rocky ground between the river and Peyrehorade road, where, had he been attacked, his situation would have been perilous. Wellington quickly remedied an error in his dispositions. From his post on a high hill crowned with a Roman camp, facing the French centre, he saw there was too great a distance between Picton and Beresford, and quietly, so as to avoid attracting the enemy's attention, he filled up the gap. Early in the morning of the 27th of February the battle began, and Beresford made strenuous efforts to turn the French right. Five times his men,

under Ross, burst through the narrow, rugged pass into the village of St. Boës, and beyond it; but each time Reille's steady and deadly fire drove them back before they could expand a front. At length, after three hours' desperate fighting, the Portuguese, unable to bear any longer the heavy fire, broke in disorder and the English made a difficult retreat through St. Boës. At the same moment a detachment of Picton's men, attacking the left of the centre, was driven back, losing some prisoners. Soult, in the exultation of the moment, smote his thigh, exclaiming, "At last I have him!" He thought the day was his and at once ordered up all his reserves. It was a crisis of imminent danger; but a "small black cloud" was rising just above his horizon, which, though at first no bigger than a man's hand, soon darkened the whole sky of battle. Wellington, watching from his hill, had rapidly made new dispositions. He despatched fresh troops to the Dax road above St. Boës, while the entire body of Picton's two divisions was poured against Foy's left flank at the extremity of the French centre, and the brave Colonel Colborne with his matchless regiment left the Roman camp, and, wading almost waist-deep through the marsh, cut the right wing off from the centre. Reille, assailed on both sides, was now forced to give way and Foy fell badly wounded. Wellington pushed his troops through St. Boës. Soult made a fresh stand; but Hill with his twelve thousand men had come up,

Orthes was turned, and his only line of escape threatened. He at once commanded a retreat, which he conducted with great skill and order, making a stand at every available point, till, seeing Hill's rapid approach, the French began to run and both sides raced to the bridge across the Luy de Bearn; and, though Soult succeeded in crossing, a charge led by Sir Stapleton Cotton cut down two or three hundred men. Even a month later three thousand stragglers were missing from his army. The pursuit ceased here for the day; for the country between the Gave de Pau and the Adour was intersected by no less than four deep and rapid rivers and Soult broke down the bridges after him.

At Orthes the French lost about four thousand men and six guns, the allies two thousand three hundred, and Wellington himself was among the wounded, having received a musket-shot above the thigh. This retarded the pursuit and Soult, abandoning his magazines, retired on both banks of the Adour to Tarbes, giving up Bordeaux in the old hope of communicating with Suchet. His position was terrible. He was not only weakened by losses and desertion but he had no stores left; even his own countrymen were hostile and the soldiers, disgusted at the unfriendliness shown them, behaved harshly and insolently in return. At this time Soult received a letter of instruction from Napoleon urging him to leave only a handful of men in Bayonne and resume the offensive against the allies. Such a note, of course, was far

too late to be of any use. He pondered carefully over his circumstances and decided that his only chance was to await an attack, when he might entangle the allies in the mountainous country at the roots of the Pyrenees and delay their passage of the Garonne. He issued a powerful proclamation, appealing to the people of France for help, bitterly reflecting on the conduct of the English in stirring up civil war, and encouraging the claims of the Duc d'Angoulême; for a circumstance had happened which had galled Soult to the quick. Wellington's personal sympathies were strongly on the Royalist side; but he had carefully refrained from any public expression of them till he ascertained the course which the allied sovereigns should take. This was the reason why he had not allowed the Duc to accompany the army. But after the battle of Orthes, the Royalist fire, which had smouldered at Bordeaux even through the Revolution, broke out into flame and the mayor begged for Wellington's help. He sent Beresford to the city with twelve thousand men, with orders to occupy it and secure the Garonne as a port. He was told to take no part in any Royalist manifestation. At the same time he was not to prevent any, provided order was maintained; and Wellington sent word to the Royalists, that "though the British wished well to Louis XVIII., they were negotiating with Napoleon, and if peace followed, it would be out of his power to protect them."

Beresford entered Bordeaux and was received by the mayor, the Imperial garrison having retired. The Bourbonists tore down the tricolour, hoisted the white flag, the Duc d'Angoulême entered, and Louis XVIII. was proclaimed King with acclamation, the Duc distributing offices as though he were King of France. And the mayor went so far as to issue a proclamation, approved of by the Duc, "that the British, Portuguese, and Spanish armies were united in the south, as the other nations were united in the north, solely to destroy Napoleon and replace him by a Bourbon King, who was conducted thither by these generous allies, and only by accepting that King could the French appease the resentment of the Spaniards." The Duc and mayor soon repented of their haste, for a Napoleonist reaction set in.

Wellington, on being informed of the proclamation, sharply reproached the Duc for implicating himself and his army, in spite of his express stipulation. He warmly denied that he was bound to support by arms or money the Duc's civil government. What had happened only "rendered it more incumbent upon him to beware how he gave farther encouragement, or, to speak plainly, *permission*, to the Bourbonists to declare themselves." Unless the proclamation were publicly retracted within ten days, he should answer it himself.

Till Soult heard of these proceedings, he and Wellington had been secretly measuring each other's strength. He was ignorant of Beresford's

departure and Wellington was under the impression that the French had received reinforcements. In reality the armies were nearly equal.

Soult having learned of Beresford's absence, determined to lose no time in attacking the allies, and Napoleon had advised him to "draw the war to the side of Pau;" but he ultimately found it necessary, after a severe combat at Tarbes, to retire to Toulouse. He had felt for months that he was playing a losing game, but he left no effort unmade to change the tide of war. Suchet was as impracticable as ever; "if he joined anyone it would be the Emperor." Wellington followed slowly to Toulouse and at the end of March the armies once more faced each other.

Soult's reasons for choosing Toulouse as his last military pivot were, that it was one of the largest cities in the south of France, containing fifty thousand inhabitants; it was also a great arsenal, and the point of convergence of several roads convenient for retreat. The situation of the town itself on the Garonne was favourable for fighting a battle. It was defended on the west by the suburb of St. Cyprien, which lay without the river, enclosed by a strong brick wall, and was considered impregnable. The town itself was surrounded with massive masonry, and on the north and east ran a great canal. At the south-east corner and on this canal were the outworks of St. Etienne and Guillemerie, in front of which stood the hills of Sacarin and Cambon. In front

of these again was the rugged ridge of Mont Rave, two miles in length, overlooking a marshy plain, through which the little river Ers flowed parallel to the ridge. On the south was also a plain with the suburb of St. Michel, beyond it the hills of Pech David.

Wellington first tried to approach the south and weakest side of the town, but the river was too wide for his pontoons. The rising of the Garonne prevented further movements for some days. When it subsided, Beresford crossed with eighteen thousand men at Grenade, fifteen miles below Toulouse; but the river rose again so fast that the rest of the army could not follow, and Beresford was left with his troops on the right bank alone. He remained thus for three days in great peril; but Soult, thinking that the mass of the allies were now over the river, held by the town; his caution was also increased by the news that the allied sovereigns had entered Paris. A few days later the rest of the army crossed, leaving Hill on the left bank before St. Cyprien. Wellington advanced from the north along both banks of the Ers, and brilliantly carried the bridge of Croix d'Orade, which secured the communications of his two columns. But Soult, who had had seventeen days for rest and preparation, was ready. He knew that the ground was bad for the allies' cavalry, and he was now superior to them in artillery. His position covered three sides of Toulouse. His right occupied Mont Rave and its two platforms, the Calvinet and St. Sypière,

his left stretched westward and guarded St. Cyprien, his centre defended the canal on the north. Wellington considered his point of attack and resolved to make a flank march between the Ers and Mont Rave, cross the canal by the suburb of St. Guillemerie, and finally attack the city from the south. Hill was to assail St. Cyprien, Picton and Alten were to occupy the troops on the north, and Beresford was to be covered in his march by Freire. But Soult had anticipated this flank march, and was not unprepared for it.

Early in the morning of the 10th of April Beresford set out on his toilsome road, a "miry labyrinth of watercourses," made more difficult by artificial inundations. He halted now and then to gather his straggling men and restore order, whilst all the time he was under a tremendous fire from the Mont Rave guns.

Freire, with his nine thousand Spaniards, took the hill of Pugade, and a battery of Portuguese guns planted there opened fire against the Calvinet. The Spaniards ascended the hill gallantly, but encountered so appalling a fire that a part leaped for shelter into a hollow road covering the entrenchments. This road, however, was raked by a battery, and the French, rushing from their works to the edge of it, fired down upon the men below. A terrible slaughter ensued. The Spanish generals brought up fresh men; but the ghastly scene beneath them and the merciless fire of the enemy, compelled them to retire, after a loss of fifteen

hundred men. Wellington covered their retreat and the Portuguese guns continued their fire; but another misfortune had befallen the allies. Picton, with an injudicious and fiery zeal, had exceeded his orders, and had failed with a loss of four hundred men. Hill had taken the first line of entrenchments about St. Cyprien; but he could only menace the second line, as it was too strong to be stormed. The fortune of the day was so far with Soult and the turn of the tide seemed to rest entirely with Beresford. Soult saw his advantage and largely reinforced his right wing. It is said, however, that the French did not attack in time and that their combinations were bad. When they rushed down the hill they were firmly met by the British line with a discharge of rockets and musketry. They were dismayed and the English sprang forward and thrust them up the hill, whilst their cavalry was received and repulsed by squares of infantry; some even had no time for charging, their opponents were so quick. A French general was killed, the summit was gained, and St. Sypière taken, the enemy sheltering behind the ridge. Soult was greatly chagrined at this unexpected reverse; nevertheless he rallied the troops and made new dispositions; for the English were threatening the flank of his defences and he feared lest they should gain the bridge of Demoiselles over the canal.

There was now a pause, but about half-past two the battle was recommenced by Beresford attacking the Calvinet. In spite of the enemy's fire the troops

scrambled up the height and after a very sharp struggle captured it; Soult then withdrew to the other side of the canal and Wellington posted the Spaniards along the entire ridge of Mont Rave. This ended the day and Soult made preparations to continue the battle in the morning, and also for his probable retreat, by sending a last message to Suchet, begging him to meet him and make a final stand on the Upper Garonne. The next day nothing was done. Wellington however sent to intercept Soult's retreat, who now discerned that it was no longer safe to remain in Toulouse. Leaving eight large guns, two generals, and sixteen hundred wounded to the generosity of the English, he marched out by night on the southern side, breaking down the canal and river bridges after him. In this, the last battle in the Peninsula, Soult had about fifty thousand men, the allies sixty-four thousand five hundred and thirty-seven. The allies lost four generals and four thousand six hundred and fifty-nine men, including fifteen hundred Spaniards; the French, five generals, three thousand killed and wounded, and one gun. It was really a superfluous conflict; for Soult knew four days previously of the capture of Paris, but he wished to support Napoleon to the last and, if possible, to keep for him the southern capital of France.

As Wellington entered the town white flags were flying and numbers of the inhabitants wore the Royalist colour. But, as at Bordeaux, he warned

them that all demonstrations must be at their own risk. There was however little cause now for disguise or fear; for in the afternoon the welcome news came of Napoleon's abdication and Wellington and his officers donned the white cockade amid the shouts of the people. The bearers of the tidings had been detained on the way and Soult refused to believe them until he heard from the ministers of the late Emperor. He proposed a temporary truce. This Wellington declined; for he thought that Soult designed to raise a civil war. He resumed his march against him; but Soult had received the official communication and peace was arranged. Soult had served his master to the end; but Suchet, who was included in the armistice, had of his own accord assumed the Royalist badge.

Wellington at once sent the news to Bayonne and to Clinton in Catalonia; but it did not come in time to avert the sad misadventure which befell the brave soldiers before Bayonne. Hope had been vigorously pressing the siege and was about to assault the citadel, when he heard the report of the fall of Paris. It is thought that this may have caused some relaxation of watchfulness; for when a deserter brought news of an intended desperate sally to St. Etienne, no sufficient precaution was taken. Two hours later, in the dead of night, three thousand French burst from the citadel and rushing into the suburb took it, with the exception of one fortified house, killing a general and cutting asunder the allies' wings. A German regiment

rallied and the dispirited troops succeeded in retaking the village. The darkness was so great that friends and foes could not be distinguished, and the citadel and gunboats on the river kept up an indiscriminate and deadly fire; shells fell among the stores of fascines and kindled the houses, lighting luridly the terrible scene. In this tumult Hope himself was taken prisoner, having been, with other officers, severely wounded. At length, at daybreak, the allies succeeded in driving the French back. In this deplorable affair the allies lost eight hundred and thirty men, including two hundred prisoners; the French more than nine hundred men. Shortly before this Admiral Penrose had destroyed or carried off the whole French flotilla in the Garonne, and all the forts and batteries from Blaye to the mouth of the river. Soon after Lord Wellington's despatch arrived.

Thus ended the great Peninsular War. After five years of fighting and bloodshed, Spain was freed from her foreign bondage and the glorious army, having won its immortal laurels, was disbanded. Clinton embarked his men from Catalonia; some of the British troops returned to England, others were shipped to America. The Portuguese and Spanish soldiers were sent to their respective countries; and seven fortresses in Spain, which had held out to the end of the war, surrendered on a general peace.

CHAPTER XIII.

Napoleon.

WE must now turn back a little to trace briefly the fortunes of the remarkable man who had shaken Europe to its foundations.

Before quitting France for his struggle against Russia and Prussia, in 1813, Napoleon appointed as Regent in his absence his young wife, Marie Louise of Austria, whom he had married after his divorce from Josephine. This was partly for the sake of safety, for conspiracies had broken out during his previous expedition to Russia, and partly on political grounds, for it gratified the Austrian party in Paris, and strengthened the hope that Austria would remain faithful to her alliance with France.

The first victories of the campaign, Lützen and Bautzen, were purchased at an immense sacrifice of life. The boyish forms of the French conscripts presented a strange contrast to the stalwart though undrilled frames of the German peasants. After Bautzen, Napoleon said bitterly, "What, neither guns nor men taken, after all this carnage! They

will not leave me a nail! When will all this be done?"

Repeated efforts had been made by Austria to mediate between Napoleon and his enemies, but with an infatuation which recalls to mind the "Man of Destiny," he scornfully disdained all conditions. In vain did Metternich, the astute Austrian statesman, urge the reasonable proposal that France should retain her other conquests, if she would give up all territory beyond the Rhine. Napoleon angrily declined it and was mean enough to endeavour to bribe Austria over to his interests. The bribe offered was contemptible and Metternich refused it. At the end of the interview Napoleon exclaimed, "Ah, Metternich, how much has England given you to make war upon me?" Soon after, news arrived of the English triumph at Vittoria and Austria at length joined the Grand Alliance, which now consisted of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, England, and Austria. The Austrian General, Prince Schwartzenberg, was appointed commander-in-chief of the allied armies. The Russian Emperor Alexander, Frederick William, King of Prussia, and Bernadotte, Crown Prince of Sweden, took the field in person. As yet England chiefly helped with arms and money.

On the recommencement of the war, after the temporary peace of Prague, the allies were defeated by Napoleon near Dresden; but Vandamme, who had pursued too far, was taken prisoner at Kulm, with eight thousand men. Macdonald was de-

feated by Blücher, the Prussian general, in Silesia; Oudinot by Bernadotte, at Gross Beeren; Ney, near Berlin, by the indefatigable Blücher, a man old in years, but young in mind and body. Fired with burning memories of past humiliations, he fought with restless activity and obtained the soubriquet of Marshal Forwards, for he was always foremost in the fray.

After some indecision, and much marching and countermarching, which exhausted and dispirited his boy-conscripts, Napoleon was forced to begin his retreat towards the Rhine. The King of Bavaria had deserted him, and he now prepared to make a stand at Leipsic, where he was joined by Murat, Augereau, and Marmont. The French army numbered one hundred and seventy-five thousand men, the allies exceeded two hundred and thirty thousand. "Give me but one victory," said Napoleon, "and Germany may yet be saved!" The terrible battle of Leipsic was fought on the 16th of October, 1813. It resulted in the defeat of the French, and Napoleon was driven to sue for peace, promising to retire beyond the Rhine. Such terms could not be entertained. He took up a new position, and was again defeated. He lost in all sixty thousand men. His only resource was immediate retreat. This retreat from Leipsic was only second in disaster to that from Moscow. A bridge across the Elster having been blown up by mistake, fifteen thousand men and two generals were caught and captured by the allies. The

French soldiers, discouraged, worn out, and hotly pursued, died by hundreds. A thousand were taken at Freyberg. In the battle of Hanau they were beaten by their old allies, the Bavarians. Still Napoleon could not abstain from scattering dust in the eyes of the French people. He sent twenty stands of the enemy's colours to his Empress at Paris.

Dresden, Dantzic, and other towns surrendered. He reached Frankfort and soon after crossed the Rhine with eighty thousand men, the remnant of an army of three hundred and fifty thousand. He hastened to Paris and summoned a Council of State. He did not seek to disguise the calamities which had befallen the eagles and acknowledged the serious position in which France was placed. The mountains of the Pyrenees had always been deemed as impassable a barrier to France as the strip of silver sea had been to England, yet the Pyrenees were crossed, for Wellington and his victorious army were even now invading the southern provinces of France. To the north, in Holland and the Netherlands, were the Russians. Though Napoleon had said, "that rather than give up Holland, he would sink it into the sea," it was now free. The Dutch had all rushed to arms and almost at this moment the long-exiled Prince of Orange was returning in triumph to his kingdom. In Germany, to the east, were the rest of the allies, and Switzerland had thrown off the French yoke. He made desperate efforts to ward off the

inevitable. He drew thirty million of francs from the reserve fund in the Tuileries and nearly doubled the taxes. The Senate voted everything as he wished, including a new conscription of three hundred thousand men, although the last great levy had been made but a month before. "Never talk of peace, till I have burned Munich!" were his bitter words to the French Senate.

But the people were wearied and heart-broken. Hitherto they had consoled themselves for the loss of husbands, sons, and money by the pride of patriotism. Now that their vanity was unsustained by the hope of fresh glory, they felt that they had sacrificed everything to the ambition of a tyrant.

England was making new efforts on a still larger scale for the coming campaign. Canning made one of his most eloquent speeches at the opening of Parliament, in which he acknowledged Wellington's genius, praised England for her past exertions, and congratulated her on her splendid successes. Never was a war more popular or a Parliament more unanimous.

The allies made a last effort to conclude a peace with Napoleon from Frankfort. He temporised and sent no answer. In the last hour of the last day of the year 1813 the allies crossed the Rhine and poured into France through Switzerland and North Germany. Blücher crossed at Coblentz and prepared to march on Paris. Bernadotte was to menace the north-eastern frontier, and complete

the conquest of the Low Countries. With matchless energy Napoleon made ready to meet the enemies, who were closing round him; but he failed to raise more than one hundred thousand men, whilst the enormous total of the allies was one hundred and twenty-eight thousand. The Regency was given to Marie Louise, in conjunction with the unfortunate Joseph, who was so little respected in Paris that it was said that one of the Emperor's old cocked-hats had more influence than the ex-King of Spain.

The campaign of 1814 has been considered as the most brilliant and extraordinary of all Napoleon's great achievements. On the 25th of January he bade a sad and last farewell to his wife and son, the King of Rome, since called Napoleon II., and with his boy in his arms, touchingly commended both mother and child to the care of the National Guard.

The allies won the first battle at La Rothière, but the laurels of Champaubert and Montmirail were Napoleon's and his last victory at Montereau, won by his own personal exertions and brilliant generalship, brought his enemies to a standstill.

Meanwhile the cause of the Bourbons was once more becoming popular in France and the exertions of its supporters added to Napoleon's difficulties. Again fortunes were made by selling ribbon, only that instead of the tricolour of the Revolution it was the white cockade of the Royalists.

Louis XVIII. appealed to the allies and Senate from the retired seclusion of his English country-house and his brothers were equally active. Although the allies did not yet support his claim, there were many of the French people who hailed it with delight. The Emperor of Russia would fain have fought a decisive battle; but the old dread of Napoleon, awakened again by his recent successes, deterred the rest of the allies. They concluded with him the armistice of Lusigny, which was succeeded by the congress of Chatillon and the treaty of Chaumont.

Though the terms suggested by this congress were under the circumstances anything but exacting, Coulaincourt, the representative of France, had been ordered to "sign nothing," and the allies saw that a just settlement was impossible. The remarkable treaty of Chaumont was therefore concluded, which declared that England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria should each supply one hundred and fifty thousand men and keep them armed against France till times of peace. Two more battles were now won by the allies and, though the French had a doubtful success at Craone, it was at so bloody and disastrous a price as to recall the field of Albuera. Rheims was taken; but by a splendid effort Napoleon recaptured it and then reviewed his troops for the last time in this the last town he ever took.

Leaving Marmont and Mortier to deal with Blücher, Napoleon after a short rest turned all his

attention to the Grand Army and the defence of Paris. He came upon the allies unexpectedly at Arcis-sur-Aube and fought another doubtful action, which again was so ruinous in its consequences that he determined to march to the Rhine for the purpose of raising fresh troops. In a Council of War the allies resolved to proceed to Paris and sent a detachment after Napoleon, so that he might think that the main army was pursuing him. Meeting Marmont and Mortier on the route, they compelled them, after a defeat, to retreat to the capital. When at length Napoleon discovered the trick which had been played him, exclaiming "Nothing but a thunderbolt can save us," he set out with the greatest speed for Paris, which was in a state of terrible distress. A council had been held, by which it was decided that the Empress and King of Rome should quit the city, whilst Joseph implored the troops to hold out till the Emperor should arrive. The Emperor did not come; but Marmont and Mortier made a gallant resistance till they were forced to capitulate and the Grand Army entered.

Napoleon had made desperate efforts to reach the capital. He had sent a messenger, begging the allies to pause and negotiate; but they refused. At last, in the agony of despair, he drove on alone, but only to find the enemy in possession. He retired to Fontainebleau, where he awaited the end. The Royalist cause triumphed. The Senate, urged by Talleyrand, set the example of

renouncing Napoleon as Emperor, an example which was speedily followed. In vain did he abdicate the throne in favour of his wife and son; all concessions came too late. At first he tried to struggle against his fate; but he soon found resistance useless and finally resigned all pretensions to the throne of France and the kingdom of Italy on the 11th of April, 1814. He was still to be called Emperor, his empire or his prison was to be the island of Elba and he was to receive an income of four million five hundred thousand francs. Josephine, his divorced wife, was also to be allowed a million francs a year; but she only survived his fall a few weeks. The Duchies of Parma and Placentia were the provisions made for Marie Louise and her little son. After some hesitation she returned to her own country, where after many years she married again.

Napoleon took an affectionate farewell of his Old Guard, who shed tears of grief at his departure. "Adieu, my children," he exclaimed. ". . . . I would that I could press you all to my heart; but I will at least press your eagle." So saying he got into his carriage and drove away. A few faithful friends remained with him to the last; but most in his hour of need deserted him. He landed at Elba on the 5th of May, and he, the former Emperor of nations, surveyed his new kingdom from the top of the highest hill. "Ah," he said, "it must be confessed that my island is very small!"

But hope was not yet dead. From where he stood he could see the mountains of Italy stretching blue above the sea, and the Tuscan shore. Neither was he far from Corsica and Corsica might be made the stepping-stone to France.

CHAPTER XIV.

Waterloo.

THE fall of Napoleon was the resurrection of half of Europe. The Pope returned to Rome, after the long imprisonment endured at Fontainebleau, because he had refused to give up the States of the Church, and resumed his sway amidst great rejoicings. Ferdinand had already made his pilgrimage to Madrid, showing himself at most of the religious houses by the way, and betraying weakness and bigotry at every step. Genoa was added to the kingdom of Sardinia. The iron crown of Lombardy went back to Austria, who took the opportunity of seizing several Italian states and towns to which she had no claim. Norway and Sweden were united under Bernadotte, Norway being the price of his treachery to Napoleon and faithfulness to the allies. Murat remained for a short time longer King of Naples. Holland was joined to Belgium and the Prince of Orange assumed the title of King of the Netherlands, and the Prince Regent of England was proclaimed King of Hanover. Germany was re-

stored to almost the same condition as before the Revolution. Malta was given to England, who restored to France, with a few exceptions, all the French colonies taken during the war. Louis XVIII. entered Paris and solemnly made peace between France and the allies. He was warmly welcomed by his people; but this did not prevent them from laughing at the largeness of his foot, the impression of which they carved on Calais pier.

For six weeks longer the allies remained in Paris. The city presented an extraordinary spectacle, filled with the troops of twenty nations and reviews were held on the most splendid scale in the Champ de Mars.

It was about this time that Lord Wellington arrived, having been appointed English ambassador. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm as the liberator of Spain and all men combined to do him honour. He was raised to the rank of Duke by the Prince Regent, the Parliament voted half a million for the purchase of an estate, Ferdinand wrote to him expressing his gratitude and the King of Sweden sent him the Order of the Sword. The allies sought his advice on the state of Spain, which caused great uneasiness. Everything seemed to be in confusion; for though Ferdinand had promised to support the Cortez, he had never intended to do so and as soon as he felt himself once more in possession of the crown, he dissolved the governing

body, persecuted those who held liberal opinions, and revived the Inquisition.

The country was on the verge of a civil war. In this critical state of affairs Wellington offered to go in person and mediate between the King and his subjects. His offer was gladly accepted and in less than a week he left Paris for Madrid. Here he checked a dangerous revolt; for two of the Spanish armies were on the eve of declaring themselves on the side of the Cortez. But he could effect little else. He however gave Ferdinand the best and fullest advice on the financial, political, and military government of Spain, recommending him to seek help in his present difficulties from England. But all he could say of the result of his mission was, "I think there will certainly be no civil war at present." It was at Bordeaux, on his return from Spain, that he took leave of his splendid army, with which he could "go anywhere, and do anything." He addressed the soldiers by a general order, which made no pretence to rhetoric or eloquence, but which was simple, honest, and dignified. He thanked the men for their efforts, he praised them for their good conduct, discipline, and gallantry, and congratulated them on their success.

As soon as the ship bearing the Duke of Wellington was sighted from Dover, the guns from the white cliffs gave forth a thundering welcome. Though it was very early, the pier was crowded with eager men, who rent the air with

their cheers, and when he landed they bore him on their shoulders through the streets. Nor was his reception in London less enthusiastic. When his post-horses reached Westminster Bridge the crowd unyoked them and drew his carriage to the residence of the Duchess. Even then they would not suffer him to walk, but carried him in their arms across the threshold. Here he saw again the wife and sons from whom he had been absent five years.

London was gay in those days; after long years of anxiety men could afford to be merry. The allied sovereigns visited England; they were magnificently received and welcomed alike by rich and poor. The pleasures of that happy time have earned for it the name of the modern Field of the Cloth of Gold.

At the end of June Wellington took his seat in the House of Lords. He was admitted as baron, viscount, earl, marquess, and duke, laurels gathered from bloody fields of five years' warfare. He bore his honours modestly, he declared his gratitude to his country and addressed the thronged House of Commons in words of manly thanks. The Speaker answered eloquently, commenting on the Duke's military career and expressing the nation's obligation.

A thanksgiving service was held in St. Paul's, at which Wellington sat on the right hand of the Prince Regent. The degree of Doctor of Civil Law was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. In August the Duke visited the Nether-

lands, on his way to Paris, and made suggestions for the repair of the dismantled fortresses. He noted with a strange precision the best positions for battles, should war break out again and one of the spots noted was Waterloo. He stayed five months at Paris with his Duchess. His penetration discerned the heart-burnings of the French capital and the possible storm looming in the distance. The Bourbons were falling into great disfavour and Louis XVIII. was not the monarch to rule wisely in these difficult times, when the nation was demoralised by long-continued excitement and warfare. "I believe the truth to be," wrote Wellington, "that the people of this country are so completely ruined by the Revolution and they are now suffering so severely from the want of the plunder of the world, that they cannot get on without it; and they cannot endure the prospect of a peaceable government. If this is the case, we should take care how we suffer the Grand Alliance to break up; and we ought to look to our alliance with the powers of the Peninsula as our sheet-anchor."

Meanwhile the great Congress of Vienna was being held. The Emperor of Russia, the Kings of Prussia and Denmark, the German Princes, and many others, were assembled to decide the final apportionment of Europe. Lord Castlereagh represented England and Talleyrand France. The Congress sat long; two difficult points could not be determined. Alexander had set his heart on

possessing the whole of Poland and Prussia was equally anxious to obtain Saxony. These encroachments were warmly opposed by England, Austria, and France, who formed a secret league to carry out the provisions already resolved on. In the midst of the deliberations Lord Castlereagh returned to England and Wellington took his place.

When suddenly, at a grand ball in Vienna, on the evening of the 7th of March, 1815, the news arrived that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, every one was filled with consternation, to which was added the dread of uncertainty; as Wellington said, "All persons were impressed with the importance of the crisis which this circumstance occasions in the affairs of the world." Doubt, however, was soon changed to certainty. Tidings quickly came how Napoleon had landed, with the bold words, "Behold the Congress dissolved!" how he announced himself to his soldiers, "Here is your Emperor; if any one would kill him, let him fire!" He was received with tears of joy and the white cockade trampled underfoot and the tricolour put on. His impassioned words were again heard: "Soldiers, in my exile I have heard your voice! Come and range yourselves under the standards of your old chief, who was raised to the throne on your bucklers and has no existence but in yours. Victory will march at the charge-step; the eagle, with the national colours, will fly from steeple to steeple, till it alights on the towers of Notre Dame."

The allies lost no time in coming to terms. Poland, with one small exception, was divided between Russia and Prussia; large slices of Saxony were given to Prussia and Hanover. Four days after this settlement Wellington set out to put himself at the head of the English force in the Netherlands and to collect an army of English, Dutch, and Hanoverian troops, as it seemed probable that Belgium would be the place of attack.

The French Government at first smiled at the outbreak; but it soon trembled. Napoleon was greeted with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" wherever he went; Ney and Murat joined his cause and Louis was forced to fly. Napoleon entered Paris and took possession of the Tuileries, and instantly, like the awakening of the household of the enchanted princess from its slumbers, Paris was thronged with cooks, valets, footmen, even the former pages resumed their old places at the doors. This was the happiest day in all his life. Now began the hundred days of his new reign. They were full of difficulties. The allies issued a formal declaration, in which they proclaimed that Napoleon "had placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations and that as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world, he had rendered himself liable to public vengeance." They further gave their full support to the King of France and bound themselves not to lay down their arms till Buonaparte should be overthrown. England, France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, Spain,

Portugal, and Sweden, all signed this declaration. In vain did Napoleon try to make peace with the allies; they would not even listen to his proposals. He had the greatest difficulty in forming a government. None of the ablest men could be induced to take office and the advanced Liberals clamoured for concessions. They were however quieted and the constitution was to a certain extent settled. Arms were manufactured apace. Paris was fortified. Napoleon made extraordinary exertions and worked sixteen hours a day. The old numbers and eagles were given back to their regiments; recruits and veterans poured in till in June more than two hundred and twenty thousand men were ready. But Murat had been too precipitate; in his ardour he had not waited for Napoleon's orders. Having been utterly defeated, he had fled from Italy and Ferdinand again occupied the throne of Naples.

Napoleon left the government in charge of his brothers Lucien and Joseph and joyfully went to take the field. He "owed everything to the people" and had confidence in them, and the zeal of his soldiers. "I go," he said, "to measure myself with Wellington." If he did not say this in scorn, he must have materially altered his opinion of the "Sepoy general."

The allies had posted two great armies on the Upper and Lower Rhine. The army of the Lower Rhine, composed of Prussians, under Blücher, was to be sent to join Wellington in the Netherlands,

whilst the Russian army advanced through Poland to the Middle Rhine. Napoleon's plan was to separate Wellington and Blücher before the rest of the allies had time to assemble and enter France. On the 15th of June he crossed the frontier to begin the brief campaign of three days.

Wellington had not been idle. Field-works had been thrown up and fortresses repaired. The English Government was again remiss; for though it was an unfortunate moment, the best of the troops being in America, more effectual aid might have been obtained from the militia. He had one hundred and fifty-nine guns and ninety-two thousand men, three-fourths of which were British, the rest were a motley crew of Germans, Dutch, Belgians, Nassauers, and Brunswickers. He said that his army was "the worst ever brought together;" his staff, with some exceptions, were "a body of young gentlemen to whom he could trust no details." He asked for the old Portuguese troops of the Peninsula, but they did not come in time. Many Peninsular veterans were however with him, both men and officers. Blücher's Prussians amounted to one hundred and ten thousand. Napoleon's force consisted of one hundred and twenty thousand picked soldiers. It was not clear by which route he would come, for he concealed his troops behind the frontier fortresses of Belgium. There were several roads which he might take and Wellington posted himself about Brussels, which it was most necessary to defend.

He had his right wing near Ath and his left at Nivelle. Garrisons were thrown into Ghent and other important towns. He provided for every possible contingency and then waited for the French approach. Blücher's head-quarters were at Namur, his army being stationed on the banks of the Sambre and the Meuse, from Liége to Charleroi. The English left wing communicated with Blücher's right. It is not true that Wellington was surprised by Napoleon's approach. He did not know what route he might take; but he was ready and could easily have concentrated his men on any point attacked. Early on the afternoon of the 15th news arrived that Napoleon had crossed the Sambre and was close upon Charleroi. The Prussian outposts had retreated and Blücher was taking up his position at Ligny. Still Wellington could not join him, till he was certain whether the French would move on Brussels by the valley of the Sambre or by the Mons road to the west. At five o'clock orders were given for some of the troops to march and at ten, when there could be no further doubt of the enemy's intention, the whole army excepting the reserves, which followed on the 16th, was ordered to march southward to Quatre Bras. All preparations were kept strictly secret.

Brussels was full of gay visitors; numbers of English were there. Balls, dinners, and amusements filled the days and nights, and on the evening of the 15th was given a ball by the

Duchess of Richmond, which is now historical, and has been made familiar by Byron's fine stanzas. At this ball Wellington is said to have been "the gayest of the gay." None but the initiated had any suspicion that the enemy was so near. Soon after midnight the Duke and his staff, the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Brunswick, slipped from the ball-room, rode after the troops, and arrived at Quatre Bras before eleven the next morning. Quatre Bras is a farm-house where four roads meet; for the great road runs past it from Charleroi to Brussels and is crossed by another from Namur to Nivelles. It is twenty miles south of Brussels and is surrounded by corn-fields and woods. As a central point it was very important. The Prince of Orange was posted here with his corps of little more than seven thousand men. As soon as Wellington came up and had seen the Prince's arrangements, he hastened to Blücher, whose position at Ligny was so ill-chosen that the Duke, after fruitlessly pointing out his error to him, said to one of his staff, "Well, if I am not very much mistaken, the Prussians will get an awful thrashing to-day!" It was agreed that Wellington should remain at Quatre Bras to support the Prince of Orange and act as a reserve to the Prussians, if not attacked himself. The line of communication between the two armies was the Namur road. Not half the English troops had arrived when Ney vigorously attacked the Prince of Orange with seventeen

thousand men. The battle lasted nearly six hours and at first fortune was on the side of the French. Ney assailed the allies time after time with cavalry, infantry, and artillery and twice compelled the Princê of Orange to retire. But Wellington succeeded in restoring the battle; detachment after detachment of English infantry and Brunswickers came up and, though they were valiantly charged by the cuirassiers in the tall rye, they stood their ground and at last the French, being outnumbered, were forced to retreat, having lost four thousand men. The allies, who were throughout weak in cavalry and artillery, lost five thousand and among the dead was the brave Duke of Brunswick, who fell at the head of his hussars. The Light Division and Picton's regiment were especially distinguished and Picton was severely wounded, though he concealed his condition for fear of being unable to fight in the coming battle. Wellington himself was several times exposed to great personal danger; and being swept away by the retreat of a body of young troops which he was trying to rally, he is said, on coming to the verge of a ditch in which the 92nd Highlanders were crouching, to have exclaimed, "Lie down, men," and leaped over their bristling bayonets with a smile upon his face.

At the same time the battle of Ligny was raging between Napoleon and Blücher. The conflict was a terrible one and the noise of the guns could plainly be heard at Quatre Bras. The

Prussians stood their ground stubbornly and the village of Ligny was taken three times by each side. At length D'Erlon's corps, which by strange mismanagement had spent the day between the two battles without fighting in either, came up in great force. A fresh attack was formed against the Prussian centre which gave way. The victory was Napoleon's; but it was not a brilliant success, though Blücher's loss was very considerable, for the Prussians retreated in perfect order and unbroken courage to Wavre. As Blücher said, "it was a battle in which his army lost the day but not its honour."

It was not till several hours after that Wellington received accurate information of the Prussian defeat, for the horseman despatched with the news had been shot. As soon as he was assured of the exact state of affairs, he prepared to withdraw to Waterloo, where he would be able to communicate with Blücher, for he knew that Napoleon would now attack the English army. He obtained a promise from Blücher of twenty-five thousand men, in case of a battle, and began his march, Lord Uxbridge skilfully covering his retreat with his cavalry. Napoleon has been censured for wasting precious time in talk and allowing the English to retire almost unmolested.

The Duke reached Mont St. Jean, a mile from the village of Waterloo and twelve miles from Wavre. He received a message from Blücher "that he was coming to help, not with one corps,

but with his whole army." The best understanding existed between Wellington and Blücher. Napoleon sent Marshal Grouchy with thirty-two thousand men after the Prussians, with strict orders to prevent them from joining Wellington. Grouchy's operations have been the subject of much dispute, Napoleon blaming him severely for delay, and the Marshal retorting by a complaint of the lateness and insufficiency of his orders. In any case, the force placed at his disposal was quite inadequate for its purpose, especially against so resolute an antagonist as Blücher.

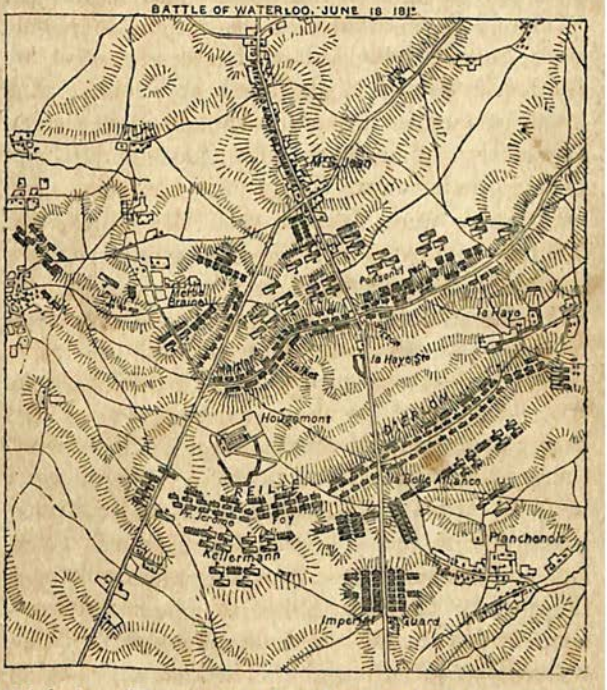
The night before Waterloo was one of wind, thunder, and driving rain. The corn-fields were dripping and the ploughed lands heavy with wet. This was fortunate for the English, as the French considered it impossible to convey their artillery over the soaked ground. Both armies slept on the field; the English in the order in which they were to fight next day. Both were hopeful; Napoleon indeed was extremely confident. He had even prepared an appeal to the people of Brussels, to be issued directly he entered the city as a conqueror, in which he spoke of the "ephemeral successes" of the allies, and described them as "flying with rage and despair in their hearts."

Wellington had also made his preparations. Rising at daybreak, he wrote to the Minister at Brussels: "Pray keep the English as quiet as you can. Let them all prepare to retire, but neither

be in a hurry or a fright, as all will yet turn out well." He made the most thoughtful arrangements for their safety in case of defeat. He then went to see that his troops were in their right places and ready to fight on that wet Sunday morning.

The battle of Waterloo was fought in a long open hollow, lying east and west, bounded by lines of low hills to the north and south. The great paved road from Charleroi to Brussels ran across the valley, over both lines of hill and through both camps. The armies lay facing each other, and were parallel with the valley, the English occupying the elevated ground on the north, the French that on the south. The English were drawn up in two lines, the second consisting chiefly of cavalry, and lying behind the ridge. The right wing, in which were the British Guards, was commanded by Hill and covered by the ravine and village of Merbes Braine. To prevent the possibility of its being turned, a strong detachment of men was stationed at Hal, under Prince Frederick of the Netherlands. There is some doubt about the necessity of this precaution and the consequent abstraction of seventeen thousand men from the fight; but Wellington always maintained that he was right. In front of the left wing, under Picton, were the hamlets of La Haye and Papelotte. The small farm of La Haye Sainte by the road-side, before the British centre, under the Prince of Orange, was carefully guarded. The line of battle was about one and a half mile in

length. To the English rear were the villages of Mont St. Jean and Waterloo and still further behind was the forest of Soignies, with its tall, straight beeches, unencumbered by brambles or



thickets. This was to be their retreat in case of defeat, where they could make a final stand till the Prussians came up. "They could never have beaten us so," said the Duke in after years, "that we could not have held the wood against them."

At some distance in advance of the allied right was the country-house of Hougoumont, with its walled garden, wood, and orchard. This might be called the key of the position and was strongly occupied by British and Hanoverian troops. The Belgian regiments, which were not to be trusted, were carefully separated, and surrounded by English to prevent their desertion.

The number of the allies was about sixty-nine thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, of which only twenty-five thousand three hundred and eighty-nine were English, though writers differ on this point. Wellington superintended all his arrangements in person and, mounted on his favourite chestnut horse, Copenhagen, seemed to be everywhere in his ceaseless activity.

The French were also in two lines. The right wing of their first, commanded by D'Erlon, consisted of infantry, with two small divisions of cavalry. Behind it lay the village of Planchenoit, with its church and houses. The left, composed of infantry, with one division of cavalry, was under Reille. On the Charleroi road by the centre was the farm of La Belle Alliance. The second line was entirely cavalry, with the exception of one detachment of infantry. Behind all were posted the reserves, with the Old, Middle, and Young Guard as their centre. The total number of the French was about seventy-two thousand, though the exact amount has been disputed.

When Napoleon saw the English army spread

out before him, he cried, "At last I have them; there are nine chances to one in my favour!" He was loudly cheered by his soldiers as he rode along the lines.

The two rivals of the age met face to face, each supported by the most distinguished captains of the day, men who had fought on many fields, and whose names are now "familiar in our mouths as household words." On the British side were Picton, Colborne, Alten, Paget, now Lord Uxbridge, Pack, Halkett, Maitland, Byng, Somerset, Ponsonby, and others scarcely less famous. On the French, Soult, Ney, D'Erlon, Reille, Foy, Milhaud.

A long pause ensued and the battle seems not to have begun till after eleven o'clock, though Wellington was under the impression that it commenced at ten. It opened by a desperate attack upon Hougoumont by the French left, commanded by Jerome Buonaparte. But the English and Hanoverians resisted every onslaught with resolute bravery. It was Wellington's object to hold every inch of ground till Blücher should arrive.

At one o'clock Napoleon made his grand attack on the English left and centre, by which he intended to interpose between them and the Prussians, and cut off the retreat to Brussels. Ney, with eighteen thousand infantry formed into four massive columns, swept down the hill, followed by cavalry and covered by seventy-four guns. They advanced towards the farm-house of La Haye Sainte which was taken, and its garrison

of four hundred Hanoverians were put to the sword without quarter. On the enemy's approach a whole brigade of Dutch and Belgians turned and fled in shameful disorder. But the heroic Picton was equal to the crisis. As the French began to deploy into line, Picton cried loudly, "A volley, and then charge!" And at the head of two infantry brigades of only three hundred men, which he had formed into double file, he sprang forward, but was shot through the head and died in the saddle covered with wounds. His men drove back the French at the edge of the bayonet. Ponsonby with his cavalry now charged the disordered enemy and reached the French guns, which were covering the attack with a murderous fire. The gunners were bayoneted, the horses killed and the traces cut, so that the guns could not be used again. But in the excitement of the moment the English horsemen advanced too far; they were overpowered by Milhaud's heavy cavalry and retired with great loss, leaving Ponsonby dead on the field. Neither was the French cavalry more successful. In its turn it was overpowered by the English horsemen in a most brilliant charge headed by Lord Edward Somerset, supported by Paget, Lord Uxbridge. Thus Napoleon's first great effort was a failure. Indeed, it has been asserted that Ney's movement was premature and ought to have been checked.

All this time the fight was raging round Hougoumont, amidst clouds of smoke and flame. The

house was burnt down, but the English were still in possession of the garden. Napoleon was on a hill near La Belle Alliance. A table was before him covered with maps and plans. In the remote distance he discerned through his telescope forms, which seemed first mist, then trees, but which turned out to be the approaching Prussians. Grouchy, instead of occupying the whole Prussian army at Wavre, which however it is questionable whether he could have done with the force at his disposal, had suffered himself to be detained by a detachment under Thielman, while Blücher was marching to Wellington's assistance. But they were yet afar off, for the ground was almost impracticable by reason of the rain. They had indeed declared that they could not advance further; but "Marshal Forwards" replied, that advance they must. Napoleon now began a fresh series of attacks. He launched squadrons of his splendid cavalry, the terror of Europe, upon the English right and centre, supported by a ceaseless and increased fire from his guns. On swept the cuirassiers, with their heads bent down, one sheet of glittering steel. They forced the artillerymen from their guns and another body of Belgian cavalry deserted at their approach. In vain the Prince of Orange tried to rally them; they would not be stopped and the English, in indignation, poured a volley into their flying flank. They galloped to Brussels with the news that the day was lost. But Wellington had ordered his infantry to form

into squares, which bristled with bayonets and held their ground as though rooted to the earth, while from the inner ranks poured a deadly fire. The cuirassiers formed again and again with the utmost bravery, but the squares were impenetrable, though the French made every effort by force and stratagem to break them. The men even grew to recognize each other as they walked their horses about seeking an opening. It was a trial as to which side could last the longest. For more than two hours this continued, till the ranks of the cuirassiers were thinned. But the French cannonade was dreadful, and the English soldiers fell fast. The Duke was always in the thickest of the fight, cool and collected, cheering his men with simple, stirring words. "Hard pounding this, gentlemen; but we will try who can pound the longest." "Stand firm, my lads. What will they say of this in England?" Whole regiments were by this time reduced to skeletons, and when their officers begged for help, he replied, "It is impossible; you must hold your ground to the last man and all will be well." When asked, in the case of his death, what his plan of battle was, he said, "My plan is simply to stand my ground here to the last man." There was need of endurance, for the greatest attack was yet to come. Napoleon had watched the resistance of the English infantry with amazement, exclaiming, "I could never have believed that the English had such fine troops," though Foy had warned him that the British

infantry were "very devils in fight." Blücher and his men were now close upon the French right and Napoleon was forced to detach part of his army to keep them at bay. Planchenoit became of the greatest importance to secure the retreat and the Young Guard was sent to hold it against the Prussians. Two attacks were made simultaneously. Napoleon, on his white horse, himself pointed the way to his Old Guard, who, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" came steadily down the slope in two columns in a curved line from Belle Alliance to the English centre. They were led by Ney. Donzelot, from La Haye Sainte, furiously assailed the left of the centre. Planting guns at not more than a hundred paces from the allies, the English gunners being killed and their guns useless, he opened a tremendous fire upon the devoted German squares. One side of a square was completely blown away. The Nassau cavalry was of no service; the magic of Napoleon's name had paralyzed them. It was not till Wellington headed in person some divisions of Brunswickers and English, who opened a terrible fire, that the danger was stayed.

The Duke now rode off to watch the first onslaught of the Old Guard. The British Guards lay on the ground awaiting their approach, while over their heads thundered the English guns. As the French gained the top of the hill they were astonished to see no enemy before them, only a handful of officers, with the Duke in the midst.

But when they came within fifty yards, Wellington gave the word, "Up, Guards, and at them!" Suddenly, as though the earth had been sown with armed men, sprang up the Guards, and three hundred veterans fell at their first fire. They never allowed them to deploy. In spite of Ney's efforts, the Old Guard became confused, and the English rushed upon them with the bayonet. Then the second column advanced bravely, led by Reille. But Colonel Colborne, whose regiment was part of Adams's brigade, seeing the direction in which it was coming, formed his men in a line parallel to the French column, and delivered a vigorous fire into its flank, while the British Guards maintained their fire in front. This was more than any troops could withstand. The Old Guard turned, leaving the field strewn with its dead, and swept past the English line and Donzelot's corps. Napoleon, when he saw them pursued by the English, exclaimed in agony, "They are mixed!" Still he prepared for a final effort. The remains of the Old Guard, with some of the Young Guard, a few reserves, and the remnant of the cuirassiers, were to make a last attack. But Wellington now felt that he was strong enough to assail the enemy himself. The Prussians were close at hand and with the last rays of the setting sun, he gave the order long and feverishly waited for. He led the way fearlessly and joyfully. "Let them fire away; the battle's won, and my life is of no consequence now," he said to one of his staff, who begged him

to be more careful. With the Prussian guns in their rear and the victorious English in front, the enemy had no chance. The Young Guard was driven from Planchenoit, which it had held most manfully, and the whole French army fled in the utmost confusion, abandoning its artillery. Napoleon made his escape on horseback to Paris, leaving all his papers behind him. He had expressed his wish to die on the field; but Soult dissuaded him. "Sire, are not the enemy already lucky enough?" Wellington and Blücher met at La Belle Alliance. Blücher was radiant with joy and hugged Wellington in his enthusiasm. He set off to pursue the French "to the last man." The English soldiers, worn out with fatigue, therefore left the chase to the Prussians, who untiringly followed their hated foe through the long hours of the moonlight night. Wellington turned back and rode over the battle-field. The moon cast a bright light on the sorrowful scene, and the wounded English feebly raised themselves to cheer him. The dead were in heaps. Whole ranks of infantry lay as they were mown down in the squares. Of Wellington's staff only two officers remained alive. The total loss at Waterloo was over twenty-three thousand, whilst the Prussians lost nearly seven thousand. The French, who fought with the utmost gallantry, about thirty thousand. Many killed themselves rather than be taken prisoners.

The Duke reached Waterloo at ten o'clock at night. Instead of being elated by his success, he

was grieving for his brave men. "My heart is broken," he writes after his victory, "by the terrible loss I have sustained in my old friends and companions and my poor soldiers. Believe me, nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won. The bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from the greater evil; but to win such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expence of so many gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune but for the result to the public." The next morning, when the sad list of killed and wounded was being read by the principal army-surgeon, on looking up he saw Wellington absorbed in grief, the tears running down his cheeks at the fatal catalogue. Amongst the manifold contradictory statements and criticisms about this great fight, it is worth while to cite the Duke's own comment. "Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style in columns and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares and we had the French cavalry walking about as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

Such was the battle of Waterloo. The spot where it was fought is now a peaceful plain, and corn is said to grow thickest and ripest over the soldiers' graves.

CHAPTER XV.

French Politics.

ENGLAND rang with joy at the news of Waterloo. Every heart beat with pride at the tale of glory. A vote of thanks to Wellington and his army was passed by Parliament. A medal was presented to every man who had fought there and five hundred thousand pounds was subscribed towards the support of the wounded and for the widows and orphans of dead soldiers.

Waterloo was indeed a popular victory. As stage-coaches passed through the towns and country villages, the guard played, "Lo! the conquering hero comes!" and told fabulous stories of the valour of the Duke of Wellington and Shaw, the Lifeguardsman. Shaw, who is said to have killed nine Frenchmen with his own hand, became at once the typical warrior of the period and as such was for many years the hero of every circus.

Fortunes were made and lost by the rapid changes of events and the sudden alternations caused by the issues of war. Men rose from obscurity to greatness and sank from wealth to

poverty on the success or failure of a single speculation. Wellington and Blücher marched towards Paris. Wellington proclaimed that he would respect the lives and property of the people, if they allowed his army to pass unmolested. But Blücher, in his bitter hatred to the French, burned and plundered the villages through which he passed.

Napoleon reached Paris long before the allies. At first he had wished to form a new army with the remnant of his old troops and Grouchy's corps. But his generals would not hear of lingering by the way, so he left them behind and passed on alone. He announced the news of his defeat. Stormy scenes took place in the Senate. Lucien Buonaparte had attempted to plead his brother's cause and Napoleon had given a false, highly-coloured account of the battle of Waterloo, whilst his Minister of War even now talked of "the military resources of the country." But it was clear that only one course remained open. Napoleon abdicated in favour of his son. It was too late. Ney startled the Assembly with his indignant answer to the War Minister and his supporters. "That is false, that is false; you are deceiving the peers and the people. Wellington is coming. Blücher is not beaten. There is nothing left but the corps of Marshal Grouchy. In six or seven days the enemy will be here!" The Senate refused to recognize Napoleon II. and a provisional government was formed, of which Fouché

was the leading member. Napoleon retired to Malmaison, where he remained six days. He then attempted to escape to America; but finding that he was too closely watched, he determined to put himself under British protection. He embarked for England on the 10th of July. It was impossible to allow so dangerous a man to remain in this country. The allies determined to send him to St. Helena, a healthy, picturesque, but lonely island, on the western coast of Africa, washed by the Atlantic. There he stayed till his death, which occurred six years afterwards. In his will he left a bequest to the man who had attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington. Nineteen years later his body was removed to Paris and the scarred veterans of the Old Guard accompanied him to his resting-place.

Blücher was the first to approach the capital. Nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to hang Napoleon in sight of the troops, and Wellington had great difficulty in restraining his violence. Wellington communicated with the new government and it was finally agreed that the French army should retire beyond the Loire. Paris capitulated and on the 7th of July Wellington and Blücher entered the city. The next day Louis XVIII. was restored to his people for the second time. Talleyrand returned with him. Blücher was extremely dissatisfied with this peaceful settlement. He burned for revenge and said that he had resolved to destroy the bridge of

Jena and the Austerlitz Column, memorials of two of Napoleon's greatest victories. Talleyrand, by means of a common friend, begged him to spare both. Blücher replied, "I have determined on blowing up the bridge and I cannot conceal from your Excellency how much pleasure it would afford me if M. Talleyrand would previously station himself upon it. I beg that you will make my wishes known to him." Wellington, however, by tact and persuasion prevailed upon Blücher to give up his intention. The pillar and bridge were saved, but many treasures, spoils torn from other countries by Napoleon, were taken from the Louvre and given to their lawful owners. This restoration of stolen property humiliated the Parisians exceedingly. King, ministers, and people protested strongly against it; but the justice of the proceeding was unquestionable. There was no course but submission. The allied sovereigns were in Paris and their eight hundred thousand troops occupied France. Nor was this all. Numerous claims were made upon the French territory and it was principally by the exertions of Wellington, aided by the Emperor of Russia, that France was only reduced to her old dimensions of 1792. She was condemned however to pay the large sum of sixty-one million five hundred thousand pounds and to bear all the expenses of an army of occupation of one hundred and fifty thousand men. This the allies determined to station on her frontiers for the next five years to

keep peace, the Duke being appointed as its head. These were the provisions of the second Treaty of Paris, which was concluded on the 20th of November, 1815, and was the beginning of a peace which lasted thirty years.

The Parisians had till now worshipped Wellington as the friend of France. But they changed with fickle ingratitude from praise to hatred. So long as he did everything they wished and took their part against the rest of the allies, they were loud in their admiration; but when he agreed to the rightful division of the plunder of the Louvre, the whole people rose against him. They took no pains to conceal their bitterness. Louis XVIII. had his private reasons for disliking him and he was secretly not displeased at his unpopularity. One day the Duke was present at one of the King's levées. Instead of being treated with marked consideration, he saw that he was avoided, and presently all the French marshals turned on their heel and withdrew. Louis endeavoured to apologise for the insult. "Don't distress yourself, sire," said Wellington calmly; "it is not the first time they have turned their backs on me."

Most of those who had joined Napoleon in the late insurrection had received a general pardon. But there were some exceptions. The allies condemned fifty-eight men to exile and nineteen to death or a trial by military court-martial. Ney was among those sentenced to death; Soult amongst those condemned to exile. It is certain that the

French Government was purposely merciful in carrying out its edicts. Ney, with others, had plenty of time and opportunity to escape. He had even been supplied with passport and money by Fouché. Yet he lingered in France, and was at last caught and brought to trial. Though so brave, it must not be forgotten that Ney was a notorious turncoat. He had behaved most treacherously to Louis. When trusted with the command of the army which was to crush Napoleon soon after his landing, Ney had boasted that he would bring him back in an iron cage. Instead of this he joined him and encouraged his men to do the same. Strenuous efforts were made by his wife and friends to save his life. Wellington was begged to intercede with the Government, in spite of the way in which it had behaved to him. The Duke did so as far as he was able and exerted what private influence he possessed, but Ney's friends became unreasonable in their demands. They expected Wellington to ask the Government formally to spare his life. This the Duke could not do; nor probably would it have been of much use if he had. Ney was shot and motives of malice and jealousy were imputed to Wellington. The allied sovereigns left Paris, but the Duke remained on the Continent for nearly three years. Most of this time was spent in France and was divided between the capital and the army of occupation, which, though composed of many nations, he contrived to keep in excellent order

and for some time on good terms with the people amidst which it was quartered.

At Paris his advice was of the greatest value in financial as well as political matters. Yet the hatred of the French continued; as one of his biographers says, "he was hated on account of his integrity." His honesty was above suspicion; he was beyond the reach of all bribes. Meanwhile the French Government became daily more incompetent. Talleyrand and Fouché had been dismissed from the Ministry, which grew strongly Conservative. The embers of trouble again began to smoulder in Europe. Many banished men sowed Republican principles in the places of their exile. The Prince of Orange was an advanced Liberal and Belgium became a centre of the cause. The object was to remove the army of occupation out of France. This would make a fresh opening for their schemes. The Duke incurred new odium by opposing the request of the French Government, that the force should be reduced to one hundred and twenty thousand; but in 1817, when the people were somewhat quieter, he consented to the reduction. He was mainly instrumental in effecting a reconciliation between Spain and Portugal; for he always took a great interest in both countries, especially in Portugal, and knew how long they had been at enmity. He also tried to make peace between Spain and her American colonies, but did not succeed.

During his stay in Paris two attempts were made to assassinate him. At a ball which he gave, in 1816, his hotel was set on fire and gunpowder was found placed in the cellar ready for explosion. The second time, in 1818, he was returning from a dinner, when he was shot at in his carriage. The bullet missed its aim, and the assassin escaped in the darkness; but he was identified afterwards by the Duke's servants as one Cantillon, a member of a secret society established by the Republicans at Brussels. He was tried, but, in spite of strong evidence given against him, was acquitted. The Prince of Orange and the royal family of France all called upon or wrote to Wellington, expressing their congratulations and indignation, except Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, who in after years, when he became King, made Cantillon one of his gamekeepers; and this was the man to whom Napoleon left the legacy. Amidst all these vexations Wellington kept his temper. Not that he was what is ordinarily called good-tempered, for he was liable to outbreaks of passion, which were violent so long as they lasted. But they were relieved by the highest spirits and an almost childlike readiness to be pleased and amused, insomuch that Metternich and other grave statesmen called him the "glorious boy."

In 1818 he attended the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle. France had become comparatively contented under its new rule and the Duke advised

that the army of occupation should be dispersed. This was a self-denying act on his part, for he suffered considerable pecuniary loss by it. It was hardly settled when Wellington received a message inviting him to take a part in the Government of England and become a member of the Tory Administration, of which Lord Liverpool was head.

CHAPTER XVI

English Politics.

WELLINGTON as a politician is secondary to Wellington as a soldier. He was not a great statesman; but it must be remembered that his lot was cast in difficult times, and that he had been trained in a narrow school of Toryism. When he first became a member of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, in 1818, England was still in a very unsettled state. The sudden peace after long years of war had depressed trade in all its branches. In fact the country was suffering from a reaction. Capital had been exhausted by the continuous and heavy drains made upon it. The national debt was enormous and this had compelled increased taxation. Now that peace was established the more extensive importation of foreign goods threatened the tradespeople and farmers with ruin. In 1815 an Act had been passed putting a prohibitive price on imported foreign corn and manufactures. Home producers had formed great hopes of foreign markets; but the Continent, also exhausted by the long war, was unable to buy

calicoes and cutlery or colonial products such as coffee and sugar. No one could afford to pay for them in money and exchange in kind was forbidden. So trade was at a standstill and provisions almost at famine prices; warehouses were stocked with unsold goods and looms were stopped. Thousands of men were thrown out of work all over the country; poverty and discontent prevailed. Whole parishes of agricultural labourers wandered up and down joined by artizans, soldiers, and sailors. Bread-riots took place, factories were broken into, and machines destroyed; incendiary fires were lit. In the midst of this confusion the clear voice of William Cobbett was heard striking at the root of the matter and calling for Parliamentary reform. By his powerful writings, which were sold at low prices, he appealed to the masses. Hampden Clubs were established in towns and villages, where labourers and mechanics met to read his papers and discuss their grievances. Riots became rarer, but seditious meetings of all kinds were common, one of which bore fruit later in the Cato Street Conspiracy. A cry went forth for universal suffrage. Many executions took place, the Habeas Corpus Act was twice suspended, and by-and-by Cobbett found it safer to fly to America. But time remedied for the most part many of the working-men's grievances. In 1818 things were brighter. Food was cheaper, money more plentiful, the Income Tax had been repealed; with the improvement of trade labour was in

demand, and people had less leisure to think of politics. A year later however all the old evils returned. The seditious meetings assumed dangerous proportions and Wellington strongly recommended the employment of military force. He said afterwards, that these preparations reminded him of the early days of his Portuguese campaign.

In 1820 George III. died after ten years of mental incapacity. His granddaughter, Princess Charlotte, the only child of the Prince Regent, and the hope and heiress of the crown of England, had died with her infant three years before.

When George IV. ascended the throne he was not welcomed. He had virtually reigned all these years and the relations between him and his wife did not make him more popular. These relations soon became a matter of public scandal; for the Queen, resenting the slight involved in the omission of her name from the state prayers, came from the Continent and insisted on her rights as Queen. The King was most anxious to obtain a divorce from her and pressed his Ministers, with the exception of Canning, who resigned, into his service in order to gain his end. Then came the Queen's trial and her cause was eloquently pleaded by Brougham before the House of Lords. The bill against her was finally withdrawn. The unhappy woman had become the people's idol and the Ministry covered themselves with unpopularity. An allowance of fifty thousand pounds

was settled upon her; but this did not satisfy her; and she unwisely determined to be crowned with the King. On the coronation-day she tried to gain admittance into Westminster Abbey, but every door was barred against her. She did not long survive these painful and humiliating proceedings. She is said to have caught cold at the closed doors of the Abbey, from the consequences of which grief prevented her recovery.

The Cato Street Conspiracy is an instance of the unsettled state of things in England. A man named Thistlewood was its leader and its object was the assassination of the Ministers separately; and when this was found to be impracticable, it was resolved to destroy them in a body when assembled at a Cabinet dinner. The plot was discovered in time and the Ministry became rather more popular for their escape. The method proposed by Wellington for baffling the conspirators was so characteristic and truly military as almost to provoke a smile. He wished the Ministers to send their despatch-boxes, which were each to contain a brace of loaded pistols. The dinner should proceed as if nothing were anticipated and the plotters on their entry were to be greeted with a volley. Meanwhile all the passages were to be beset with policemen and the retreat cut off. The plan was not approved and the conspirators were effectually dealt with otherwise.

The Continent of Europe was in a very troubled

state. France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy were in a most critical condition. At the Congress of Verona, which was held to discuss remedial measures, and at which Wellington represented England, he seems to have given very prudent counsel with regard to Spain. The Revolutionists had dethroned Ferdinand for a time and driven him to Cadiz. The allied sovereigns, alarmed at the insurrectionary spirit rife in Europe, determined to send an army into Spain, to compel the people to release the King and restore the government. They even affected to believe that Ferdinand and his family were in personal danger. Wellington was strongly opposed to these proceedings. He urged that Spain should be allowed to settle her own affairs, and considered that to stipulate for the safety of her King was to offer an insult to her. France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria remained unconvinced, but England held aloof.

The influence of Canning, who had entered the Ministry on the death of Lord Castlereagh, was beginning to make itself felt. The leader of the House of Commons, a man of genius, eloquence, and Liberal opinions, he withdrew England from the "Holy Alliance," which was quenching all enlightenment abroad. France was especially uncomfortable at the state of Spain. Unsettled herself, she feared the danger of example and a year after the Congress sent an army into the Peninsula, crushed the revolution, and released

Ferdinand, who again took the reins of government into his imbecile hands. In Portugal the people of their own accord re-established their King; but John VI. died soon afterwards and a dispute occurred about the succession, in the course of which Portugal appealed to her "ancient and faithful ally" for help. Troops were sent, but the danger passed away and they were recalled. England acknowledged the independence of the Spanish South American Colonies and traded with them.

Changes by death had occurred in almost every Court in Europe. Louis XVIII. died in 1824, and his brother, Charles X., reigned in his stead. On the death, in 1825, of Alexander, the founder of the Holy Alliance, which now dwindled away, his brother Nicholas succeeded, and in 1826 Wellington set out for St. Petersburg, bearing the congratulations of England to the new Czar. He was instructed at the same time to sound Russia's intentions with regard to the Greek question. The Greeks had for some time been in revolt against the Turks and Russia had long considered that she had grounds for dissatisfaction with Turkey. War was imminent between the two countries. Wellington closely followed Canning's written directions on many points with great success. Russia assented to England's mediation between Greece and Turkey and assured the Government that she had no intention of making war with the Turks. Personally, Wellington achieved a still

greater success. Nicholas liked and respected him; and though the story of the Emperor's promise, that he would not, for love of the Duke of Wellington, make war upon Turkey, unless compelled, is not authenticated, still it is remarkable that no attempt was made towards the coveted prize till after the Duke's death. Nevertheless a war did break out a short time later between Russia and Turkey.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Wellington Ministry.

AFTER the general election of 1826, the question of Catholic Emancipation, which had long been in agitation, became yet more formidable. A Roman Catholic was as much debarred from civil or political offices as he was from the throne itself, being excluded by an oath which his religion forbade him to take. Ireland was naturally the centre of this movement; for three-fourths of Ireland was unrepresented. Daniel O'Connell had formed a complete organisation, called the Catholic Association, which, ripe for revolt and encouraged by priests, was only kept quiet by the foresight of its leaders.

Wellington was opposed to emancipation; while Canning was strongly in favour of it and a Catholic Relief Bill had already been passed. The Duke had always an intense dislike to democratic combinations and had a particular horror of the Catholic Association.

This question had been a bone of contention for years and it will be referred to again in another

place. On the death of the Duke of York, Wellington was appointed to succeed him as Commander-in-Chief of the British army, still retaining his seat in the Cabinet.

In 1827 Canning brought forward his Corn Bill, which was still further to modify the Corn Laws and pave the way for their repeal. Its object was the cheap importation of foreign corn. He was supported by Huskisson, who was a warm advocate of free trade in all its branches. The Bill passed the Commons; but before it went to the Lords the Premier, Lord Liverpool, died and the Administration was broken up. Canning succeeded him in office and professed himself anxious to continue the principles of his predecessor.

Wellington declined to serve under him. His political views were very different from those of Canning; he distrusted him and even considered him an intriguer. Many others resigned their posts to Canning's extreme mortification. Much bitterness of feeling prevailed and Wellington was accused by Canning's friends of the ambition of wishing for the highest place for himself. This, in a statement which he made to the Lords, he indignantly denied, not deeming that he was then qualified for such a post. He also resigned his office of Commander-in-Chief of the army, on the ground that he could not be in such close relationship with the Government as the Commander-in-Chief ought to be. By these and other proceedings he incurred some unpopularity. He opposed the

Corn Bill, as it then stood, in the Lords, and it was not carried. Within four months Canning died, exhausted by overwork and disappointment. Wellington was asked to resume the office of Commander-in-Chief by his successor, Lord Goderich, whose ministry was ephemeral. Its end was hastened by the interference of England in defence of Greece against Turkey and Egypt, which brought about the battle of Navarino. In that engagement the Egyptian fleet, which had come to help the Turks, was destroyed; but public opinion was so strongly against the policy of the Ministry that it had to resign. It caused some surprise when it became known that the Duke of Wellington was to be the new Premier. Only a few months since he had declared himself unfitted for the post; but the King sent for him and said, "Wellington, the Cabinet is defunct;" and after mimicking the several resignations of his late ministers with a fidelity which sent the Duke into roars of laughter, he seriously and earnestly entreated Wellington to take office. The Duke did not withstand the appeal; he at once consented, though so long as he was in office he was forced again to give up the command of the army.

To the disappointment of the Tories, Wellington retained many of the last Cabinet. Among these was Huskisson, to whom Lady Canning wrote, upbraiding him "for taking office under her husband's murderers." But though Wellington might have preferred men of different opinions, he considered

it wise to keep at least five of Canning's disciples in his government. However, his friend Peel became leader of the Commons. Three momentous questions had to be decided. First came the petition for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, which compelled everyone, of whatever religion, to receive the Sacrament as administered in the Church of England before entering Parliament or taking office. This was naturally considered a grievance alike by Roman Catholics and Dissenters, as it prevented them from having a voice in the Government of the country. The repeal of these Acts was in reality the stepping-stone to Catholic Emancipation. Next came the agitation for Free Trade, which was only another name for the repeal of the Corn Laws. The old cry, loudest and most important of all, was for Parliamentary Reform.

The Test and Corporation Acts were abolished. The Government was at first not in favour of the abolition; but finding that the majority against them was too large to be resisted, they acquiesced, adopted the measure with some amendments and Parliament was now opened to Nonconformists. About this time a misunderstanding occurred between Wellington and Mr. Huskisson, which ended in Huskisson quitting the Cabinet with the rest of Canning's followers. Before leaving the Ministry however Huskisson had again brought forward his Corn Bill, which was passed in a modified form that pleased no one. Some thought the

terms named in the sliding-scale, as it is called, too high; others too low. The arrangement was that it should commence with 34*s.*, when corn was 52*s.*, and, gradually diminishing with the increase of price, should disappear altogether when corn reached 80*s.*

Affairs abroad at this time were still in an unsatisfactory state. There had been a revolution in Portugal and dissensions in the Royal Family had caused the young Queen to take refuge in England. But mainly through Wellington's influence the Government declined to take any part in Portugal's civil war, though it withdrew its minister from Lisbon.

France was preparing for a fresh revolution. Greece was virtually free and ultimately had a king of her own; but Russia's eye was longingly fixed on Constantinople, and the Turks, who had lost their navy in the battle of Navarino, were powerless to resist. Wellington strongly disapproved of any fresh addition to Russian territory. He was always on the side of peace. "Whatever we do I trust that we shall not go to war. . . . What I look to is the consequences of war, let the successes attending it be what they may." After losing some of her possessions, Turkey made terms and, through the treaty of Adrianople, the city of the Golden Horn, which the Emperor called the key of his house, remained intact.

All this time Wellington exercised a military

economy in his government. Taxation was diminished as much as possible; the army and navy were reduced; while the city police were thoroughly organized and became the best in Europe.

The great Catholic Emancipation question was at length brought to a crisis. Ireland was on the verge of rebellion; order was only maintained by the priests and Daniel O'Connell. When O'Connell took the bold step of standing for the representation of Clare and was triumphantly returned, it was felt that something decisive must be done. Wellington, though strongly opposed to the concession, resolved to make it. He thought that nothing less would satisfy Ireland or prevent a civil war; and with characteristic energy he discarded all half-measures and supported the Bill unconditionally, having previously consulted Philpotts, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, who, with the learning and acumen which distinguished him, had thoroughly mastered the subject. The intentions of the Government were kept profoundly secret, till in the beginning of 1829 they were declared by the King, who had reluctantly given his consent, in the speech from the throne. Peel supported the measure in the Commons; and Wellington concluded his speech in the Lords, explanatory of his policy, with the words: "My lords, I am one of those who have probably passed more of my life in war than most men, and principally, I may say, in civil war too, and

I must say this, that if I could avoid, by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it." The Act was passed and Roman Catholics, like the Dissenters, entered Parliament.

An earthquake could hardly have given a greater shock to England than the passing of this celebrated Bill. The Tories were intensely indignant and the whole country covered the Duke and his Government with vituperation. The Protestant portion of the population openly denounced him from pulpit and platform. Absurd stories were circulated of the King in tears, bullied by his ministers. It is true that George IV. was extremely averse to the measure, for it deprived him in part of his authority in things spiritual; but it is also true that he gave his consent. Lord Winchelsea, who had been bitterly hostile, went still further. He wrote to the *Standard*, casting reflections upon Wellington's character and refused to apologise. Thereupon a duel was fought in Battersea Fields. Lord Winchelsea fired in the air; and the Duke, seeing his intention, also fired widely. Winchelsea's second then offered a written apology and so this singular business ended.

But the days of the Ministry were numbered. The Tories could not pardon Wellington's change of policy and entirely deserted his Government. The Whigs, though gratified with a measure, which

they had never had the strength to pass themselves, held aloof.

In 1830 the cry once more arose for Parliamentary Reform. Men were again out of work and recurred to the grievance that the large towns were unrepresented in Parliament. They also demanded the suppression of close boroughs; that is to say, places for which representatives were returned by the influence of some one family or individual. In Ireland O'Connell, unappeased by the sop thrown to him, was more unruly and the Catholic Association more active than ever.

George IV., who had long been out of health, died in the summer of 1830, and his brother, the Duke of Clarence, succeeded him as William IV. Again France was shaken by a revolution, which deposed Charles X., and set his cousin, Louis Philippe, in his place. Holland and Belgium took advantage of the opportunity to separate, and become distinct kingdoms. Wellington's Government considered it advisable to recognize Louis Philippe. They accepted the revolution as an accomplished fact and lost no time in entering into friendly relations with the new king. But Wellington strongly disapproved the division of the Netherlands, and declined all overtures. The tide of revolution even reached England, where it spent itself in new union societies, and some dangerous outbreaks of violence and incendiarism.

This year must always be remarkable for one of the greatest discoveries of the age. It was towards the end of 1830 that the first great passenger railway was opened. It was to run between Manchester and Liverpool at a speed of fifteen miles an hour and Wellington was present at the opening. The passengers were warned by printed notices not to leave their seats. Two trains started abreast on parallel lines. When they stopped to take in water, Mr. Huskisson and other friends, disregarding the notices, crossed the space between the lines to speak to Wellington. They had scarcely exchanged greetings when cries arose for passengers to take their seats. Huskisson seems to have lost his presence of mind. In the hurry of the moment he opened the door of the Duke's carriage which was struck by the moving train. He was thrown down, and died in a few hours from the injuries sustained.

Wellington, like many other distinguished men, was slow to appreciate Stephenson's discovery, which inaugurated a new era in the transaction of human affairs and he declined to support its extended application. In travelling he always used post-horses until it was impossible to procure them. There is no doubt that he had a general antipathy to change. Although he had shown himself capable of sacrificing his opinions to political necessities, he nevertheless strenuously opposed the Reform Bill. He certainly approved of close boroughs, considering them, it is said,

"perhaps the greatest bulwark of imperial government;" but with the abuses of them he had no sympathy. "Over and over again it has been pressed upon me to become the proprietor of a borough. But I would have nothing to say to the proposal; I would not dirty my fingers with so vile a job." He probably was not aware of the extent to which the hearts of the people were set upon the new measure. However this may be, he stated at the opening of Parliament, in answer to Lord Grey's advocacy of the Bill, "I am fully convinced that the country possesses at the present moment a legislature which answers all the purposes of legislation, and that to a greater degree than any legislature ever has answered in any country whatever. . . . I am not only not prepared to bring forward any measure of this nature, but I will at once declare that as far as I am concerned, as long as I hold any situation in the Government of this country, I shall always feel it my duty to resist such measures when proposed by others." This extract is not an unfair sample of the Duke's manner of speaking, which, though not brilliant, was straightforward. An avowal so unreserved exceeded the limits of a wise prudence and roused a storm of odium. The Press, which perhaps he had never fairly treated, was loud in his abuse. For the time he was execrated by the people. He was groaned at in the streets. The windows of Apsley House were broken by a furious mob just as the Duchess was

breathing her last. Wellington caused iron shutters to be put up as a protection; but a few months later, on the rejection of the Bill by the Lords, his windows were again broken before the shutters could be drawn and some pictures which he highly prized were injured. His life was threatened and a plot was formed to destroy him on his journey from London to the country; but he received timely warning and frustrated the attempt by starting some hours sooner than was expected He travelled fully armed.

Once more, on the 18th of June, 1832, the anniversary of his great victory at Waterloo, his life was in danger. He was riding from the Mint, accompanied only by a groom, when he was recognized and menaced by a multitude of exasperated malcontents. One man tried to drag him from his horse but was prevented by the groom; and a gentleman, seeing Wellington's danger, interposed his carriage between him and the crowd, breaking the immediate pressure from behind. He has left an amusing account of this affair, which he conducted almost as if it had been a military operation; for he picked up two old soldiers, and posted them one on each side of him, giving them precise directions about guarding his legs and heels, and facing about in case of emergency. He fortunately reached home in safety but there is no doubt he was in imminent peril. Few have touched, as it was his lot to do, the opposite poles of popular feeling. The attempt

upon his life just described occurred after his administration had come to an end and just after the Reform Bill had been passed. Though for some years longer he took an active part in politics, he never again held the office of Prime Minister.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Wellington's Last Years.

A BRIEF glance may be taken at the chief events of the next few years in which Wellington was keenly interested. With regard to the Irish Church he naturally had no sympathy with those who desired its overthrow; but he plainly looked forward to a time when a reformed Parliament would attempt to carry its disestablishment, and he himself, in conjunction with the Primate, supported the Irish Tithe Commutation Act, believing that though for the present detrimental to the interests of the clergy, it was an expedient and necessary measure; he also approved of a suppression of bishoprics. The Reform Bill was, for the second time, clamorously urged and Lord Grey resigned on being unable to carry the measure. In his difficulty the King asked for Wellington's advice, who set himself about forming a new ministry. In this he failed. The country was in the wildest excitement during the short suspense and threatening letters poured in upon him. To these he paid no attention; but

finding that he could not honestly make any concession and that opposition was useless, he announced to the King, that in order to facilitate matters he had resolved to absent himself from Parliament till the measure was passed. Lord Grey resumed office; Wellington explained his conduct to the Lords and, followed by many who agreed with him, quitted the House. The Bill was then carried. Fifty-six rotten boroughs were disfranchised, and the seats so gained were transferred to counties and large towns; all householders paying £10 annual rent received borough votes. Wellington's opinions never changed about this Bill, which he deemed most dangerous, though when it was once passed he honestly accepted it. "The Bill is now the law of the land and as good citizens and loyal subjects we must conform ourselves to it. It has effected the greatest revolution that ever occurred without bloodshed in any country; and we or those who come after us, will be taught that fact sooner or later. But in the meanwhile it is our duty to keep the crisis as long as we can at a distance and to render the fall of our great institutions so gradual that it shall do as little damage as possible both to individuals and to the community." He was not more dissatisfied with home legislation than he was with foreign policy, especially with regard to Spain and Portugal, in which countries the Government had encouraged civil war while professing non-intervention.

The old love and respect of the multitude began to return slowly but surely. Within a year of the Reform Bill the bitter voice of hatred changed to a subdued "God bless him!" "I am getting up in the market," he said on his return from hunting at Strathfieldsaye, "every man in the field seemed anxious to be kind to me by making way for me and opening gates and that sort of thing."

In 1833 the abolition of slavery throughout the whole British Empire was effected at the cost of £20,000,000. This great work had Wellington's cordial co-operation. He however did not approve of the breaking of the monopoly of the East India Company's trade at the price of an annuity of £630,000, and he entered a protest against it in the House of Lords. Soon after the resignation of Lord Grey, a vacancy occurred in Lord Melbourne's administration. Melbourne recommended that it should be filled up by Lord John Russell. To his surprise the King, tired of a Whig Government, said he should consult the Duke of Wellington. But Wellington declined the Premiership for himself and strongly urged the fitness of Sir Robert Peel for the post. There were however difficulties in the way. Sir Robert, not perhaps unprepared for the coming crisis and probably thinking that events were not ripe for a Conservative Government, had gone with his family to Rome. But Wellington's energy overcame all obstacles; for he undertook the entire charge of public affairs,

pending the formation of a regular government. Peel was sent for and all places in the Cabinet were left for him to fill up. The Duke was untiring in his activity and the amount of business which he transacted was marvellous. He was Home Secretary, Foreign and Colonial Secretary, attended to Indian despatches, and managed the affairs of the Treasury by a temporary board. Nothing was left undone, nothing was allowed to fall into arrear. His earliness, method, and punctuality astonished the ministers from foreign courts; and though the Press condemned the proceeding as unconstitutional, it could not withhold the praise due to such spirited conduct. Sir Robert returned with all speed and assumed the reins of government, while Wellington accepted the post of Foreign Secretary. Peel had only been in power four months when he was defeated on the Irish Church question. This was the last ministry in which Wellington filled any high civil office. He maintained to the end his warm interest in politics and was consulted alike by Crown and ministers on many difficult points. He was appointed, in 1834, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, amid the uproarious cheers of the undergraduates and he showed a real anxiety to promote the welfare of the University. He was made Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of the Tower of London.

In 1836, during Lord Melbourne's administration, the Ecclesiastical Commission was appointed, which reduced the revenues of Bishops and Canons,

corrected some abuses and diffused the proceeds of church property more equally throughout the country. At the coronation of Queen Victoria in 1838 Marshal Soult came to London as ambassador of France. He was well received by the people and no one showed him greater attention than the Duke. He was a constant guest at Apsley House, and Wellington took an opportunity of publicly expressing his admiration of his old Peninsular antagonist. On seeing Hill, Soult exclaimed, in allusion to that general's able retreat from Madrid after the failure of Burgos, "What! have I found you at last? You, whom I followed so long without ever being able to overtake you." The Queen entertained not only the highest esteem but a warm personal regard for Wellington. Her Majesty consulted him frequently on matters of moment, for she considered him "not only the greatest but the best and wisest of her subjects." His feeling towards her was one of loyal devotion and anxiety that her youthfulness should not be influenced by court intrigues or overreached by injudicious counsellors. She married in 1840, to the great satisfaction of the nation, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, a man of high integrity and distinguished ability.

In 1841 Melbourne's ministry came to a close and Peel succeeded. Wellington had a seat in the cabinet without office. This position however did not last long, for he was made Commander-in-Chief of the army for life. He spent from four to five

hours a day at the Horse Guards transacting much multifarious business with pains and speed. He had abstracts made for him by his secretary of the vast mass of correspondence which daily poured in. In his management of military expenditure he was rigidly economical. "Depend upon it, gentlemen, that the greatest enemies the army has in this country are those who would add unnecessarily to its expense." He was strongly in favour of a high standard of education for officers, of a general but not too technical a kind. He preferred public schools and universities to military academies and staff colleges. He did much to promote the health, comfort, and recreation of the common soldier.

Peel remained in office five years. The most prominent measure in his generally wise legislation was the final repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, by which free trade in the most important article of food was established, the consumer was relieved from a tax levied in favour of the producer, and a wide market of competition was thrown open both at home and abroad. Landlords and tenants, to whom the bill had been a standing alarm for years, not only felt aggrieved, but were stung to anger by the thought that a Conservative Government had inflicted the blow. Whether or no, according to the traditional ideas of party politics, Peel was the proper person to carry such a measure as the repeal of the Corn Laws, there were solid reasons in favour of the measure itself, founded

not only on general principles of commerce but on the existing circumstances of the country. There had been an exceptionally bad harvest and the potato disease in Ireland seemed to threaten a terrible period of high prices and possible starvation. Wellington, believing the step to be inevitable, yielded in spite of his aversion, because he wished to maintain a Conservative Government "for the sake of the Queen and of the religious and other ancient institutions of the country." Nevertheless Peel had soon to retire and Wellington stated to Her Majesty his intention of withdrawing from the active world of politics. From this time he took no conspicuous part in parliamentary discussions, except upon military matters. It was the calm before the end. Without relinquishing his manifold duties, he retired more into privacy. He had a happy spirit of contentment, which enhanced the enjoyment of life in his latter days. Strathfieldsaye, a plain, substantial, comfortable house, he thought "one of the best houses in England." Walmer, his official residence as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, was "the most charming marine residence he had ever seen; the Queen herself had nothing to be compared with it." Apsley House, rebuilt by himself, was faultless. This amiable feeling extended itself to all that he possessed. He had invented a carriage which he considered a model of comfort and convenience; he thought that nothing could supersede the Wellington boot; his pictures, statues,

and horses could not in his estimation be surpassed. His life was very simple. His rooms were furnished in the plainest manner; he slept on a little iron bedstead with a hair mattress. He was an early riser, punctual, and extremely temperate. He was a great reader and his favourite subjects were history, political economy, and French and English memoirs. He read Niebuhr's *History of Rome* until he came to the passage about Cæsar's treatment of his prisoners. After which he laid the work aside, offended at the criticism on a conqueror whom he esteemed so highly, that he always kept his *Commentaries* in his bedroom.

The statement made of him, that he never forgot anything he read, at least shows that he had a remarkable memory. In conversation he was often ready and vigorous. "Duke, were you not surprised at Waterloo?" "No; but I am now." And on a somewhat dilatory officer applying for leave of absence from foreign service, he replied, "Sail or sell." Some of his sayings are often quoted. "A great country ought never to make little wars." "The history of a battle is like the history of a ball." "Be discreet in all things, and so render it unnecessary to be mysterious about any." Occasionally he would fight his battles over again, and tell stories of hair-breadth escapes by flood and field. He considered Massena the ablest of the French marshals, for he "always found him where he least desired that

he should be;" whilst Soult "never knew when to strike." He did scant justice to Napoleon's genius. His honest nature seems to have hated personally and cordially "the great man who was also a great actor," and whose objects and situations were certainly as different to those of Wellington as they could well be. It may give some idea of Wellington's character to record one or two of his anecdotes in his own words. The following scene occurred during his advance from the Ebro to the Douro: "I got famously taken in on that occasion. The troops had taken to plundering a good deal. It was necessary to stop it, and I issued an order announcing that the first man taken in the act should be hanged upon the spot. One day, just as we were sitting down to dinner, three men were brought to the door of the tent by the *prévôt*. The case against them was clear, and I had nothing for it but to desire that they should be taken away and hanged in some place where they might be seen by the whole column in its march next day. I had a good many guests with me on that occasion and among the rest, I think, Lord Nugent. They seemed dreadfully shocked and could not eat their dinner. I didn't like it much myself; but, as I told them, I had no time to indulge my feelings; I must do my duty. Well, the dinner went off rather gravely; and next morning, sure enough, three men in uniform were seen hanging from the branches of a tree close to the high road.

It was a terrible example, and produced the desired effect; there was no more plundering; but you may guess what my astonishment was when some months afterwards I learned that one of my staff took counsel with Dr. Hume; and as three men had just died in hospital they hung them up, and let the three culprits return to their regiments." "Weren't you very angry, Duke?" "Well, I suppose I was at first; but as I had no wish to take the poor fellows' lives, and only wanted the example, and as the example had the desired effect, my anger soon died out, and I confess to you that I am very glad now that the three lives were spared." Again when George IV. visited the site of Waterloo, Wellington minutely described the action to him. "His Majesty took it very coolly," said the Duke. "He never asked me a single question, nor said one word, till I showed him where Lord Anglesey's leg was buried; then he burst into tears."

There is no doubt that Wellington had a real sense of religion and never allowed it to be lightly introduced without showing his disapproval. He was a staunch churchman. He regarded the Lord's Prayer as a kind of creed; for it "contained the sum total of religion and morals." He always wished his guests to go to some place of worship. One Sunday a visitor asked him, "Duke, do you go to church?" "Always; don't you?" "I can't go to church with you; for you know I'm a Catholic." "Oh, very well!" and he ordered the

servant, who happened to be an old Peninsular veteran, and with a strict notion of regimental discipline, to show the way to chapel. "I knew," he said, "that he did not want me to go to church, nor to go himself either; but I thought it best that we should both go." Once, after an attack of illness, he received a letter from Bishop Philpotts, urging him to make some declaration of his faith in God and religion. The Duke expressed his gratitude for good counsel and stated at some length his belief and hope in a future life.

Wellington's personal appearance was striking. Though only of middle height, he was well-proportioned and had an indescribable air of distinction and mental power. His head was squarely shaped, his forehead broad and low; his dark grey eyes were piercing in their penetration. He was proud of his remarkably clear long sight, feeling persuaded that he could see the lights of Calais from the English coast. His hair was black, his eyebrows strongly marked, his nose, the most prominent feature of the whole countenance, was of a pronounced Roman type. He had a massive under-jaw and chin, a long face, with a generally grave, dignified, and almost cold expression; but his smile was very sweet and winning. His dress was like his habits, precise. In camp he wore a blue frock-coat when no fighting was anticipated; a grey coat with a short white cloak, by which he was readily distinguished, was the signal for

danger and battle. A sword, a low cocked-hat, and Wellington boots, completed his costume; for he only wore a sash on great occasions. But he was most familiar to his countrymen in the blue coat, white waistcoat, and low hat, which was his almost invariable dress. He had a contempt for great coats, and never wore one, though in cold weather he condescended to a short cape. His constitution was extraordinary for its strength and iron power of endurance; but in his latter years he was subject to fits of catalepsy, which seriously impaired his health and affected his spirits and temper. His now current sobriquet, of "Iron Duke" was, it appears, not originally given, but only transferred to him from an iron steamboat called after him, because the title seemed to express felicitously some of his conspicuous qualities.

It has been hinted that in his close personal relationships Wellington was not happy. How far this was his fault or his misfortune it is not easy to say; but it is certain that he never had a home in the true sense of the word; and his knowledge of this fact probably prompted his bitter exclamation: "There is nothing in the world worth living for." Yet he had strong affections. He loved his sons with a true and wise attachment, and was deeply anxious about their education. He wished that his boys should serve the king, and be "brought up as Christian gentlemen." Regarding debt as a species of dishonesty, he inculcated upon

them the necessity of invariably paying ready money. He answered every letter about them by return of post. Wherever he was or however engaged, no detail wearied him which concerned them. He was also much attached to his beautiful daughter-in-law, Lady Douro. He was very fond of children and delighted to please them in many little ways. One of the compliments which gratified him most in the whole of his long life was the admiring whisper of a little girl watching his arrival from a gallery in her father's house: "There 's the great Duke!"

Like most strongly-pronounced characters, Wellington had peculiarities. Some of these were probably owing to a defective early training; others doubtless were inherent in his nature. For instance, though he is said to have been always attached to his old military comrades, he saw but little of them and with a few exceptions rarely invited them to his house. Neither did he praise them lavishly, but maintained a cautious reserve on their several excellencies. He declined to give any opinion of merit by anticipation. "Wait till they have opportunities of showing what they can do and then you will find out." When, however, he was asked to name three officers, one of whom should be elected to the chief command in India, he wrote, "Sir Charles Napier, Sir Charles Napier, Sir Charles Napier." His temper was always quick and in the latter years of his life he was subject to gusts of passion referable mainly to physical

causes, but which he regretted almost as soon as they overtook him. He was very generous, and in charity liberal to a fault. All kinds of impostors took advantage of him, as he wrote shortly before his death: "It is certainly very curious that every beggar, male or female, no matter of what country, considers it the right of each to demand money from me!" He was scrupulously honest. His agent informed him he had "made a capital bargain." "What do you mean?" "Why, your Grace, I have got the farm for so much, and I know it is worth at least so much more." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Quite sure; for I have carefully surveyed it." "Very well then, pay the gentleman from me the balance between what you have already given and the real value of the estate." His talent for business is well known. He was wonderfully prompt in decision and action, taking a wide and strong grip of his subject. He was extremely punctual in his appointments and correspondence and answered every letter, however frivolous or odd, briefly and sometimes very humorously. He suffered much from deafness, aggravated, it is said, by an injudicious operation. He had a rare power of sleep and indeed seemed able to command it at pleasure. In the most trying crises of his life he was able to refresh himself by an hour's slumber. His last public service was that he made himself responsible for the peace of London during the Chartist disturbance in the revolutionary period of 1848.

His measures were very methodical and complete, yet such as not to exasperate the multitude. No military uniform was to be seen; and the people, after meeting on Kennington Common, dispersed quietly to their homes. He had misgivings about an invasion of England by France similar to the one threatened in 1804, and drew up a paper on the subject. He considered that steam had "converted the Channel into little more than a broad river," and that England was ill-prepared for attack. He thought the Channel Islands were the "key to our outer line of defence," and strongly recommended that they should be fortified, their harbours enlarged, and an efficient military force maintained. He made a list of towns and places which should have garrisons of ten thousand men as soon as war was declared. This force was to be supplied by organizing the militia. He concluded a letter to Sir John Burgoyne with these words: "I am bordering on seventy-seven years of age, passed in honour. I hope the Almighty may protect me from being the witness of the tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert."

One of his last appearances on any important public occasion was at the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851. He died on the 14th of September, 1852, at Walmer Castle. Two days before his death he was in his usual health; and in one of his letters, written at this very time, occurs the following passage: "I had a letter this

morning from a madman, who announces that he is a messenger from the Lord, and will deliver his message to me to-morrow morning. We shall see." On the morning of the day of his death he said he felt unwell and asked for a doctor. He only lived till evening, when a fit seized him and after a faint struggle he quietly breathed his last. There is no doubt that in his death he reaped the highest reward that can be paid to any hero—the deep and sincere grief, mingled with the respect and gratitude of the nation which he had served. His remains were conveyed to Chelsea Hospital, where they lay in state. It was here seen what a hold he had upon the heart of the people. For seven days vast multitudes poured to the chamber in which all the stately solemnities that attend a great soldier's death were observed. Life-guardsmen, with arms reversed, stood like statues round the walls of the dimly-lighted, darkly-draped chamber. The decorations bestowed upon him in honour of his military achievements lay spread out near him. The Queen's excessive grief did not permit her to approach nearer than the middle of the hall. He was buried on the 18th of November in St. Paul's Cathedral. The streets were lined with troops, the windows thronged with spectators, band after band swelled the "Dead March" as the sad procession moved eastward.

The reader has had sufficient opportunity of forming some idea of the character of this remarkable man in the narrative of his life. In

estimating his qualities, it must be remembered that no man of any age ever lived more publicly or in clearer daylight than he did. Every fault was noted, every action conned, every triumph criticised. With regard to his military capacity, comparisons have been instituted between him and others which are totally irrelevant. He was not in the situation of a Cæsar or a Napoleon. It was not competent to him, regardless of right and justice, to carve out grand schemes for the overthrow and conquest of nations. He was the general of a constitutional state and no man was ever more faithful to constitutional obligations. His work was assigned to him by the government of his country, and his main task was only to determine and execute the most efficient methods for achieving given ends. It is beyond a doubt that he takes rank amongst the most accomplished strategists that the world has ever seen, nor is the brilliancy of that position impaired by the fact that he apparently attained to it less by sudden inspirations of genius than by patient processes of thought. He was neither a general of mere theory and routine, nor one who transacted warfare according to the rule of thumb. Whilst steadily proceeding on the well-established principles of military science, he exhibited, whenever a new emergency had to be encountered, a rich and ready fertility of resource. In some particulars he was a great military example. In his truthful honesty he scorned to colour success and

palliate failure or even to excite his soldiers by exaggerated proclamations or rhetorical addresses and flatteries. The rigid probity which he observed in the conduct of war, especially towards those in whose country it was carried on, was an immense alleviation of its inevitable sufferings. His power of administration in the complicated details of warfare has rarely been surpassed; and whatever may be said about the personal attachment of his soldiers, there is no doubt that they always felt an implicit reliance on him and respected his justice and his firmness.

As a politician he is scarcely to be measured by existing standards. His views, whether upon the affairs of Europe or of his own country, were generally based upon careful investigation, whatever may be thought about the judgments he passed upon facts or the inferences he drew from them. As interesting a specimen as can be given at the present time of his opinions of a foreign power is supplied by the following extracts from a paper on Russia, dated October 10th, 1829:

"I enclose you a memorandum which I wrote last night upon the Russo-Turkish affair, which contains my opinion upon the whole case. When his Imperial Majesty made known to his Majesty his intention of making war upon the Ottoman Porte upon causes affecting solely his own interests, his Majesty's Government deprecated the execution of that intention of which they did not feel the necessity; and in answer

to the declaration of his Imperial Majesty, that he did not intend to make conquests, and did not aim at the destruction of the Ottoman Empire, his Majesty's Government asserted the right of his Majesty as one of the Powers of Europe to watch over the progress of the contest, and to examine its results. His Majesty's Government likewise declared their opinion that the most complete success in the justest cause would not entitle the stronger party to demand from the weaker sacrifices which would affect its political existence, or would infringe upon that state of territorial possession upon which the general peace has rested; and that demands of indemnity and compensation might be carried to such an extent as to render compliance scarcely practicable without reducing the Ottoman Power to a degree of weakness which would deprive it of the character of an independent Power. . . . . His Imperial Majesty then declared that the manifest absence of interested views was not an abstract maxim of generosity, nor a vain desire of glory, on the part of his Imperial Majesty, but the well-understood interest of the Empire of Russia. . . . No intention existed of demanding indemnities which could affect the political existence of the Ottoman Empire; and it was over again declared that the well-understood interests of Russia excluded the idea of overthrowing the Turkish Empire. . . . His Imperial Majesty's Government declared that he would not take advantage of the circumstances in which the events of the war had placed him to require from the Ottoman Porte terms which he would not have required under other events."

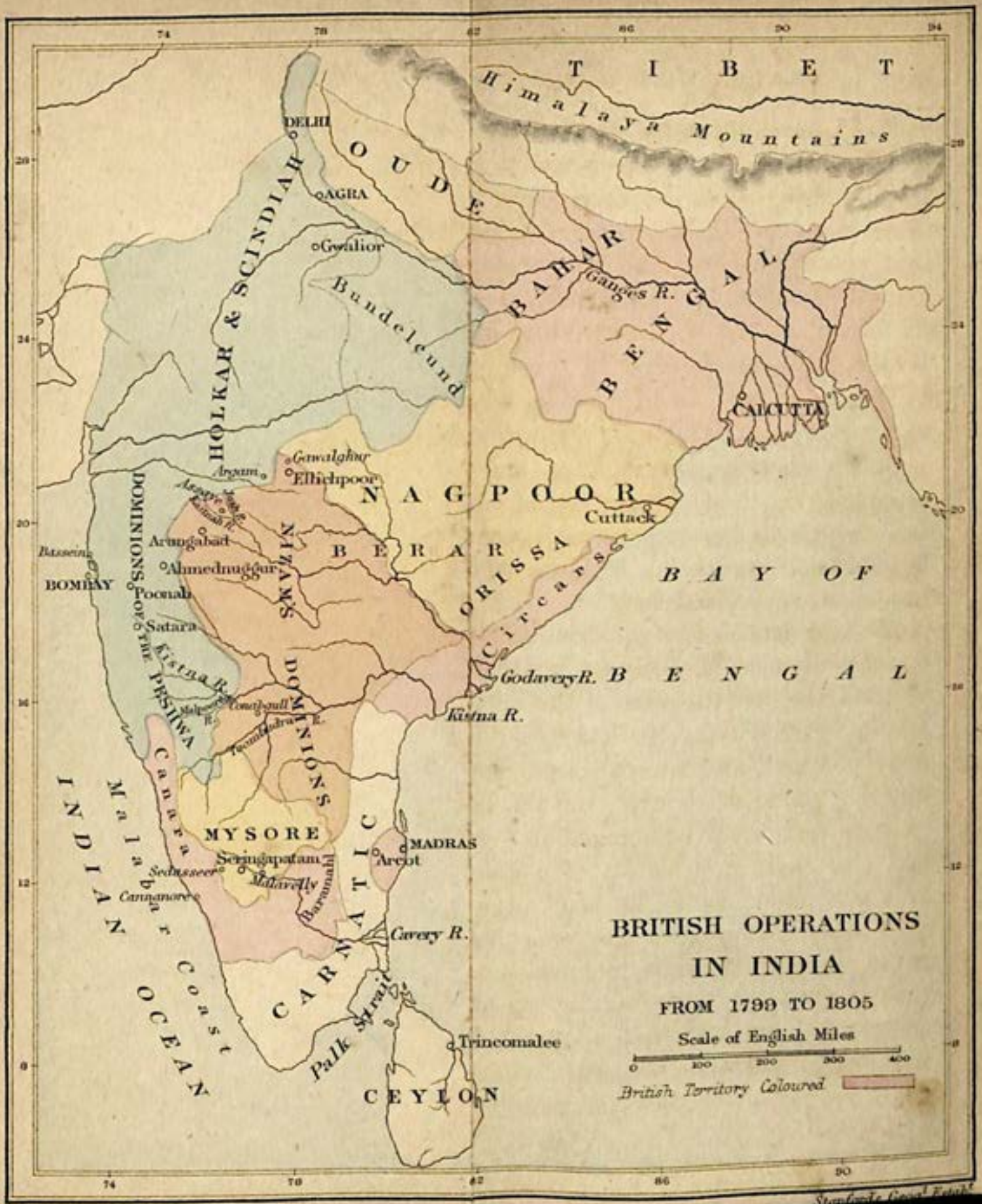
The memorandum proceeds to show how flagrantly all these professions were violated by the Treaty which followed, in its monstrous stipulations with regard to the future government of the Principalities, the visitation of Russian ships at sea or in Ottoman ports, the amount of indemnity exacted, and the occupation of Turkish territory pending its payment.

"The Porte will then remain eleven years in the helpless state in which that Government has been placed for the last six weeks; and nobody can pretend that that state is one of independence in its relation with Russia, which can afford to other Powers any security that the position and resources of the Ottoman Porte will not be used by Russia for the purposes of its own aggrandisement to the injury of the other Powers of Europe. The occupation of the territories in Asia can be understood. Their possession is connected with schemes of ambition in Asia. . . . This injury and insult are aggravated by the prospect afforded by recent transactions by this peace, that the Ottoman Power must crumble to pieces, and that the Principalities must remain in the hands of Russia; and with them and with Silistria alone the command of the navigation of the Danube and of the Black Sea. These are the considerations arising out of the recent transactions and the treaty of peace. In discussing the effects of this treaty of peace I see that I have omitted to state the influence it is calculated to give to the Emperor of Russia over the Christian subjects of the Porte of all denominations. The whole of Armenia, Persian as well as Turkish, is now the

dominion of his Imperial Majesty. The Servians, Wallachians, Moldavians, Greeks of the Morea and of the island, etc., will have been delivered from the Turkish domination; and it cannot be doubted that the measures contemplated by this treaty of peace must encourage other nations of Christians to endeavour to attain the same advantages by similar means. The other Powers of Europe, and all parties in Europe, must view this treaty of peace in the same light as we do. They may not have such reasons as we have to look with jealousy and anxiety at its consequences, but they must all consider it in the same light as the death-blow to the independence of the Ottoman Porte, and the forerunner of the dissolution and extinction of its power. . . . The object of our measures, whatever they are, should be to obtain an engagement—or at all events a clear understanding among the five Powers—that in case of the dissolution of the Turkish monarchy, the disposition of the dominions hitherto under its government should be concerted and determined upon by the five Powers in conference. It is obvious that in the existing state of the Turkish power such an agreement cannot form the subject of a treaty or convention. The hypothesis on which such agreements would be founded would cause the evil, against the consequences of which it would be intended eventually to guard. The object must be approached then by another mode—probably a guarantee, with an engagement between the Powers that they will consider as a subject for general discussion and concert any measures to be hereafter taken respecting the Turkish Empire."

On home politics his convictions were strong and honest and he never lacked the courage to express them or to act upon them. Those who think them antiquated or bigoted have to reflect that much depends upon the times in which a man lives, upon his individual associations, and the circumstances which surround him. It is to Wellington's honour that in a country governed as this is he was found capable, when necessity required, of sacrificing his predilections, of setting aside his cherished persuasions, and not only of accepting the best settlements of burning questions which an existing situation seemed to allow, but of loyally adhering to them when they had become accomplished facts.

No one had better opportunity of forming a correct judgment of Wellington than his comrade in arms, the able historian of the Peninsular War. Napier writes thus: He had "iron hardihood of body, a quick and sure vision, a grasping mind, untiring power of thought, and the habit of laborious, minute investigation and arrangement . . . . and that most rare faculty of coming to prompt and sure conclusions on sudden emergencies." And when Wellington was once asked how he could supply materials to an author with such radical views as those of Napier, he answered: "Because I am sure that, whatever his opinions may be, he will write the truth."


TIBET
Himalaya Mountains
DELHI
AGRA
OUDE
Gwalior
HOLKAR & SCINDIAH
Bundelcund
BAHAR
BENGAL
Ganges R.
CALCUTTA
Gawalghur
Elichpoor
Argaum
NAGPOOR
Cuttack
Aurungabad
Ahmednuggur
BERAR
NIZAMS DOMINIONS
ORISSA
Circars
BAY OF
BENGAL
BOMBAY
Poonah
Satara
PESHWA
DOMINIONS
Kistna R.
Godavery R.
Kistna R.
MYSORE
Seringapatam
MADRAS
Arcot
Cavery R.
CARNATIC
Malabar Coast
INDIAN OCEAN
Palk Strait
Trincomalee
CEYLON
BRITISH OPERATIONS
IN INDIA
FROM 1799 TO 1805
Scale of English Miles
0 100 200 300 400
British Territory Coloured

BAY OF BISCAY
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Coruna
ASTURIAS
Lugo
GALICIA
Orense
R. Minho
R. Douro
OPORTO
Viseo
BELGA
R. Mondego
LISBON
R. Tagus
Salamanca
LEON
Burgos
OLD CASTILE
Guadarrama
Guadalajara
MADRID
SPAIN
NEW CASTILE
ESTREMADURA
LA MANCHA
MURCIA
Seville
ANDALUSIA
Guadalquivir
CADIZ
C. Trafalgar
GIBRALTAR
BISCAY
Bilboa
Vitoria
Tudela
Zaragoza
ARAGON
CATALONIA
BARCELONA
R. Ebro
Pyrenees Mountains
FRANCE
TOULOUSE
Balearic Isles
SPAIN
TO ILLUSTRATE THE PENINSULAR WAR.
Scale of English Miles.

BELGIUM
FOR 1794 & 1815.
Scale of English Miles.
0 10 20 30
HOLLAND
Walcheren I.
Ostend
ANTWERP
ANTWERP
R. Scheldt
WEST FLANDERS
EAST FLANDERS
GHENT
R. Lys
Mechlin
BELGIUM
BRUSSELS
SOUTH BRABANT
Hal
Forest of Soignes
Wavre
Waterloo
HAINAULT
Ath
Genappe
Quatre Bras
Nivelles
Ligny
Fleurus
Namur
Charleroi
R. Meuse
R. Sambre
FRANCE
3
4
52
51
50
4 Longitude East from Greenwich

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